

SCREENLAND

from HOLLYWOOD

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July
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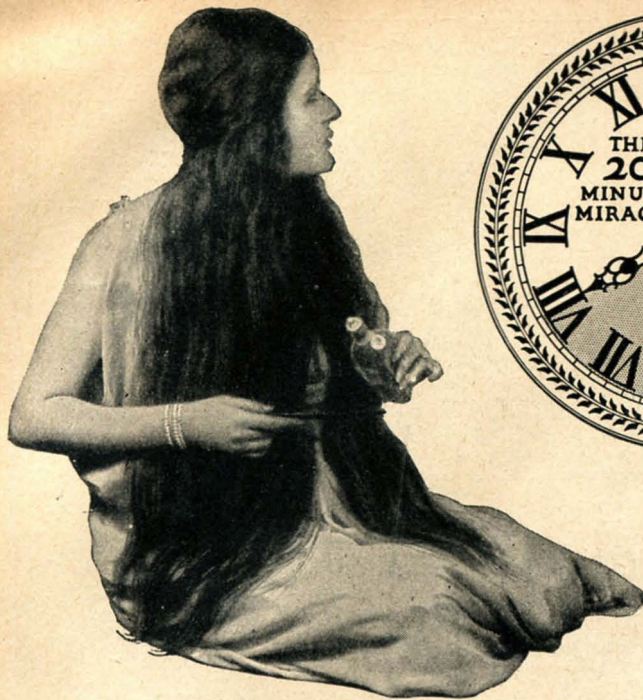
Here Are The Stories

The Wolf of Hollywood
The Beauty Special
The Hindu and the Borgia
Beauty and the Beast
The Hag of Cemetery Hill
Marriage Madness
The Sting of the Needle
The Main Chance
Who's Your Bootlegger?
"White Linen" Vamps the Sheik
The Killer—A Chinese Tong War Story
"Doubling" for God
A Man with a Conscience
"In Strictest Confidence"

HOLLYWOOD CONFESSIONS

JUNE ISSUE ON SALE NOW

25 Cents at All News Stands



Marvelous New Spanish Liquid Makes any hair naturally curly in 20 minutes

The Spanish Beggar's Priceless Gift

by Winnifred Ralston

FROM the day we started to school, Charity Winthrop and I were called the tousled-hair twins. Our hair simply wouldn't behave.

As we grew older the hated name still clung to us. It followed us through the grades and into boarding school. Then Charity's family moved to Spain and I didn't see her again until last New Year's eve.

A party of us had gone to the Drake Hotel for dinner that night. As usual I was terribly embarrassed and ashamed of my hair.

Horribly self-conscious I was sitting at the table, scarcely touching my food, wishing I were home. It seemed that everyone had wonderful, lustrous, curly hair but me and I felt they were all laughing—or worse, pitying me behind my back.

My eyes strayed to the dance floor and there I saw a beautiful girl dancing with Tom Harvey. Her eye caught mine and to my surprise she smiled and started toward me.

About this girl's face was a halo of golden curls. I think she had the most beautiful hair I ever saw. My face must have turned scarlet as I compared it mentally with my own straggly, ugly mop.

Of course you have guessed her identity—Charity Winthrop, who once had dull straight hair like mine.

It had been five long years since I had seen her. But I simply couldn't wait. I blurted out—"Charity Winthrop—tell me—what miracle has happened to your hair?"

She smiled and said mysteriously, "Come to my room and I will tell you the whole story."

Charity tells of the beggar's gift

"Our house in Madrid faced a little, old plaza where I often strolled after my siesta.

"Miguel, the beggar, always occupied the end bench of the south end of the plaza. I always dropped a few centavos in his hat when I passed and he soon grew to know me.

"The day before I left Madrid I stopped to bid him goodby and pressed a gold coin in his palm."

"*Hija mia*," he said, "You have been very kind to an old man. *Digamelo* (tell me) *senorita*, what it is your heart most desires."

"I laughed at the idea, then said jokingly, 'Miguel, my hair is straight and dull. I would have it lustrous and curly.'"

"*Oigame, senorita*," he said—"Many years ago a Castilian prince was wedded to a Moorish beauty. Her hair was black as a raven's wing and straight as an arrow. Like you, this lady wanted *los pelos rizados* (curly hair). Her husband offered thousands of *pesos* to the man who would fulfill her wish. The prize fell to Pedro the *droguero*. Out of roots and herbs he brewed a potion that converted the princess' straight, unruly hair into a glorious mass of ringlet curls.

"Pedro, son of the son of Pedro, has that secret today. Years ago I did him a great service. Here you will find him, go to him and tell your wish."

"I called a *coche* and gave the driver the address Miguel had given me.

"At the door of the apothecary shop, a funny old hawk-nosed Spaniard met me. I stammered out my explanation. When I finished, he bowed and vanished into his store. Presently he returned and handed me a bottle.

"Terribly excited—I could hardly wait until I reached home. When I was in my room alone, I took down my hair and applied the liquid as directed. In twenty minutes, not one second more, the transformation, which you have noted, had taken place.

"Come, Winnifred—apply it to your own hair and see what it can do for you."

Twenty minutes later as I looked into Charity's mirror I could hardly believe my eyes. The impossible had happened. My dull, straight hair had wound itself into curling tendrils. My head was a mass of ringlets and waves. It shone with a lustre it never had before.

You can imagine the amazement of the others in the party when I returned to the ballroom. Everybody noticed the change. Never did I have such a glorious night. I was popular. Men clustered about me. I had never been so happy. My hair was curly and beautiful.

I asked Charity's permission to take a sample of the Spanish liquid to my cousin at the Century Laboratories. For days he worked, analyzing the liquid. Finally, he solved the problem, isolated the two Spanish herbs, the important ingredients.

They experimented on fifty women and the results were simply astounding. Now the Century Chemists are prepared to supply the wonderful Spanish Curling Liquid to women everywhere.

Take advantage of their generous offer—

I told my cousin I did not want one penny for the information I had given him. I did make one stipulation, however. I insisted that he introduce the discovery by selling it for a limited time at actual laboratory cost plus postage so that as many women as possible could take advantage of it. This he agreed to do.

Don't delay another day. For the Century Chemists guarantee satisfaction or refund your money.

Free Distribution of \$3.50 Bottles

(ONLY ONE TO A FAMILY)

We are offering for a limited time only, no-profit distribution of the regular \$3.50 size of our Spanish Curling Liquid.

The actual cost of preparing and compounding this Spanish Curling Fluid, including bottling, packing and shipping is \$1.87. We have decided to ship the first bottle to each new user at actual cost price.

You do not have to send one penny in advance. Merely fill out the coupon below—then pay the postman \$1.87 plus the few cents postage, when he delivers the liquid. If you are not satisfied in every way, even this low laboratory fee will be refunded promptly. This opportunity may never appear again. Miss Ralston urges that you take advantage of it at once.



Wavy Bob

CENTURY CHEMISTS

(Originators of the famous 40 Minute Beauty Clay)
Century Bldg., Chicago

Send No Money—Simply Sign and Mail Coupon

CENTURY CHEMISTS Dept. 316
Century Bldg., Chicago

Please send me in plain wrapper, by insured parcel post, a full size \$3.50 bottle of Liquid Marcelle (Spanish Curling Liquid). I will pay postman \$1.87, plus few cents postage, on delivery, with the understanding that if, after a five-day trial, I am not elated with the results from this magic curling fluid, I may return the unused contents in the bottle, and you will immediately return my money in full.

Name

Street

Town..... State.....

If apt to be out when postman calls, you may enclose \$2 with coupon, and Liquid Marcelle will be sent you postpaid.



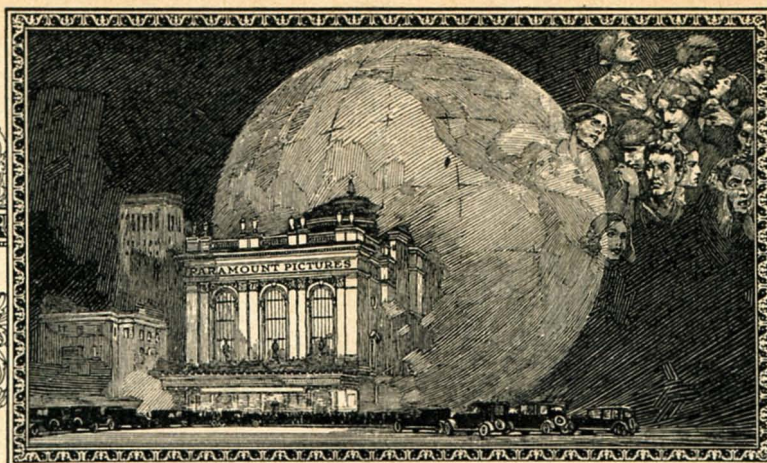
A Matchless Marcel



Lovely Curls

Stars, Directors
& Featured Players
in
Paramount Pictures
Alphabetically listed

Robert Agnew
Mary Astor
Agnes Ayres
Alice Brady
Herbert Brenon
Betty Compson
Ricardo Cortez
James Cruze
Dorothy Dalton
Bebe Daniels
Cecil B. DeMille
Wm. C. deMille
Charles de Roche
Elliot Dexter
Richard Dix
Allan Dwan
George Fawcett
Elsie Ferguson
George Fitzmaurice
Victor Fleming
Alfred E. Green



The Independent Artists of the Screen

MOST of the great artists of the world have wished to be relieved of business worries.

They excelled through single-minded devotion to their art.

In the art of the screen Paramount has provided this ideal creative condition, thereby reaping the reward of leadership.

Directors, stars, players and master-technicians are extremely appreciative of the freedom from all worry of finance and organization which Paramount gives them.

They have choice of the richest material of story, personnel and equipment. Literally nothing is asked of them except that they give their best.

And back of it all is the intoxicating thought and stimulus that thousands of audiences are ready for and expectant of the Paramount Pictures they will make.

This is the virtue of making to an ideal rather than to a fixed cost—and these are the real independents.

"If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town."

(continued)

Joseph Henabery
Walter Hiers
Sigrid Holmquist
Jack Holt
Glenn Hunter
Leatrice Joy
Theodore Kosloff
Lila Lee
Jacqueline Logan
Charles Maigne
Thomas Meighan
George Melford
Antonio Moreno
Nita Naldi
Pola Negri
David Powell
Theodore Roberts
Wesley Ruggles
Lewis Stone
Jerome Storm
Gloria Swanson
Rob Wagner
Irvin Willat
Lois Wilson
Sam Wood



Pola Negri



Bebe Daniels



Betty Compson



Agnes Ayres



Jack Holt



Walter Hiers



May McAvoy



Richard Dix



Cecil B. deMille



Glenn Hunter



Theodore Roberts



Leatrice Joy



Lila Lee



Dorothy Dalton



Gloria Swanson



Elsie Ferguson



Nita Naldi

Paramount Pictures

Screenland



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EUNICE MARSHALL

VOL. VII

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BRASS — FREE!

Charles G. Norris' Famous Novel.

"A desire to kiss the strange and lovely girl suddenly filled him. He wanted to take her in his arms and softly and tenderly press his lips to hers. It was the male instinct in him so recently awakened—innate, primitive, as natural as the bee seeking the brilliant bloom, the moth fluttering after the flame."



From Warner Brothers' production, **Brass**, with Marie Prevost and Monte Blue.

If you are married—if you *want* to get married—if you *despise* marriage with all the cynicism within you, you should read *Brass*. Perhaps you have seen the picture version produced by Warner Brothers, featuring Marie Prevost and Monte Blue.

Of all subjects which can form the theme for the writer of fiction or the producer of photoplays, the one which most vitally concerns every man and woman today, and the whole fabric of modern civilization, is that of marriage. Marriage can be the finest and most beautiful realization of ideals, or it may be a prisonlike degradation that hurts and defiles.

Brass is a story of marriage. It is naked modern life seen without pretense or disguise. It is marriage seen with the eyes of the realist and told so clearly that anyone would profit by the lesson revealed by the novelist.

COUPON

Circulation Manager, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE,
119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send me FREE one copy of *Brass*, with one year's subscription to SCREENLAND, for which I enclose \$2.50.

Name
Address
City State

SCREENLAND wishes to make you a present of a handsome copy of this novel absolutely **FREE!** With a year's subscription to SCREENLAND, the only Made-Where-The-Movies-Are-Made screen magazine, a FREE copy of *Brass* will be given you. It will make a splendid addition to your library or a welcome gift for some friend.

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Don't wait. Our supply of this fascinating novel is limited and only those who subscribe before the edition is exhausted will secure a copy. **MAIL THE COUPON TODAY!**

Hollywood's NEWS REEL

LLOYD IS THROUGH WITH THRILLS

HAROLD LLOYD is through with the thrill stuff, he announces. *Safety Last* will be his last thrill picture. Perhaps the sad fate of the "human fly", who was killed in exploiting the picture, has something to do with his decision. Harold is so thoroughly kind by nature that the accident, even though he was not even remotely to blame for it, must have caused him keen unhappiness.

The picture he is making now has a Spanish setting, and from the rushes will be excruciatingly funny. The final fade-out, filmed on the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Cahuenga, which is Hollywood's Broadway and 42nd St., blocked the traffic for an hour and gave the keenest joy to every tourist in the town.

BYE BYE, BETTY

BETTY BLYTHE has her first interesting rôle since *The Queen of Sheba*. The regal Betty has sailed for Algiers, where she is to be starred in a gorgeous screen production of *Chu Chin Chow*.

WE HATE TO LOSE HER

WE SINCERELY regret it, but Betty Compson has finished her contract with Famous Players-Lasky, and has signed a contract to appear in British pictures in London, so we shall lose her for a year or so. Betty Compson has been a victim to the wrong sort of pictures. Her charm and her dramatic ability has been wasted. We hope she will find another story like *The Miracle Man*, and we hope, too, that she will soon come back to us.

May McAvoy has also finished her Lasky contract. May is another actress who has found difficulty in getting the proper sort of story. But her work in *Sentimental Tommy* convinces us that there is dramatic genius in that lovely little body.

And thinking perhaps that this may be interesting by way of contrast—Gloria Swanson has a new contract with Lasky. Her salary, they say, has been raised from \$2500 or thereabouts to \$5000 a week.



JAMES Henry MacTavish was a Fightin' Devil in the war, and when he came back to his home town expecting to be a hero, the folks foisted off somebody's baby on him as a kidnapper; they refused him his own insurance money; told him his girl was engaged to be married to another; tried to steal his inheritance of \$50,000; stole his clothes and cash; called him an impostor and a liar; sicked the sheriff on him, handcuffed him and threw him in jail; and finally told him he was dead and a few other little things like that. This was some jam, but the tangling and untangling of this plot brings miles of smiles and many a thrill.

This is one of the snappiest comedy romances of the year in which you will find the hero of "The Hottentot" performing the star stunts. Don't miss it on the screen. And watch for the First National trademark on all pictures. It is the sign of the ultimate in entertainment and artistry.

Thos H. Ince presents "The SUNSHINE TRAIL" with Douglas MacLean

Directed by James W. Horne

Distributed by Associated

First National Pictures Inc.



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A delicious can of nature's own food containing nuts, sun-kissed raisins and olives sweetened with California honey.

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Get Rid of That Double Chin

Marvelous Reducine Restores Girlish Neck Lines in Amazingly Short Time!

NOTHING does more to destroy youthful looks than a "double chin." However attractive the face or figure a double chin often ages a woman's appearance.

And now a double chin is no longer necessary. The famous Century Laboratories — world's research headquarters for beauty specialists — have discovered a delightful reducing formula, scientifically termed **Reducine**, which, used as a neck massage twice daily, will banish enlargement in the neck lines.

A double chin is not always a sign of overweight. Many women find that dieting and exercise—while reducing overweight, have no effect on the double chin.

Only a local treatment will banish superfluous neck flesh—without leaving the neck skin loose and flabby. And at last this treatment has been found.

Applied With Patented Reducing Brush

Reducine (private laboratory formula) is applied to the chin and neck with a remarkable new invention—a rubber reducing brush with soft vacuum cup tentacles—which strengthen and vitalize the sagging tissues. The treatment itself is delightful.

Reducine fairly seems to dissolve the fat—contracting the superfluous tissue while leaving the skin taut, firm and velvety.

Results come in an amazingly short time—two or three treatments often show astounding improvement. And a faithful use of the cream and brush for a few weeks will banish the double chin—restoring the slender contour of maidenhood.

Restore Your Beauty Lines

Any woman anywhere may try this new cream and brush treatment without a

penny of risk. The coupon is all you need send—we do not even ask for references. And the results are guaranteed—or there is not a penny of charge.

ABSOLUTELY FREE

Remarkable No-Profit Offer

Wonderful new reducing brush with every jar of REDUCINE

We are willing and eager to distribute the first ten thousand jars of this wonderful neck reducing cream without a penny of profit. You'll tell your friends—and that will bring us hosts of orders.

Reducine and the Reducing Brush will retail in drug and department stores at \$3.50 for both. But on the first 10,000 orders we will include the beauty brush absolutely free—and will forward the cream at \$1.87—actual cost, without one penny of profit.

If the first five days' treatment does not prove to your satisfaction that improvement is certain—you may return the cream and brush—and we'll refund your money by return mail.



**SEND
No Money
SIMPLY
MAIL COUPON**

Century Chemists
(Originators of the famous 40 Minute Beauty Clay)

Dept. 318, Century Building, Chicago

Please send me, in plain wrapper by insured parcel post, your complete "Double Chin" Reducing Treatment (Brush and Cream), regular retail value, \$3.50. I will pay postman \$1.87, plus few cents postage on delivery, with understanding that if, after five-day trial, I am not elated with results, I may return brush and cream and you will immediately return my money in full.

Name.....

Street.....

Town..... State.....

If apt to be out when postman calls, you may enclose \$2 with coupon and everything will be sent to you postpaid.

STUDIOS and ADDRESSES

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Berwilla Studios 5821 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood.
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Doubleday Productions Sunset & Bronson Ave., Hollywood
Ferdinand Earle Productions Hollywood Studios, Hollywood
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Fine Arts Studio .. 4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
J. L. Frothingham Prod. United Studios, Hollywood
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Goldwyn Studio Culver City
Great Western Producing Co. 6100 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
Thos. H. Ince Productions Culver City
Lasky Studios 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles
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Metro Studio Romaine and Cahuenga Ave., Hollywood
Morosco Productions 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles
Bud Osborne Productions 6514 Romaine Street, Hollywood
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Realart Studio .. 201 N. Occidental, Los Angeles
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Hal E. Roach Studio Culver City
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Schulberg Productions 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles
Sennett Studios Edendale, Los Angeles
Selig-Rork 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles
Universal Studio Universal City, Calif.
King Vidor Prod. Ince Studios, Culver City
Vitagraph Studio ... 1708 Talmadge, Los Angeles
Warner Bros. Studio Sunset & Bronson, Hollywood
Ben Wilson Productions Berwilla Studios, East Long Beach, Calif.

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Talmadge Studios ... 318 East 48th St., N. Y. C.
Vitagraph Studios .. East 15th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"YOU'LL NEVER SUCCEED with a WRINKLED FACE"



BEFORE



AFTER



Photographs by Melbourne Spurr, Hollywood, who wishes to say that if there is any doubt as to the genuineness of the above photographs, refer anyone to him and he will show them the negatives.

MELBOURNE SPURR
Hollywood

April 14th., 1923.

Apt. 101,
718 South Alvarado St.,
Los Angeles, California.

To Whom It May Concern:-

This is a word of encouragement and advice to my fellowmen who look in the mirror and find that Father Time has brushed his not too tender fingers across their faces and left those telltale lines and shadows.

My mirror looked back at me and my heart sank, but not for long, for I had heard that wrinkles could be removed so I began to investigate the different methods I saw advertised.

I interviewed several operators and saw many of their patients but M. Ella Harris at 1531 N. Bronson Ave., Hollywood, California proved to me beyond a doubt, that she could positively remove wrinkles and all blemishes. She showed me a number of people treated, perhaps only on one side, others completely rejuvenated, with their pictures taken before which proved to me that SHE WILL SET YOU BACK TWENTY YEARS.

But the one whose face showed the most marvelous effects of M. Ella Harris' treatment, was a pupil of hers (this lady now has an establishment in Hollywood) and after seeing her who had been treated three times only in seventeen years, and still retained the smooth contour and un-wrinkled skin of youth, I WAS COMPLETELY CONVINCED.

M. Ella Harris treated my face about two months ago and I am entirely satisfied and received much more benefit than I had hoped. The mental effects have made me more happy as looking well makes one more agreeable to their friends. I will be glad to tell anyone who wishes to learn more of this method.

Yours truly,

(Address) Mrs. M. Steele,
Apt. 101, 718 South Alvarado St., Los Angeles, California.

M. ELLA HARRIS

Also manufactures a splendid home treatment consisting of "Marvel Skin Tightener," "Special Double Astringent" and "Bleach Cream" which separately sells for \$7.00 but which will be mailed upon receipt of \$5.00, with full directions complete.

"They Whiten and Tighten the Skin"

Wrinkles Disappear

Send \$5.00 for this home treatment

M. ELLA HARRIS

1531 NORTH BRONSON AVE.

HOLLYWOOD, CAL. Call 2-4 P. M. PHONE HOLLY 2170

M. ELLA HARRIS,
1531 N. Bronson Ave., Dept. S,
Hollywood, California.

Enclosed please find \$5.00 for which please send me your special home treatment.

Name
Address
City..... State.....



Herbo!

The Perfect Hair Restorer

"Herbo" is
entirely free
from injurious
substances
and absolute-
ly harmless.

Price
\$2.50

"Herbo" almost instantly restores
grey or faded hair to its natural
color.

Stay young!

Do not permit your hair to age
prematurely or to become streak-
ed and faded.

—Send for can today—

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621 Hair Shops 450
SOUTH OLIVE SO. BROADWAY

LOS ANGELES, CAL.



MARION DAVIES
PHOTO BY ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON



J. WARREN KERRIGAN
PHOTO BY MELBOURNE SPURR



CORRINE GRIFFITH
PHOTO BY EDWIN BOWER HESSER



PHILIPPE DE LACEY

PHOTO BY MELBOURNE SPURR

FOOL'S GOLD

The True Diary of an Extra Girl

The first true narrative of Life as it is lived in our Bagdad-on-the-Pacific



CAN one tell the truth, and still live in the community which one has told the truth about? I can't answer this yet. After my diary of my experiences in Hollywood has been published, I shall let you know.

I have been in Hollywood almost three years. The following I have written from time to time, in my bedroom, intending it to be read only by myself. I have found this unburdening of my soul a solace in the moments of my black discouragement, and a joy in my moments of bliss.

Back in my mind I have had the fear that some day Fate might sentence me to live in some Gopher Prairie or Pig Hollow. Then, when perhaps all my eyes could see would be horse-hair furniture and proper people, what joy it would be to bring out my little book of Hollywood memoirs, smell again the faint odor of orange blossoms and read again of gypsy days. God forbid that this should ever be my fate, but one never knows.

And now, dear public, I have been persuaded to let you read these innermost ramblings and reasonings of my real self. So take my hand—taking hands is such a natural thing to do in tropical, lovable Hollywood—and now come with me to Hollywood.

In The Beginning....

August 2, 1920

THE movie germ is much like measles; once it is in your system, you are never quite the same again.

A NOTE OF PRIDE

Lord Carnavon had nothing on us. We are explorers, too. For years we have been searching for the screen player who could transfer to the printed page, in vivid color, the romance and glamour of life in the film colony. At last we have found such a one.

Her name is known in every Casting office from Culver City to Fine Arts. And she can write! In these pulsating extracts from her diary, you can fairly sniff the smell of grease paint, you can hear the fascinating *argot* of the studios and the grinding of the cameras. When you read this true diary of an extra girl, you will know Hollywood!

The final and violent attack of *movieitis* that made me sure that fame and fortune were awaiting me in Hollywood came upon me six months ago. I never won a beauty contest, nor did my family or friends even proclaim me pretty. Far be it from such. But I felt I *had* to act. I fancied that acting, without the inspiration of an audience or of spoken lines, was the highest expression of dramatic art.

So I pawned every bit of jewelry I had in the world, in Chicago, begged what I could of a sceptical family and raised just enough money to pay my railroad fare, tourist class, to Los Angeles, and to buy me one small

meal a day at the Harvey lunch rooms on the way out.

To my mind, Hollywood had been a sort of fairyland; the stars were its ladies fair and valiant princesses. They were like mythical people from the fabled land of the Table Round.

When my train pulled into the station, I thrilled. Now I was actually a part of this wonderful land of sunshine, roses, movies and disappearing beds. And I liked it.

In the telephone book at the Santa Fe Station, I found the name and telephone number of a family friend. I called her up, arranged to go right out to Hollywood, where she lived, and in less than an hour I was in a little green bungalow, covered with yellow roses, surrounded by red geraniums: and orange, lemon and fig-trees were blooming right in the back yard. This dear little home belonged to Grace Warner. My mother's people had always known Grace's family; it seems to me they must have met generations ago, for I can't remember not hearing about them, even from Grandma. Mr. Warner was away on a business trip, so Grace offered to rent his room to me, until his return, for the sum of nine dollars a week. This I agreed to pay willingly, in spite of the fact I had only four dollars in my pocketbook. I felt so certain my picture career would start the following Monday.

It is six months from that time, and yesterday was my first day's work in pictures. How have I lived in the meantime? One learns to live in Hollywood, almost as the "lilies that toil not, neither do they spin." I have toiled as much as I've been allowed to:—sung in moving picture houses a few weeks, worked in a side show at Venice, demonstrated bricks with which to build cheap houses,



They told me to strip to the waist, as they wanted to see "what kinda figure you got, girlie." I needed the job, so I did. But instead of looking at me, they kept sheepishly looking at each other, muttering "She'll do" and "Very good type". I got the job.

squirted soda in a candy-kitchen till I thought I could never look an ice-cream soda or pop in the face again. Occasionally I borrowed money, when I found anyone who had it to lend. But I have learned to smile, chew gum, and sip a lemon coca-cola slowly, and feel as if I had eaten a full meal.

I believe more strongly than ever that any boy or girl who has the desire and ambition to follow an artistic career, should also have a vocational training of some sort, stenographic, hair-dressing, nursing, or even embalming. I knew a girl who worked as a chorus girl in the winter, and in a funeral parlor in summer. I asked her once which occupation she preferred. She said—

"You'd be surprised kiddo, but the dead ones in the summertime can be relied upon more than the live ones in the wintertime."

Many a time I have wished to be an embalmer or something, so that I could make enough money to tide me over the "starvation spells" I have had, waiting for my star to rise.

However, the Service Bureau called me yesterday, so I have really started now. This agency has the name, description, and photograph of everyone trying to get into pictures, that is anyone doing small parts or extra work. The studios call the bureau and say:

"We want twenty men and women, millionaire type," or "we need ten girls for a Western, dance hall dames."

The bureau finds them all, and sends men and women, young and old, all types, to the studios at a few hours' notice.

To the "would-be-star," however, the Service Bureau is like a Chiropractor. One goes to it after all else, personal letters, friends, and every other possible channel of entrance into the steel guarded portals of film-land have failed.

My call was to be on the lot at seven-thirty A. M., made up and ready to go on the set at eight. As a child I longed to be a clown, and yesterday with my dead white face, red lips, and green eyelids, to say nothing of the false eyelashes, believe me, I felt like one. They draped me with a very beautiful Spanish shawl, and added all the trimmings belonging to the picture, Spanish vamp, mantilla, comb, fan and rose on ear.

We worked on a Mission set, built on the lot, quite a little walk from the main buildings of the studio. From eight until noon we sat; the sun would not shine the right way, and there was much setting, and unsetting of cameras, but about noon we started to work. They shot a few scenes, and then called "lunch". As I had just six cents, I had long since abandoned the idea of eating. Think how comforting it was to have a little box handed to me, containing a dry

Oh for a job! More priceless than rubies is the certainty of a weekly pay envelope in Bohemian Hollywood, where one works for a day or a week, and then, alas, one does not work for a month! One girl in Hollywood bridged the long gaps by dancing in a cabaret in the winter and working in a funeral parlor in the summer. "And you'd be surprised, kiddo," says she, "how much more you can depend on the dead ones in the summertime than you can upon the live ones in the winter!"

cheese sandwich, a piece of soggy apple pie, an orange and a stick of gum, besides a bottle of blue milk! If I attain stardom and dine nightly in lavish lobster palaces, no food I know will ever taste better to me, than that first box-lunch.

We worked all afternoon, strolling up and down, while Ruth Roland and the villain had a desperate struggle on the balcony. Once the director called to me,

"Show some horror, when you see the villain attack Miss Roland."

This I did, and the director seemed pleased, for in a few minutes he picked me out to put me closer to the camera, and later I was alone in a still, more to show the beautiful shawl, than anything else, but I felt I had made a hit.

We worked until five-thirty, and I was called again to-day. Our work to-day was a repetition of yesterday, all re-takes they called them.

I liked everyone so much. Ruth Roland is twice as beautiful off the screen, and as natural and friendly as a girl could be. People in the movies seem so light hearted; there is really a wonderful spirit of play. Not that

we didn't work hard, for believe me standing for hours in the broiling sun, with reflectors scorching your eyes, is not pleasant. Still it was all in an atmosphere of joy that seems so lacking in the usual work-a-day world.

To-night I possess a check for twenty dollars, and I have only worked two days for it; I expect to stay awake all night figuring out how can one pay a hundred dollars' worth of debts with twenty; now I ask you?

"Getting a Job."

October 15, 1920

THE possession of twenty dollars all at one time was quite a shock to my heretofore empty purse. So for several days I paid bills, and moved about feeling somewhat of a million-aire.

However this sudden affluence did not last long. A week later I was again in a panic about work. After a long day of job-hunting, I met a girl I knew who worked quite steadily in pictures. She told me of an Oriental picture, then in the process of casting at one of the studios. She said the casting director needed girls with good figures, their beauty of face being a secondary matter. This news gave me hope, so I started off, fairly confident of good luck. I arrived in the studio at nine-thirty A. M., to find that I was about the seven-hundred and sixty-ninth girl who had heard the same news. There we sat for hours and hours. Many became so tired they left, but I remained, hoping every minute the director would appear and say;

"Ah, the very girl I am looking for, just the type."

I spent from three to six hours for five consecutive days waiting to see this casting director. At last at the end of the fifth day I was permitted to see him. He was one of those individuals who believes that the sense of sight and hearing is not enough to make one's acquaintance, but that the sense of touch must also be employed. Apropos of this let me say, that out of fifty men one meets, forty-nine treat you as intelligent individuals, but alas, there is ever the fiftieth. This particular casting director was that fiftieth, he held my hand, pinched my arm, and patted me as though I had been in his life always. In my heart I resented this frightfully, but I felt the job was at hand, I needed it badly, and—the

day would come when I could tell a few of these "poor prunes" just what a girl really thinks of them.

After what seemed endless moments of discomfort, this casting director told me I would have to see Mr.—who was picking out twelve girls for special bits, "Vestal Virgins" or "Solomon's pet Concubines" or something equally embarrassing. I smiled my plaster of paris grin, and exited. Mr.— could not be seen till the next morning, I was told at the desk. So out I went hating all men. We are unjust to men us "poor working goils", for one experience like this will turn us for many hours against all the truly fine men who make life so worth while.

By the next morning I was over my "grouch", and again bent on getting the job. So I bathed, perfumed, and made-up for hours. I arrived at the studio before ten A. M., and didn't have to wait long. Two girls came out of the office just as I was called in. They looked rather peevish. I thought little of this then, later I knew the reason.

As I entered the inner office I saw three rather bleary-eyed looking men sitting around a table. The best looking of the three rose and said:

"We don't like to ask you to do this girlie, but if you want the job of one of the special girls, at \$12.50 a day, you'll have to strip to the waist, as Mr.—must know just what kinder shapes you girls have got."

However, I pulled myself together, my one thought being the \$12.50 a day. So I did as I was bid. I stepped into the little room he beckoned me to and let my hair down. It is long and thick, so I draped my locks about my shoulders as artistically as my nervous cold hands would permit.

When I appeared at the doorway, much of the air of bravado had left the three body-choosers, and they acted rather embarrassed. Instead of looking at me, they kept looking at each other, sheepishly muttering, "she'll do",—"very good type",—"that's all, O. K.". Anyway I got the job. Every girl went through the same ordeal.

Then we worked for weeks in little chiffon drapes, a few beads, and the warmth and protection our long hair gave us, for they found in bobbed-haired Hollywood only twelve maidens with hair that hung below their knees, and covered their bare backs like a cloak.

For six weeks we worked almost every day. We arrived at the studio at eight A. M., and worked until five, often returning at night to emote under the stars for hours.

The work was fascinating. One really lives in the era which the picture depicts. Somehow this seems to be more true of the silent than of the spoken drama. For when one works day and night for weeks, it seems easier to actually live a part.

I earned a lot of money in this picture, and bought a new suit and hat, and paid up back board, besides sending advance Christmas presents to the family. This experience should be valuable to me, for it is the first picture work I have done in which I have really had a chance. I worked a great deal, and had many scenes with the star. When the picture is released there should be many close-ups of me.

(Added in 1923.) To all the friends I wrote of being in this picture, I received the same icy epistle from each: "We all went to see the picture but we didn't see you." I myself went five times before I caught even a glimpse of "me", and when I did see myself I winked, and ere the wink was over I had passed.

A studio was casting for an Oriental picture. Hoping to get a job as "atmosphere" a score of girls rushed to the casting director. In order to get a chance at the special job of a vestal virgin at \$12.50 a day, they had to strip to the waist, so that three bleary-eyed men might "see what kinder shape you girls have got."

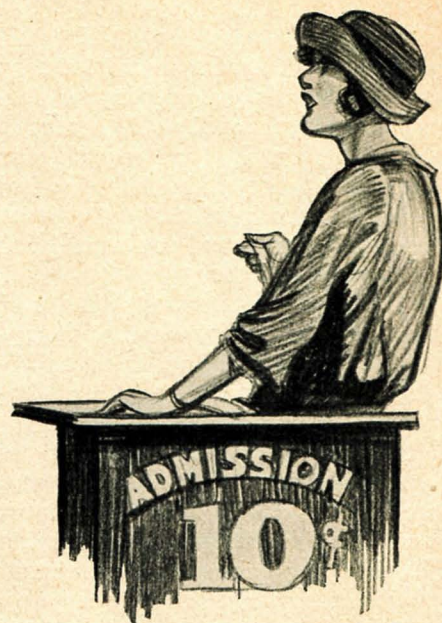
Not even a shadow had I cast on this Silver Land.

"Real Reel Royalty"

November 11, 1920.

SUCH a thrill, old Diary. How can I ever write about it, to make you understand how truly wonderful it all was?

Last week I received a letter from an old school friend. She enclosed an introduction from her husband to Douglas Fairbanks. Frank O'Malley and Douglas Fairbanks are real friends, so the letter gave me a lovely



Once I worked for a week as a bally-hoo in a side-show at Venice, to keep from starving.

reception from the incomparable "Doug". I spent at least an hour with him, the "Globe-Known," "World-Admired" idol, and he did not disappoint me for a single minute. He is as genuine, handsome and kind to meet as ever he is on the Silver Screen. And he has so much personality that it fills every corner of the room and oozes through the cracks of the windows and doors. Douglas Fairbanks would have been famous in some way, even if he had never gone into Pictures, for he has that something that says to the world—"I am here, you must admire and respect me, and give me of your treasures, for I'll give you all that is in me, but in return I want all from you."

Mr. Fairbanks talked of pictures and of his great desire to do classic parts, among others he spoke of wanting to do "The Three Musketeers." He also spoke of one of his greatest ambitions, to have vast land in one of our agricultural States, laid out in simple communities, and thousands of our half starved, undeveloped children from city tenements brought to this community to live. Thus he would develop them into strong, able bodied, clear minded men and women.

After a lovely visit, he asked me if I would like to come up to their house in Beverley Hills the next night to a pre-view of "The Mark of Zorro," which is the picture he has just finished. The thought of

meeting his wife, our own Mary Pickford, and of being in their own home made my head spin. It did not seem possible. Mary Pickford has always been in my mind as some sort of personality, more like Red-Ridinghood, or Cinderella, and these months in Hollywood have not disillusioned me at all. So the thought of meeting her was like an invitation to break down the portals of fairyland and enter therein.

The next night came. I drove the dilapidated car borrowed from a friend, and I wore the best dress I had. I know I looked and felt rather "country cousinish". This was all forgotten, however, when I was ushered into their lovely home and up to Mary's boudoir to lay off my wraps. I have always pictured Mary's bedroom pink and cream and pale blue, so free from glaring colors, nothing oriental or heavy. Just so it is. It seemed like the room my mind had always travelled to when Mother's voice got thin and she would say, "Who's been sleeping in my bed?" Light, joy, sweetness and everlasting childhood, are surely Mary Pickford's inheritance from the Higher Power.

From her charming room I hated to tear myself, so I powdered and re-powdered my nose, until I realized that Enid Bennett, (Mrs. Fred Niblo) was kindly waiting for me to go down stairs with her.

Douglas Fairbanks introduced me to Mrs. Fairbanks. Meeting Mary, when the time came, was so natural, because I felt as I stood near to these two famous people, that they were nobility, and the royal are the simple folk—they are noble in the deep, hard battles of life that really count.

A girl who wants to get on in the pictures has got to learn to smile, chew gum, sip a lemon coca-cola slowly, and feel as if she had eaten a seven course dinner.

Mr. Fairbanks introduced me to everyone there. Among the small group of guests were Mrs. Pickford, Jack Pickford, Enid Bennett and Fred Niblo, and Marshall Neilan, also Doug's little son. He's a fine manly fellow, so proud of his father. It is fun to watch his constant admiration.

Among my childish dreams was one to have a large soda fountain in the middle of our parlor, and treat all my friends to soda water and ice-cream as they entered. Can you imagine having a motion picture machine right in your own drawing room? That is what they have. After a few minutes' visiting about a large tapestry was removed, showing a projection machine, and at the further end of the room, a broad shade was drawn down, making a good sized screen, on which to throw the picture.

All my life I'll like "The Mark of Zorro" better than any picture I have ever seen, for the picture itself is good, and the setting, and circumstances of my seeing it, place it in my inner "memory ring."

I left about eleven o'clock. "Ma Pickford" had quite a talk with me at the door about beautiful little Olive Thomas, who had been dead only a few weeks. Mrs. Pickford was very sincere and real to me; she had no earthly reason to be otherwise, and I feel she is misjudged by

the many sentimental, sensational "write-ups" she is always getting.

All around, I like "Reel Nobility." I have met a lot of so called nice people, and also stage people, and strictly business people and I feel that these "movie people" as a whole measure up to these various classes very favorably.

My Pie Crust Day.

January 15, 1921

I've cried for a solid hour. It's all over now,—I feel cheerful again, but this has been such a pie crust day. Promises, promises everywhere, just made to be broken.

Miss London called me up before breakfast, and told me without a doubt I was on the list for the Lost Art Studio, four days work at ten dollars a day. She said "just come in and see about your call at the costumers." I felt this was sure, so I bounded back to bed, awoke the entire room, told Pat I'd pay her the \$5 I owed her, told Phyllis I'd give her \$5 to have her wisdom tooth pulled. Promised a new pair of white stockings to the "community leg line", and I paid a week's board—all in my mind with the money I was to earn.

After breakfast I dashed to Miss London's office to be told that Rahab Joy had gotten the job I was to have had; she was a better type—so I was told!!!

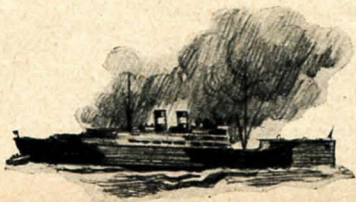
I sallied forth, head high, heart low, and purse empty, but nothing was to stop my daily round of the studios.

My next promise was from W—W—. He kept me waiting two hours then took me into his office, pinched my arms, patted me, tried to

(Continued on page 86)

Next month—Out on the desert, "on location" for *Burning Sands*, with a handsome sheik singing strange, passionate love songs under the stars, the little extra girl has a thrilling experience. She tries for weeks to get work, posing in the nude for art titles—and gets a call for a girl with long tresses after she has bobbed her hair! She works a day in comedies, and experiences the joy of meeting a custard pie, face on. She has to vamp Bull Montana, and works for a week in a harem scene. She makes the acquaintance of a pawn shop and "hocks" her one piece of antique jewelry to buy potatoes. And then the friend who gave her the bracelet comes to town and she has to commit a dire deed to get the bracelet out of hock. Don't miss a single installment of this true diary of an extra girl, in Screenland for August.

I'll never forget the time when I doubled for a star in a ship-burning scene. I was thrown over the side of the blazing boat into a small life-boat, and a real live baby, only a few months old, was thrown to me. We rehearsed this scene twenty times.



The Port of *MISSING GIRLS*

All over the country, from Hoboken to Medicine Hat, girls are saving or stealing to buy a wardrobe and a ticket to Hollywood. If your girl is missing, look for her here.

TWENTY years or so ago we were simply paralyzed as a nation with the frightful expose of white slavery. Heavens, but what thrills we got out of the horrors revealed! New York became the symbol of all that was wicked; immigration from the small towns increased by leaps and bounds—the girls fairly leaping over each other to get to New York, to see the wickedness at first hand, and the boys breaking all bounds as ruthlessly as a young bull pup pulls up his kennel stakes, determined to contribute to the fascinating delinquency that had been so well advertised.

That's always the way. Wickedness is the most fascinating study that mankind can take up. We all kid ourselves that our interest is purely "human interest"; that we can stand in the fire and not get burnt. That's one big reason why Los Angeles has so carefully guarded the secret that it is in reality "the Port of Missing Girls". And since Los Angeles is merely a station which discharges passengers for Hollywood, so far as the movie struck millions are concerned, Hollywood really deserves the doubtful honor of being known as "The Port of Missing Girls"—and boys and men, and women. But it is the girls with whom we are most concerned. Every boy has a right to run away from home at least once in his adolescence; he hardly feels that it is worth-while to have his voice change and his pants get longer, if he doesn't prove his manhood by running away from home and half starving to death.

But girls who run away are marked for life—if they get caught and are hauled back home. Barbara LaMarr will never live down the fact that when she was fifteen years old she was abducted or ran away from home or something of the sort. The "whole truth" has been told so many

times that probably Barbara herself has forgotten what really happened. But the story has become a "screen classic".

The ingenuity of the movie-struck to get to Hollywood in the first place and then to get into the studios after arrival would make a mere war strategist like von Hindenburg green with envy.

All over the country, from Hoboken to Medicine Hat, girls are saving their dimes and dollars to buy a wardrobe and a ticket to Hollywood. The thrift campaigns thought up by the banks are puny little affairs compared with the thrift urge which Hollywood-itis brings on. On the

The Credit Association, which keeps national tab on people with delinquent accounts, says that thousands of girls and women nurses an account along in their own home towns, paying up promptly for months or even years until a sound credit rating is established, and then they purchase heavily of clothes, luggage and finery of all kinds, decamp for Hollywood, change their names and are never heard from again. A nice, ladylike procedure, to be sure, but not at all surprising to the Traveler's Aid, the Y. W. C. A., the Juvenile Hall authorities, and others, who could tell stories to make your hair stand on end.

IF YOU HAD JUST BOBBED YOUR HAIR

And you received a call from a studio to pose in the nude for some art titles, and you needed the money to pay the over-due room rent, what would you do? Perhaps you would do just what the little writer of *THE DIARY OF AN EXTRA GIRL* did. She tells all about it in the second installment of her diary, in *Screenland* for August. Look for it.

pass book of probably fifty per cent of the flapper-stenographer's savings accounts should be written in red ink, "Savings for Hollywood". Or simply, "Account, Gypsy Blood".

Thieves in the Making

BUT A terrifying large number of girls—and boys—are stealing money and clothes. Since many of them confidently expect to shuck all their morals and principles—"Mid-West virtue" is the pet phrase for it right now—they begin by stealing the wherewithal right out of the old sock or the ginger jar.

Actual Figures on Runaways

THE JUVENILE BUREAU alone, which handles only the worst cases,—that is, cases which can't be dealt with at once and without red tape and trouble,—has a record of 1048 runaways from July, 1920 to July, 1921. Boys predominate—622 as against 426 girls.

Two great factors contribute to the delinquency of boys and girls, who are picked up in Hollywood: bad home conditions—starved natures demanding expression—and the lure of romance and adventure. Hollywood is the Mecca of the Victims of Suppressed Desires, to use a Freud term that is handled as freely as the weather in Hollywood. And young girls and boys are not the only victims to this antique but newly discovered condition. Wives of all ages, from brides to grandmothers, come to Hollywood—literally run away to Hollywood—to seek illicit love and romance.

This determination to have romantic love at any cost is the hardest problem the preventive and rescue organizations have to deal with.

A case illustrates the point beautifully.



"Hallie!" cried the mother, over and over. She seized the girl's hands and tried to kiss them. But the girl drew away in haughty distaste. "I have never seen you before! What do you mean!"

A Crush on Doug

A YOUNG WIFE, seventeen years, generously provided for by an indulgent husband, ran away from her home, bringing her two babies with her, and a girl who was to look after the babies while the mother looked for work in the studios.

She said she had been corresponding with Douglas Fairbanks for a long time and had come out here on definite promises. Her story was later found to be utterly false. She had stolen the money little by little from the cash drawer of her husband's small clothing store in Kansas City, and with it had provided herself with a resplendent wardrobe and a large assortment of beautiful and artistic photographs, which she thought would be an open sesame to a marvelous screen career. One of the first things the movie-struck wife did was to hunt up a Los Angeles photographer to get more pictures made. The photographer found her easy prey. Probably she was glad to encourage him, for shortly she moved her trunk into his studio on Third Street and he provided a flat for her, the children and the other girl. There was nothing snide about that photographer. He seemed to "spare no expense".

But feeling that the photographer after all could not get her into the movies, however grateful she might be for a flat and for an endless assortment of beautiful photographs, she began to make the studios regularly, and soon had another lover, a mechanic from one of the largest studios, who became a constant visitor at the flat when the photographer was not expected. The mother worked it so that the other girl kept the babies out at picture shows most of the time.

Mrs. Lillian M. Toomey, of the Juvenile Bureau, received an appeal from the husband of the woman to help him locate his wife and babies. In some way, she got on the trail of the trunk probably through the transfer company which had handled it and which is compelled to keep records of all calls. She called on the photographer, on pretext of wanting pictures of herself made, and nosed about until she located the trunk. She threatened him with arrest and exposure if he did not reveal the whereabouts of the missing wife. He finally confessed, to save trouble—

having a wife who was not on calling terms with his mistress.

The husband was sent for and arrived post haste, to gather up his erring wife and neglected babies. But the wife, Mrs. Toomey hears from the discouraged husband, will not live with him and insists on returning to Hollywood when she can finance another trip.

"I am so good-looking that it will be no trouble for me to get into pictures," was the girl's oft-repeated defiance of the law and her husband.

"She'll probably slip into Hollywood by way of Pasadena next time, and thus elude the watchful waiters at the station," Mrs. Toomey says regretfully. "And there will be one more unfortunate, contributing to the unsavory reputation of the movies."

The significant thing is that the seventeen year old beauty did not get a single day's work in pictures during the long months she was in Hollywood.

So typical that it may be recognized by hundreds of heartsick parents as well as the girl herself, is the case of a girl of fourteen, from Indianapolis, who stole \$400. from her mother and left home dressed in plain gingham. She fitted herself out in Indianapolis with a brown silk dress, hat, shoes, silk stockings to match, and an expensive coat. In her suitcases she packed two suits of silk underwear. She purchased a ticket for Los Angeles via San Francisco. Through telegrams from her parents, she was found by the Traveler's Aid matron at the Southern Pacific station, and turned over to the Juvenile Bureau. She was a very homely, gawky, uninteresting looking little girl, according to Mrs. Toomey, but she said naively that she had come to "shine in the movies".

From Tennessee

TWO LITTLE girls from Tennessee had gotten into correspondence with two "actors" out here and had run away to come West to meet them and go into pictures, with their help. The parents telegraphed frantically to the Juvenile Bureau and Mrs. Toomey went to the train. The only description she had of the girls was of age, height and clothes. But they had of course changed their clothes before arriving. She followed each couple of girls as they alighted from the train, till at last she spotted two

with a Southern accent. The two "extras" had come to the train to meet the girls, and were waiting outside the exit, but noting that Mrs. Toomey was following the girls, they held back and did not speak to the girls.

The girls consulted together in low tones, overheard by Mrs. Toomey and at last decided to telegraph their mothers. Mrs. Toomey followed them to the telegraph desk, pretending to write a message while she watched over their shoulders. They were wiring to their mothers: "We were married today. Billy and Betty."

"You may hand those telegrams to me," said Mrs. Toomey, explaining who she was. The girls began to weep, telling each other, "We knew something like this would happen." She put the girls in Juvenile Hall until the parents could send for them. The "actors" were warned not to repeat the amusing little stunt.

The studios co-operate in every way possible with the Los Angeles and Hollywood police, Traveler's Aid and Y. W. C. A., in an effort to round up every missing girl and boy.

Goldwyn studios has recently announced a special system for the work, requiring that every girl who registers with the casting director must show credentials. If her record appears at all shady, or if her youthfulness indicates that she may be a runaway, her parents, whose names she is required to give, are notified.

Denies Her Own Mother

NOT LONG ago a mother arrived in Hollywood, heartbroken over the sudden desertion of her daughter, who had been the mainstay of the crippled mother and a sickly little half-brother. The Traveler's Aid had previously done everything possible to locate the missing girl, and so had the Y. W. C. A. and the Juvenile Hall officials. The mother, living in Emporia, Kansas, was given a purse by interested townspeople, and told to spend all the time she needed in locating the girl. She was sure she had come to Hollywood, for the girl had talked of nothing but her infatuation for Valentino and Conway Tearle. The Traveler's Aid had made exhaustive searches, with these infatuations as leads, but nothing had come of them.

(Continued on page 85)

How many causes are there for suicide? If you really think you know, read

Hollywood's *Suicide Club*

By W. ELLEN REAMY

Illustrated By R. Van Buren

HALF-EMPTYED plates were pushed back, and newly filled coffee cups were drawn forward. Flickering candle flames threw eerie shadows on the darkly polished bare surface of the round table. A great black cat rubbed suggestively against the trousered knees of the men, or the flimsy skirts of the women, but her plaintive meows went unheeded—for the first time. She felt aggrieved, puzzled.

A foreign waiter hovered near the door, but the tense, white faces of his guests did not invite his services. A fat, well fed German cook came to peer over his shoulder, speechless for once, shocked at last by something that was happening in Hollywood.

"Are we all agreed then upon an organization?" The speaker was Chester DuPriest, a star of slapstick comedy. His face looked more like a tragedy mask, looming up blackly from the startlingly white shirt almost concealed by a well-fitting Tuxedo.

The three other men and five women nodded, drawing hard on their cigarettes as if to gain courage.

"Grant, have you a copy of the by-laws you were asked to draw up? Snap into it, old dear. It's getting late. My wife will come Maggie-ing after me in another hour."

"Damn fool to tell her where you were going," drawled a white-faced, black-haired woman whose scarlet slash of a mouth quivered passionately. Her extreme nervousness was painful to observe.

"Had to. She nags," DuPriest said savagely. "Well, Grant, read what you have, won't you? This damn place gives me the creeps. I've

got an eight o'clock call in the morning. Location stuff. Out into the Mojave Desert."

Compact to Suicide

"All the more reason you want to sign this tonight," Grant, tall, curly-haired, thin, blond, laughed shortly. "I'll surely commit suicide if I'm ever faced with another desert trip like I went through with that Sheik picture." He cleared his throat, grinning around the group, but his smile lacked mirth. It got no response. A little bobbed-haired girl shuddered, and with nervous irritability kicked the cat which was clawing at her dress.

"Compact and by-laws of Hollywood's Suicide Club", Grant read aloud. The crackling of the paper made sharp sounds in the semitwilight.

"Wait a minute," DuPriest rose abruptly and strode to the door. "I'll shut out these accursed foreigners. They'll be blabbing the thing all over Hollywood."

"It will be out by tomorrow anyway. Can't keep a thing in this sieve of a town," a middle-aged woman, grotesque in girlish evening dress, drawled.

DuPriest shut the door in the faces of the waiter and the cook. With an oath he picked up the cat which had slunk after him, and thrust it through the door.

Grant took up his paper again. "This sounds pretty bloody, folks, but I gather it has the main points we talked over.

"Compact: We, the undersigned, hereby unite ourselves into a band to be known, to ourselves only, as Hollywood's Suicide Club. The object

of this club is to promote fellowship among the discouraged, to help each other to circumvent the law if it ever seems necessary to any one of us to take our own lives, and to provide as a club for the dependents left behind by the suiciding member, should there be dependents without means and incapable of earning. We further agree to protect any and all suicides of the club from exposure and resulting unfavorable publicity, which would hurt or injure the living relatives of the dead.

"Furthermore: It is agreed that no suicide will take his own life without first talking the case over with the other members of the club, and that wherever possible a prospective suicide will be so materially helped, as well as mentally and spiritually encouraged, that suicide will no longer seem expedient or necessary.

"Recognized causes for suicide: There have been arrived at a number of cases where suicide would be the dignified and only solution. First among these is injury, causing certain impairment of faculties, so that the injured could no longer work. Injury to features which would abruptly end a career and make life hateful constitutes sufficient cause for suicide, if the injured values his career more than his—or her—life.

Love Tragedy Excuses

"A supreme love tragedy will also be considered ample grounds for suicide. The recent suicide of our comrade, when he found that his wife had left him for another man and that the child he had cherished for years had been the offspring of



There was a moment of awful silence. The cat sprang to the top of the table, bent upon getting food by fair means or foul. No one stretched out a hand to remove her.

the illicit passion which had wrecked his home.

To find oneself on the down grade, after one has been a great celebrity, to feel within one's brain a slow disintegration of power, to know than an ignominious, shameful ending to a glorious career is all that is possible—that shall constitute ample reason for a severing of earthly bonds.

Finally, we pledge ourselves to absolute secrecy, pray the mercy of God, and put our souls in His Hands."

There was a moment of awful silence. The cat sprang to the top of the table, bent upon getting food by fair means or foul. No one stretched out a hand to remove her, and she lapped contentedly in a little pitcher of cream for the *demi-tasses*.

A shuddering sigh then went round the circle. A man laughed hysterically. "I believe I'll have to ask you boys to get me some cyanide of potassium now. I can never sleep after hearing that thing read."

All Nerves

"All nerves, Bess. Buck up! Your face will soon be as good as ever. You were lucky to get off with a surface burn. When dynamite explodes on a set, the best we can hope for is that all the pieces will be found," DuPriest said, with a fake facetiousness that did not fool anyway.

The paper was passed about the circle then, and with varying degrees of flippancy and nonchalance, to

cover their nervousness, the signatures were written in, all using Chet DuPriest's fountain pen, a gift to him from the man who had just suicided.

* * *

Improbable? Fantastic? Ridiculous. Perhaps. But true. I have it all on the word of a woman who has the original document, a tattered, much-folded, rather greasy piece of once stiff paper, a letterhead on which Chester DuPriest's monogram is worked with much ornamentation.

It is five years now since that Suicide Club was formed. Of the "charter members", only my friend, the woman who told me the story, is still living. Of the eight, she knows four to have suicided, one man—a famous stunt man in pictures—recently died in action; and the other two died under mysterious circumstances which point to suicide. Since their deaths occurred other than in Hollywood, my friend the survivor is not sure of the manner of their demise.

She is a character actress, a thin, nervous, highly emotional woman of between forty and fifty, often cast as a "heavy" and occasionally as a "mother"—though her strongly marked features are not typical of screen motherhood.

And no one looking into the burning, deep eyes of the woman who has seen so much of the seamy side of life in pictures could doubt her sincerity. Tragedy is written deep into every line of her face.

"We were a tragic crowd, a queer motley of puppets of an unkind fate," she told me. "I suppose it was our misfortunes that drew us together."

The Tragedy of Comedy

"DUPRIEST was loathing himself in comedy. He had been a Shakesperian actor of fine ability. The stage had squeezed him out, because Shakespeare interpreted by youngsters is always rather funny. He went into pictures when his first baby came. He had a curious dislike to seeing the little thing starve. And his wife was movie-mad. He landed in comedy by the merest accident. A producer saw him giving a Shakespeare interpretation in a drawing room in Los Angeles, and being a blighted lowbrow, he thought it was intended as burlesque. He hounded poor DuPriest until he got him into comedies.

That was before the really high-class actors were going in for comedy. Chaplin was the shining exception, and there were many poor imitations.

"DuPriest immediately became a great success—because of the tragedy and self-loathing which showed in his face. The audiences invariably howled when, sad-faced and stern, he stood up to receive a custard pie on his shirt front. He had the same element which has made Chaplin—a shadow of tragedy in his eyes, a sort of hurt dignity in his ignominy.

"But the baby was fed and the wife thrived on Hollywood, and another baby came along, so DuPriest stuck. His wife drove him to suicide at last. I think he would have stuck it out, if it had not been for that. She was one of those horrible little clinging vine naggers. She was as persistent as a young pastor bent on soul-saving, but her methods were even more discouraging.

"When poor Chet had enough money ahead to feel safe in breaking away from comedies, she fastened her blood-sucking little mouth on the veins of his ambition and before she was done with him, he actually thought comedies were pretty decent. He woke up to it one morning—the utter shame of his prostituted talent—and we helped him to suicide decently and without the papers ever knowing that it was self-destruction. We did our best to give him a new viewpoint, but we were rather half-hearted about it. We knew that he had already died inside.

"Accidental" Death

"DUPRIEST chose 'accidental' death, planting the accident with our help. We arranged so that it was one of us who discovered the body, crushed under his car, which had been driven over an embankment away up on Montecito Drive. We had been with him almost to the last, giving him our love and best wishes on his crossing of the Styx. One of our unwritten agreements was that we would not mourn our dead. Death had been chosen as a route to happiness—or at least escape. It was recognized as a blessing, rather than a tragedy.

"Mrs. DuPriest went back to her father and two years later married a shoe manufacturer of Chicago."

We were eating lunch at Betty's, this survivor of the club and I. A

certain well known actor—well known not for his ability but for his family connections—strolled in to gather up his mother, who had been eating one of Betty's famous "pot roast and gravy" plates.

"Tom's wife—his first wife, I mean—became a member of our club when she was in Hollywood, some time after it was formed. She did it out of bravado, but I have always believed that back in her consciousness lurked the knowledge that her life would end that way—some day.

Poison is Slow

"SHE HAD been a famous Eastern stage beauty, and her work in pictures was rather startlingly good. She was married to Tom Parker, and the fan magazines carried lush little love stories of their wedded bliss. But at last at our club the truth came out. Tom was rotten to the core, a constant source of threatened disgrace, a contemptible cad of a man. And she loved him.

"You remember her death—not in Hollywood, but far from home? She chose the hardest kind of suicide—slow poison—but it worked and she is probably happier than when she lived in hourly fear of disgrace at his hands.

"One of the boys—men, rather—but still boys to me—shot himself through the heart in New York. An accident, it was called; the old story of oiling a gun. He had often told us that he would chose that way. He had a curious mental quirk. He was a Christian Scientist, and would not take any poison into his system. At least, he had been raised by Scientist parents to abhor medicine. But a gun made him just as dead."

The speaker's low voice was attracting attention. We paid our checks and left, brushing shoulders with Carmel Myers in a new King Tut sports suit and treading accidentally on Alan Hale's big shoes. In the make-up of Miles Bjorsen, in *Main Street*, he was a queer figure in that low ceiled little dining room.

Out under the pepper trees, where we could talk without fear of eavesdroppers, she continued her story.

"The third death was a blow to me personally. I had been much interested in the only writer of our group. A genius forced to write scenarios for a living, while his soul soared to

(Continued on page 103)

Twelve BALD-HEADED Men

are needed for a scene in the picture, according to a hurry call from a studio. The hour is midnight. Where will the casting director secure his men? Hollywood film agencies discover "types" in soda clerks and undertakers, and set them on the high-road to success in the movies.

By EUNICE MARSHALL

IF A CASTING director called you up at midnight and told you to have ready twelve bald-headed men with false teeth and toupees, by seven o'clock the next morning, what would you do?

You probably would tear your hair out by the roots, thereby providing the first of the required dozen of bald-heads right on the spot.

But Ivan Kahn, who manages an employment agency for screen actors in Hollywood, considers such an order from a casting department merely an incident in the day's work.

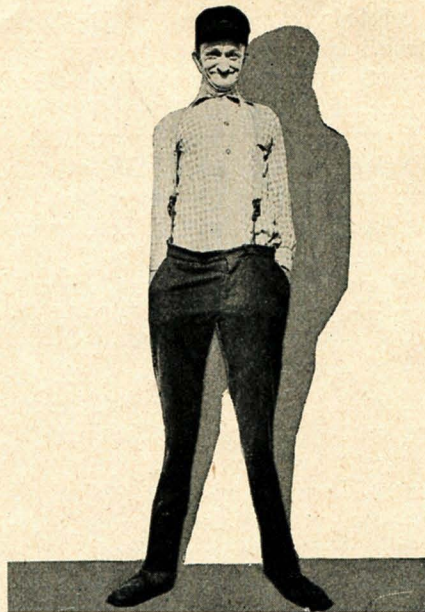
He simply flips the pages of his casting-register until he comes to the B's, and murmurs "Let's see: babies, bakers, bartenders, butlers..... oh, yes, bald-headed men. Here we are." Then he takes down the telephone receiver, gets the men listed out of their warm beds to find out if they have the necessary detachable toupees and teeth, and tells them to report at the studio at seven the next morning

Wanted, a Lloyd George

OF COURSE, it isn't always as simple as that. Recently, a casting director called up and demanded a man who looked exactly like Lloyd George, the ex-premier of Great Britain. Naturally enough, the little black book of names contained no Lloyd Georges.

So the employment agency man, whom many years of agency work have made into something of a sleuth, put on his hat and went out to look for a double for the little Welshman. And down at the Plaza, that historic square that is the sole relic of the old pueblo that Los Angeles used to be, he found his man.

"Did anyone ever tell you that



When Slim Hamilton was a long, lean, gangling boy, the other kids used to tease him about his height. But Slim had the last laugh; he's in the movies now and his excess inches provide him a good living as a character man.



Valentine Churchill came clear from Rangoon, Burma, to act in the movies. She and her little companion, Buck Black, are good character actors.

you resembled Lloyd George?" he asked the chap.

"Why, yes, I *have* been told so," the man answered. And when the studio make-up man made him up, he was the exact double of the little Napoleon.

A Clearing House for Types

THE EMPLOYMENT agency is a clearing house for "types." Here come all the flotsam and jetsam of filmdom. Retired farmers, pretty little flappers, bookkeepers chafing at the monotony of their lives, babies, towed by fond mamas, and middle-aged women. . . all of them inoculated with the fatal virus of movie-itis.

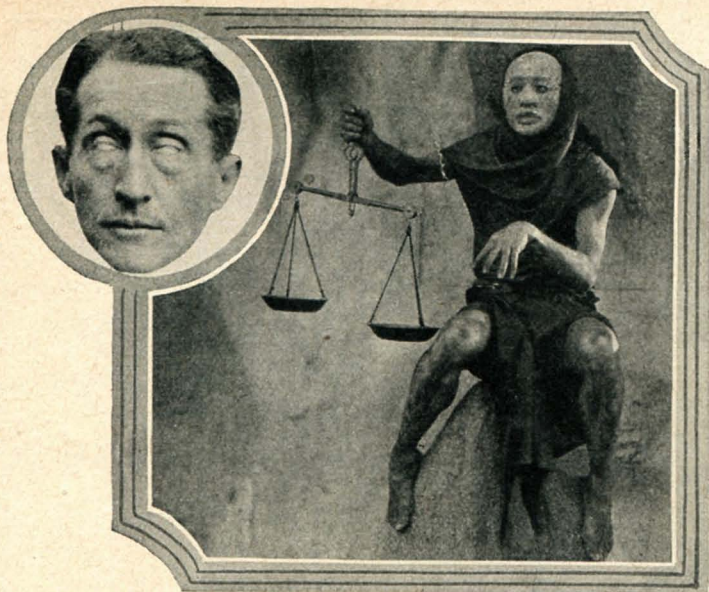
Someone has said that all women believe themselves potential actresses. In which belief they are one with all men. And in a surprising number of cases they are right. Dramatic genius often burns beneath the most prosaic exterior.

Jackie Coogans in Embryo

BABIES, from infants in arms to gangling youngsters of eight or nine years, are brought to the agency by ambitious mothers. Pathetic little things many of them toggled out in tawdrily elaborate garments, rather pitifully uncertain as to what all the bother is about and doubtless wishing they could go out and play. And every one of them, according to the mothers, can do anything Jackie Coogan can do, only better.

A Sensitive Point

WHEN a person feels the movie fever coming on, he comes to the agency, gives his name, weight,



C. E. Collins has two perfectly good eyes, but his ability to roll them so as to appear blind secures for him many fine parts. You remember him, undoubtedly, as the spirit of Pestilence in *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*.

height, experience if any, accomplishments and natural qualifications which he feels should make him a useful cog in the film wheel.

One little characteristic is significant of changing feminine psychology. A woman of today will tell her age, without stuttering more than once or twice. But she *will not tell her weight!*

The Barber's Despair

THERE are men in Hollywood who haven't seen the inside of a barber shop since the year of the big

wind. Their beards rival Rip Van Winkle's fabled brush for length and luxuriance. They would as soon think of refusing a close-up as of shaving, for their beards are their means of livelihood, their very mealtickets.

"Send me up half-a-dozen whiskers," orders the studio casting director, and the agency phones the '49'ers Club for six men whose facial decorations have the most lush growth. For these bearded men have a club of their own, where they can swap yarns about the number of times they have played hermits or '49'ers or anarchists.

R. L. Frost's luxurious beard enables him to portray both religious and western rôles. He made a very wonderful *Christ* in *The Unfoldment*.

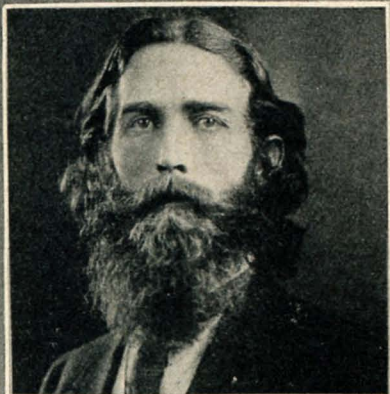
When a casting director wants a bartender, one of the real old-fashioned kind, he puts in a hurry call for Bill Quast.

MOTION PICTURE QUALIFICATIONS OF
 Frederick A. Johnson, ("Grand Avenue Johnson")
 643 West Fifteenth St. L.A. Phone, 24003, B'way, 2359,
 CHARACTERS IMPERSONATIONS. "Will. 598."
MOTION PICTURE EXPERIENCE, 7 years.
 Description. Smooth-faced, but can put on any style of crepe-hair whiskers.
 Iron-gray Hair.
 Blue Eyes. Expressive
 Features. 160 pounds.
 5 feet, 7-1/4 inches.
 Past Middle-age.
 Rides and Drives Horses.
 Swims. Dances a little.
 Screens well. General
 appearance decidedly
 Professional.
APPAREL.
 Modern Wardrobe of
 Evening Dress, including
 Inverness O'coat, Prince
 Alberts, several grades.
 Outworn do. Business
 dark & light, Minister,
 Priest, Western, Mining,
 U.S. Sailor outfits, etc.
NATURAL IMPERSONATIONS.
 Judge, Barrister, Attorney,
 Physician, Priest,
 Senator, Diplomat, Director,
 Railway, Bank or College
 President, Manager, Supt.
 Military or Naval Officer.
 Sea-Captain, Politician, Professor,
 Promoter, Philosopher,
 Philanthropist, Merchant, Salesman,
 Hotel-keeper, Civil Engineer,
 etc. etc.
EASY SPECIAL IMPERSONATIONS
 Premier, David Lloyd George, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Genl. Robert E. Lee, Actors, Edwin Booth and David Warfield, Mormon Priest, Brigham Young, Lincoln's War Secretary, Edwin M. Stanton. From a **BABY to an Ambassador.**
Capabilities.
 Inherently Dramatic, can be slow in action, or very active. Can comprehensively perform Parts, or Bits, involving difficult execution, in **TRAGEDY or COMEDY.**
OF REGULAR HABITS AND RELIABLE.

The extra who is onto his job furnishes the casting director with a list of qualifications like this: Frederick Johnson, made up, bears a striking resemblance to David Lloyd George, the ex-Premier of Great Britain. Other "easy special impersonations", as his card shows, are Henry Ward Beecher, Brigham Young, Edwin Booth and Robert E. Lee.

The Professional Butler

THE MAN who signs up to play a butler does so at his own risk. He is liable to go on playing butlers to the end of his career. Somehow, most casting directors cannot visualize in any other rôle an actor who has once played a butler. There is a girl in
 (Continued on page 88)



King George of England has his double here in Hollywood. He is Andrew Lyle. Doesn't he look amazingly like that Monarch?

CHARGE



"When Pola Negri comes in to a shop, everybody stands around, for we never know whether she is disposed to be gracious or otherwise."

¶ *Virtue is a word practically unknown to a certain movie set. They take it for granted that the business world is run like the theatrical world—everything charged to Sex. Such is the statement made by the author of this frank and startling article.*

IT TO SEX!

I'M A MODEL in a smart Los Angeles shop, much patronized by the movie stars. For four years I have waited on the film folk, have been snubbed by them, patronized by them and, occasionally, have been smiled on by them.

I know them. I have seen them put on a thousand dollar gown over a dirty teddy suit.

I've seen a star worth half a million dollars haggle over a two dollar bill for alterations on a seventy-five dollar skirt.

And, many and many a time, I've seen a star whom I knew to be on the verge of bankruptcy order a thousand dollars' worth of merchandise as casually as if she were buying a pair of "second" hose, \$1.98, cut down from \$2.50 in the Bargain Basement. Not that we have any Bargain Basements in our shops, or any bargains in anything—except souls, and those often come cheap.

My experience with the picture people who come to my department has given me the impression that virtue is a word practically unknown to a certain faction of the movie crowd. They seem to take it for granted that the business world is run like the theatrical world—everything *charged to sex*.

Something for Nothing

OF COURSE, many of the film stars are straight. But few of them seem to come to our shop, somehow.

Most of them seem to be constantly looking for something for nothing. The industry spins on sex; when most of the prominent ones sweep into the store to buy clothes, they fairly radiate invitation, if poor old MacDougal, my boss under another name, is in sight.

Of course, the proprietor of a clothing store isn't the sort of chap one would want to appear with at the Cocoanut Grove, but he would certainly come in handy at providing clothes for a poor girl trying to get along on only \$2000 a week.

The other day, two big stars came in to look over some new models. One of them, a dashing brunette, wanted to know if I was the boss' "sweetie". Because I had been on the job for four years, she suspected me. She made believe she was kidding, but I could tell by her eyes that she wanted to know. So I said, yes, I certainly was, and if she wanted to retain her youthful beauty she had better keep away from him. She believed it, and has never come near the store since. She is now patronizing a shop where the bills are not sent her.

I learned afterward that she and her friend had both been thrown over by their "sweeties", and were looking for a man who would dress them.

My boss, who is a canny business man, kids them along until he gets their accounts. Then he is a leech for payment. A lot of the bills are paid for by other women's husbands, but they are paid, and in cash, too.

Those Parisian Lines

ONE STAR, an over-sexed foreigner, will never buy a gown until she sees how it will look in certain attitudes in which she will "emote". If a line pleases her, it has to be a suggestive one—really Parisian, she calls it.

They all gossip freely while trying on gowns. Oh, the stories I could tell, if I were minded to be spiteful!

We Like Claire

I ALWAYS like to see Claire Windsor come into the shop. She's one of the nice ones. And she wears her clothes so beautifully that it is a pleasure to dress her.

Some of the stars always want to wear the wrong things. Terrible things that never fit their type. One model I know gets around this by putting on a dress that fits the customer's type and hands the customer a pair of blue spectacles, through

which she can see just exactly how the dress will photograph. That's all a screen star is interested in—how a garment will photograph.

Viola Dana Likes to Dress

VIOLA DANA loves to doll up, and it's rather like dressing a doll to fix her up. She's a mighty good customer, wherever clothes are sold.

Enid Bennett chooses simple, conservative clothes, and looks mighty well in them.

Mrs. Charles Ray, on the other hand, wants conspicuous clothes. A bright yellow velvet frock is her idea of a snappy costume. And she gets away with it, too. She wears things that most people would not dare to, and looks well in them. She almost always wears kid slippers matching her costume in color.

An Eye for Profit

BECAUSE the stars get large salaries, it doesn't always follow that they fling their money to the birds. Not any!

For instance, one star was stopping at the Beverly Hills Hotel recently, after her return from New York. A model was sent out to sell her some new wraps. She liked them, but before deciding, she tried to sell the model her old fur coat at almost the price she had paid for it!

Another beautiful star, who is adored by the whole world, pinches her pennies tighter than any cash girl. She rather feels that things should be given her for nothing, simply because she is who she is. Her equally famous husband has the same complex.

Mary Pickford seldom goes shopping. But if an enterprising merchant sends out a particularly lovely garment for her approval, she often takes it on the spot. She does not bother much about clothes, and she laughingly admits that she has no style, but no one has ever seen her other than tastefully gowned.

Where Those Freak Gowns Come From

HAVE YOU ever wondered what happens to the freak gowns that appear in the windows of the smart shops? You have probably said, "Stunning, but of course one could never wear them." But the "movies" wear them.

The buyers send these models out to the coast for window or fashion show display, knowing the regular trade would never buy them, but knowing equally well that the film folk who like extreme styles will

snap them up. They get them at greatly reduced prices. They show good sense, too, for the public would be terribly disappointed if they should observe Gloria Swanson or Pola Negri or Mae Busch dancing at the Plantation or the Cocoanut Grove in a simple, conventional frock.

Sometimes a star falls in love with a gown that she wears in some picture, the property of the studio. She usually makes the producer feel cheap if he doesn't allow her to buy it for about half what it cost to create.

"We always like to see Claire Windsor come into the shop. She is one of the few really well dressed women on the screen."



Temper in the Shop

WE SEE plenty of temperament in waiting on the stars. Everybody stands around when Pola comes in, for we never know when she is pleased to be gracious or otherwise. After waiting on her several times, I can well believe the stories we hear about her tantrums on the set. Another actress who has worked on her set was telling me the other day about one time when the carpenters were making their usual racket. Suddenly Pola stopped "emoting", clutched her hair with both hands, screamed out a torrent of French that sounded awfully profane and probably was, and walked over and sat down in a great pool of black grease on the stage floor, deliberately ruining her expensive costume.

A nice disposition, yes? And then again she can be so sweet that you think you must have misjudged her—until her next tantrum.

Too Much Emotion

ONE REASON why the movie people are such good customers is because the muscular action of the players in warm love scenes or other emotional scenes plays havoc with stitches. If the player does not reach the desired emotional pitch sooner she will later, after more physical convulsion. Which is very hard on sleeves, underarm seams and bodices, to say nothing of the wear on a train hung from the shoulders.

When a movie star enters the shop, we all sit up and take notice, because there is one nice thing about the "movies"—they come to buy, not to "hen around". One furrier that I know of was saved from bankruptcy in the nick of time by the sale of two gorgeous fur wraps to film beauties. And the patronage of one famous star with her friends has put a struggling milliner on a side street into a smart new shop on West Seventh within the past few months.

And all of them can "charge it"—to sex!

The author of this startling article will contribute another feature story—The Corner of Last Hope—to the August SCREENLAND. Ready July first.



ESTELLE TAYLOR
PHOTO BY EDWIN BOWER HESSER



LLOYD HUGHES
PHOTO BY EDWIN BOWER HESSER



MARTHA MARSHALL
PHOTO BY EVANS



ETHEL SHANNON
PHOTO BY EDWIN BOWER HESSER

STAR BOUND

A Story With a Heart — By

PETER LOWNSBERRY

AIMEE TORRIANI

Star-Bound!—Magic Dream of Every Girl at a Certain Period of Her Life—To Lift Herself Above the Common Level and Reach the Goal—to “Follow the Gleam”

“**W**E’VE got to do something about Trix”, announced Gloria in her crisp, positive way. “I ran into her room to borrow her green hat this afternoon, and found her crying. Can you feature that? Beatrice Brooks in honest to God tears. But own up? Trix? Not she. Said she was only having a private rehearsal as a Tragedy Queen just to see if she could produce real ones. Now I want to know what’s wrong?” scowling like a fierce mother hen at us all.

“Just as if we were responsible for every burst of temperament in the Club,” grumbled Phyllis.

I sat thoughtfully gazing off at the patterns pricked by the myriad lights in the valley below us. For there we were, six of us Extra girls, a small patch of burning ambition perched on top of the old Krotona hill. We had formed a society called the A. T. F. (Aspirants to Fame.) This was one of its weekly meetings, only the meeting had not begun; it couldn’t without Trix.

“Speak up, Babs,” Gloria shot at me, “you were with her this afternoon, what do you know?”

“What I know would fill a thimble, and what I imagine couldn’t be squeezed into a fat volume,” I answered cryptically.

“Well, suppose you spill out the thimble first,” Phyllis was caustic and impatient.

“Pawn shop,” I began then, succinctly, “fur coat, violin, and Harry’s silver overseas name tag.”

“Volume next,” ordered Gloria.

“Oh, the usual horrid mess that goes with a vicious father; poverty and kids and beatings and never enough to eat. I don’t know for sure, but I suspect, for she had a letter from home today, that her

mother is ill, and she is ordered either to come home and support them, or to send money at once. Anyhow, she’s desperate—I’m certain of that.”

“Don’t know how much my turnip will bring, but you can have a try,” and Mary Lee handed me her new platinum wrist watch.

Daphne had reached over to pour the contents of her purse into my lap; a dollar and sixty-two cents, she counted ruefully.

“Wish there was more in sight,” she said lightly, “but you know, not a damn smell of Extra work for days now.”

Yes, I knew, so did we all of us.

I had quite a pile by the time everyone had plunked down her treasures, yet we were only too well aware that it would bring little in actual cash.

“Where’s Beatrice now?” asked Gloria.

“Gone to see about a job,” I answered. “Suddenly, she said she had a hunch and was off—said to tell you she was sorry to be late, but would come along when she could.”

“Job, hunch—at this time of night,” mourned Phyllis, moodily, studying a flaming star. “Wish her luck, I’m sure, but the game’s hopeless: star gazing and aspiring, aspiring and star gazing: that’s all it will ever come to.”

“How many of us,” Mary Lee acknowledged, “have got into Pictures since we started this illustrious Society? I think it’s the bunk, this idea of merit. Take it from me, bo, it’s nothing but a game of pull.”

A low clear whistle, the call of the A. T. F. came floating up with the night winds.

“Here she comes,” cried Gloria with an answering call. “She sounds cheerful too.”

Hastily I gathered up the plunder and tucked it out of sight.

Round a turn in the path she came, a slight swaying figure in white, dancing up hill as if she were thistledown blown among the straight trunked Eucalyptus trees.

A volley of derision greeted her.

“Joined the morgan dancers?”

“Moon mad?”

“Love sick?”

“Trying to reduce?”

Beatrice laughed, throwing back her hair in a queer expressive way she had.

“No, it’s joy, joy, JOY!” she cried, lifting her arms to the stars.

“Mad as a hatter,” groaned Gloria. “Come down to earth this instant, and tell us if your hunch brought you luck.”

“Luck? Yes, a thousand times luck; money to send home, a big chance to stay on and make good, and a Man.”

“Listen to her ravings,” we all cried incredulously, “How, who? Begin at the beginning.”

“Well, you know that man Snooks, in the casting office at Tate’s who’s been making eyes at me for so long? He was my sudden inspiration. But he got fresh at once, as usual. I kept still for awhile, and then I just called his bluff.

“‘All right, old top,’ I said to him, ‘for that you can just get me the lead in THE PRICE OF FAME at a hundred per.’ Gee, he didn’t wait a second, he said, ‘Gawd, Girlie, d’y mean it? No, kiddn’ now, on the square. Have y’ come down off’n yer high’n mighty perch?’ ‘Sure I have,’ I answered, lamb like, ‘my only string is that my pals get in as Extras.’”

“‘It’s a six weeks’ job,’” he said softly.

"Fine, the longer the better" I said, holding my breath with joy, and trying to appear as unconcerned as an oyster.

"Oh, do you realize, Kids?" she interrupted her story with a catch in her voice, "that I might have been going back home tomorrow, to work at the stocking counter at Macy's?"

And of course we all talked at once then, everyone of us, telling her how glad we were, magnanimously, in spite of desperate hidden reasons why we too should have leads. But we had always banked on Trix. If anyone could break into Pictures, surely it would be she. We had always said it, but now that it had come, we began secretly to look at her from a new angle. No, she wasn't such a raving beauty as some of the rest of us, perhaps, although her screen test six months before had come out A-1, and it was only the jealousy of the Star on the lot that had kept her out of the picture then. But she possessed that elusive and rare thing called personality.

A great deal is said about that in the Uplift books. Rules are given for the gaining of it. We all meditated about it a good deal. Some think to be different is the secret, or to wear queer clothes, or to be temperamental; anything but the commonplace, conventional prig you were at home in Keokuk or Kalamazoo. We studied Science, and the movie Stars, and the Bible, and each other; we struggled with our figure and our soul. But Trixie didn't think about it at all, nor strive after it. She didn't need to. She had it. So that was that. We knew it. She came to us with Personality. She possessed it!

But Phyllis was asking in her practical way for more details.

"Nothing's so sure in this game that you can brag about it, Beatrice," she said severely. "And are you quite certain that you are equal to your new rôle of lady love? That man Snooks is a mad cur they say. Nobody wants you bitten. What's your big idea?"

Trixie smiled that little, enigmatical smile of hers, and lit the cigarette Mary Lee handed her. Then she opened her vanity box and took out a folded paper which she silently handed over to Phyllis. Daphne held a pocket flashlight over it. It was a bona fide contract, duly signed and sealed. Pinned to one corner

was her first two weeks' check in advance.

We were speechless for once. In the annals of Moviedom such a calamity was unknown; advance salary!

"It seems," Trix began explaining, "that Janith Jerome, the Tate Star, was suddenly taken ill this very day, and they were actually hunting about for another lead of her exact size and build. So old Snooks bundled me into his car and took me straight to Bob Allen's house—"

"Not the great Allen himself," we gasped.

"The very one. I was silly and scared to death at first, and all my bravado and brass that I'd used so freely with Snooks deserted me. I felt limp as a dish mop until he asked me to do things for him."

"What kind of things?" we interrupted again.

"Oh, just pretending things, like what would I do if the house caught on fire and burned my baby, or seeing my lover drown before my eyes— Oh, he was wonderful to me, and said I'd do. I wish you all knew him: he's the straightest, finest man I've ever met in all my long, long life."

(Beatrice always talked as if she were sixty.)

But we all babbled in again with plans and schemes. We would page her, double for her, shadow her, and so outwit that villain of a casting director. Nothing must mar her triumph. Beatrice herself was fearless. He was probably a coward. She could easily manage him with our help.

Then her mood changed. She was silent for a time.

"I want you all to know this," she said quietly, and even Mary Lee stopped chattering. "I believe my time has come for success. It's the Law of Compensation, of the things that are meant to be. Life can beat you, and beat you, and beat you down again, but in the end there's bound to be a turn. I feel somehow that I'm going to rise right up in Pictures now, and of course," smiling on us all, "I expect you to rise up with me."

"Like sour bread dough," grumbled Phyllis.

"The things we care for and want hard enough," Trix continued, "if they are right, they are bound to come; it's part of the Law."

We were silent then. We felt as if a benediction had passed over us,

there on the hill top under the great night sky, with only the sleepy croaking of the frogs in a Theosophical lily pool. We were one with peace, with beauty; we stood with Beatrice on the threshold of fame. It was as if we had reached up to touch the stars with our finger tips.

And then began a new life for Beatrice. We who looked on could perhaps only faintly guess its wonder and delight for her, but we loved her and love brings understanding; and besides, we could watch her whenever there were mob scenes, because she always managed to have us called. She was too new as yet to demand for us parts or bits.

Of course it was the old hackneyed story. She was first a ruined factory girl with a sick mother to support, and had to look a fright in rags: but heavens, what great eyes she had, and how she lived the part. She made it so real that Bob Allen, her director, growled at the villain who wronged her. He'd got worked up over her story, I suppose, she had made it seem so real even to him. Was he beginning to care for her, I wondered!

But when she sat all day nursing her puny, sickly scrap of a baby, we all got temperamental, even the camera men and prop boys. She was so still and so simple. She hurt so, and as she crooned to the baby all the hurt crept into her voice. She wore a kind of spiritual look on her face, but it was her voice that nearly ruined us. She was so utterly unconscious, and went right on rocking and crooning, even when Allen blew his nose hard and called Time, and made us all go into the dressing rooms to fresh make up. The mascaro was running in sooty streaks all over the grease paint; a nasty mess to get off. But I can shut my eyes now, and hear that croon; a low minor thing, with all the hurt of all the world caught and held in it.

The next mob scene was a night ballroom set, one of the Louis Quinze affairs; gold furniture and mirrors and glittering chandeliers. We were all wonderfully got up. Playing lady is such fun, for one flirts to one's heart's content, and sips cocktails and all, just as they do in modern high society.

So there we were, flirting outrageously, but without malice of course, preening our feathers in the long mirrors like so many gorgeous peacocks,



"Life has beaten us down," she whispered, while the madman who had brought her to her death gibbered in the arms of his captors, "but God is good, and our turn for Beauty and Love will come."

when the orchestra struck up, and down the great white staircase came a being. It's the only word I can find for her; a being, for, blasé as we all are to feminine loveliness, we were completely taken off our feet. You heard that little involuntary gasp of surprise and admiration before jealousy sets in. It was like coming upon the Winged Victory, in the Louvre, standing there on the prow, her body braced to the winds, her draperies blowing back. Something happens to you inside. You are never quite the same again.

Beatrice was like that statue, serene, remote, beautiful, classic, yet vibrant with life. She was no longer the little wronged factory girl, nor the mother of a thousand sorrows. She was the great lady now, and she lived her part with such unconscious grace and such supreme abandonment, that I was forced to suspect that one of her ancestors had been lady-in-waiting to the Queen, or was it history repeating itself. Had she herself in some former life on earth been born and bred in a palace instead of a hovel?

Her eyes were like two lighted stars; her lips were parted: she seemed not to walk over the polished floor, but to float in her diaphanous draperies.

And now it was as if some hidden electricity had touched Bob Allen and was communicated to his camera men. They rumbled their hair, they shouted orders. The silly mob was sillier than usual tonight, graceless, impossible. We all suffered so in comparison to Beatrice that we were not fit mates for her, even as background. Sham to reality, mud to gold, candlelight to the sun. She was

Ideal Beauty: she was Helen of Troy!

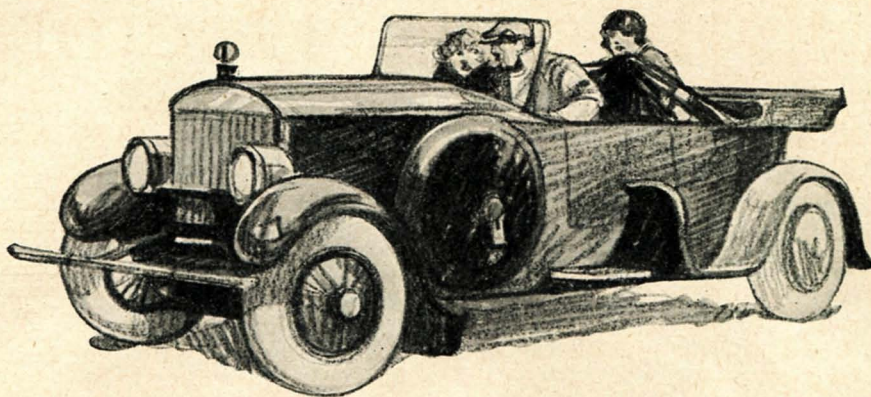
What had wrought the change in her? I puzzled, loving her the while, and then when I saw her look at Bob Allen, and watched his face as he looked back at her, I knew.

So Trixie was right, her time had come. Her personality had won. When this picture was released she would wake up to find herself famous, rich, beloved by the people, and the adored wife of one of the biggest and brainiest directors in the industry. Ah, well, I was half lifted off my own feet with sheer gladness at her joy. She deserved every single bit of it.

And suddenly, I clutched the arm of the man next to me. In a mirror opposite, as we danced, was framed the leering satanic face of Snooks, the casting director. What business had he there? My heart stood still. My mind leaped back to the game we had played ever since that night on the hill. It had been great sport and we had played it hard, always shadowing Trix; one of us being delegated to meet her at the gate the nights

we didn't work. If he insisted on taking her home, as he often did, we were constantly embarrassing him by bobbing up from unexpected quarters; the running board, or under the rug of the tonneau, or on his trunk in the rear. We were all sharp, you have to be in this game, but youth courts danger, and we loved the smell of adventure. When he got nasty a convenient pocket flask was produced with some innocent near beer concealing a large dose of aspirin, so that he at once became soporific and harmless. He used to watch the sets too with a sentimental, proprietary air, as if condescending to Allen, but in reality puffing out his chest—"I discovered her, this glorious new star; the credit is all mine; she is mine!" He was as unceremoniously brushed aside by Allen as an annoying fly, yet once when he had touched her arm, I saw fire flash up in Allen's eyes, and he abruptly commanded that the set be cleared. Snooks went off in a rage.

All this was passing through my mind. I was trying to reason away



If he insisted on driving her home, we were constantly embarrassing him by bobbing up from under the rug in the tonneau, or on his trunk on the rear of the car. Anything to keep her from being alone with him.

this horrid sense of suffocation and faintness. I would speak to Allen. But it was the sixth re-take. He was terribly hard to please tonight. He had two machines going, for double exposure, and Trix had had more close-ups than most stars get in a month. He had known all along how startlingly fresh and unspoiled was her work in the sob and human interest stuff, but tonight was her chance in a new rôle. She was choosing between two men, the dramatic climax of the picture. Her great moment had come.

Suddenly, I again caught sight of that face, distorted out of human semblance. "He is mad," I gasped, and began flying across that long, slippery ball room floor. Allen looked up.

"Go back," he yelled.

I flew on. He waved his arms at me frantically and shouted. I paid no heed: yet I made no headway across that shining surface. I felt as if I had been running through all eternity. I still waken in the night trying to run across that floor. I seemed to crawl. I had to brace each step to keep from slipping, yet I struggled on.

Now Trixie was in her lover's arms, but over his shoulder, she too must have seen, for the next instant she had wrenched herself free, and hurled her lover from her, and had turned to fly to Allen, to protect him, I suppose.

"Look out, Trix," I cried out then, in an agony of apprehension, but something sinister went singing past my head, and—Oh, God, if I could only have caught it—landed between Trixie's white shoulders.

And then it was pandemonium, for

we're an excitable people, we have to be.

Allen caught her as she staggered forward, and lowered her gently to the floor, holding her head in his arms. We all drew back then. This was not melodrama. This was real life for them. We all knew, and we suffered and sobbed for them both. To this day, when I am tired, I have a queer hurt between my shoulders.

The men dashed after the madman. He was gibbering when they caught him. Others ran for a doctor, but his science was useless; the dagger had done its deadly work. Nothing could save her, nothing but love, and she had that. For there we were, all of us, Phyllis and Gloria and Mary Lee and Daphne, all pouring out our love. And there were the rest of the mob too, men and girls, suddenly wrenched from their make-believe world to face the elemental realities of life and death and love and hate.

I have never seen anything like Allen's face. It was as if a great light had been lighted. It shone through his eyes and his mouth and his very skin. It was a great soul meeting a great soul with deathless love stamped on it. I hid my face. It was almost a sacrilege to look.

Someone whispered that there should be a Priest, but after all, Beatrice's spirit was her own High Priest. She had opened her eyes now, and was talking quietly with Allen. He bent over her, much as she herself had over her poor sick baby, and we all quietly knelt down, stifling our sobbing. And at last she raised herself, seemingly aware of us all for the first time. She

smiled, that little enigmatical smile of hers, and spoke clearly and slowly, very much as she had that night under the stars.

"We've all struggled together," she said, "and life has beaten us down again and again, but God is good, and if we struggle long enough and hard enough, our turn will come, our turn for beauty and for love—" she turned and smiled up at Allen, a smile so radiant that I marvelled at his masterly control—"and now," faintly, but clearly—you could have heard a pin drop, the great set was so still—"yes, beauty, and love, and now,—light."

And with an almost unearthly light illuminating her face, her spirit floated out, starward bound.

The picture was never released, but it was carefully cut and finished, and once each year, those of us who knew and loved her gather in Bob Allen's long, low Hollywood bungalow for a private view. To me, of course, as to Bob, it's the greatest picture ever made.

Bob has discovered many stars since then. It is his chief delight, hunting out little Extra girls who are nobodys and developing them, giving them the big chance for Beatrice's sake.

Miss Lownsberry and Miss Torriani who wrote this story know their Hollywood and love it. Next month they are going to take you with them—up the ladder to "the Loft" where the girls of the Hollywood Studio Club began their series of enthralling adventures. You will enjoy their story of Mary Lee and the Shoe Clerk. It's called "Shoestrings". In the August Screenland.

Oh Doctor, Doctor!

A Few Reasons Why the Stars Quote Their Doctors

By W. R. BENSON

FROM time immemorial royalty has had its own physician. The nouveaux riches annex a sympathetic medico as the first sign of accruing importance and wealth.

The motion picture star adds a personal physician to her staff, along with her cook and chauffeur. "My doctor says—" is the sure sign that a player has arrived. And who can begrudge the darlings this symptom of fame and temperament? Every woman cherishes the luxury of having someone who will talk to her only about herself, who is paid to listen to the most meticulous recital of her strange and mysterious maladies, so different from the trivial ailments which other women prattle so endlessly about.

But the star is in the anomalous

position of needing to look always in the best of health, even while her soul craves the satisfaction of looking interestingly pale and wan. The stenographer who works two hours late can come down the next morning minus rouge, and with her mouth pathetically drooped, in flaunting token of how cruelly the boss overworks her. But if a star works all night on a set and is called for nine o'clock the next morning to do those highly important ball room scenes, she just has to arrive looking her best, regardless of how much she would like to languish and make the mean old director sympathize with her.

But, oh, doctor, doctor! How you do get your innings! You are called post haste to the bedside of

the patient, by the trembling mother of the celebrity, who fears that dear daughter will die of overwork and nerves, and that she and Papa will have to go back to the farm or the delicatessen shop. You ooze sympathetically into the "sick room", find your famous beauty propped in a nest of silken cushions and rose-buddy satin comforters, a lace and ribbon cap on her golden curls, cunning little mules at the bedside. You are supposed to feel tempted to take this glorious, interesting, poor little sick darling in your arms and soothe and protect her against the villains

Valentino got so wrought up over a lot of things that he had to go to the hospital to recover from a nervous breakdown, and the nurses got the "thrill that comes once in a lifetime."





"Are you ready, Doctor?" asks Bebe Daniels sweetly, as she emerges from her undressing-room in the "figger-fixer's" office.

who are exploiting her for their own ghastly, mercenary reasons.

"Oh, Doctor, I'm so tired! We worked until three A. M., and only coffee and sandwiches, and such vile sandwiches, too. My poor tummy feels all upset. And my nerves! Oh, doctor, I wonder if you couldn't give me a little something to bring the life back into my poor tired body—poor little me! Don't you feel sorry for your girlie, doctor?"

A Personal Interest

AND IF you are the regulation movie doctor, you pat her hand, or kiss her, provided you have been her doctor long enough—a week or so at most usually qualifies you for these privileges. For what earthly good is

a doctor who doesn't feel a *personal* interest in his patient?

So long as a star is healthy, is not addicted to drugs, does not need her doctor's assistance in procuring her "good spirits", the doctor is in clover. All he has to do is to keep his patient believing that she is on the verge of a nervous breakdown and that only his kindly, personal services, tinged with his undying love for her, can keep her off the ragged edge. He is called in several times a week, or, if he is well up on his job, he makes it his business to call several times a week without being telephoned for. Such a procedure establishes his devotion, and the fact that the patient is "delicate", is just kept going by the intelligent care of her physician.

Borrowing From The Chinese

YES, THE Hollywood doctor has borrowed a leaf from the book of the Chinese doctor, who is paid to keep his patients well. As soon as a Chinaman gets sick, the doctor's pay stops. When he recovers, the doctor is reinstated on the family payroll. A lovely system, and one which the American family would do well to emulate. How many more recoveries we would have! What a dearth of long hospital cases!

The star's doctor has to vary this idea slightly, for he must keep the star believing that she is just trembling on the verge of nervous prostration—the most fashionable of movie complaints, for such presupposed vital absorption in one's work and the artistic temperament—and yet he must do all in his power to keep his patient, when she is really ill, from becoming ill enough to have scare-heads in the papers. For illness is "bad publicity", that is, serious illness, which might impair the star's ability or ruin her looks.

One of the latest to succumb to the fashionable plaint of nervous prostration is Valentino. Maybe he wore himself out talking up that face cream he is advertising or perhaps the strain of helping to put on a beauty contest in every town proved too much for his delicate Latin temperament, but at any rate press dispatches informed us of the harrowing fact that "our Rudy" had to go to Johns Hopkins, for a rest cure. Don't you know the nurses got the "thrill that comes once in a lifetime"?

When Viola Dana had appendicitis, that was good publicity. It was rather "cute" of her. Appendicitis is so seldom serious, and since Viola is neither a vamp nor a bathing beauty, the scar does not matter—except as a matter of personal pride. Viola, who is not good copy these days, because she plugs along in the same old line of "cutey-cute" stuff, and doesn't seem to be getting married very frequently or even engaged, got quite a few "sticks" of publicity out of her little operation. She got mild sympathy from a public, ninety per cent. of which has been operated on for appendicitis, and she copped off a good rest in the hospital.

On the other hand, Mabel Normand's long fight with incipient tuberculosis, complicated with trou-

bles which have not been diagnosed, was very poor publicity and was about as welcome to her press agent as a "Wood Alcohol" label is to a thirsty man of anti-Volstead tendencies. And the doctor who would have gossiped about Mabel's condition into the greedy ears of his non-professional patients would have been fired.

A Spicy Line of Gossip

ONE OF THE chief reasons, by the way, that a doctor likes a movie clientele is that it gives him such a nice spicy line of gossip to hand out to his non-professional patients. Of course he can't say uncomplimentary things about them, for fear of the remarks reaching their sensitive ears, but he can and does give a hefty budget of newsy gossip, with sly little insinuations without names—but which the delighted non-pro patient can identify and repeat.

Every source of "inside" gossip about the stars is industriously farmed by tourists and even residents of Hollywood and Los Angeles; hence the doctor who has a long list of famous players on his books has an invaluable asset, even though picture people are rather notoriously poor pay.

One Hollywood physician has a highly specialized "trade" as a jag-breaker. When a star—male or female—quaffs too deeply and can't snap out of the jag in time to report for work, the trusty "family" physician is summoned in double quick, strong measures are taken, and the star is bullied and coaxed, physically and mentally, into soberness. A physician who specializes in souse-breaking was called to the home of a certain fat comedian, whose sun has recently set.

The voice which summoned him did not belong to the fat unfortunate, but it was thick with too much of the good old rye. The physician climbed out of his pajamas and into his professional clothes in nothing flat, hopped into his faithful roadster, broke all speed laws and was soon at the comedian's home.

He rang the doorbell until he had a crick in his wrist, but nobody answered. At last, fearing the worst, or that he had been hoaxed again,

calling a physician at ungodly hours being some people's idea of a killing-funny practical joke, the physician broke into the house by way of a kitchen window. He searched for his patient, fearing to find a corpse, but at last in the star's luxurious bedroom he found a fully dressed, very drunk and very dead-to-the-world comedian. He had never looked so comic in any of his side-splitting feature specials as he looked then, his great fat limbs half off, half on the silk coverlet, his great loose mouth open and serving as an exit for fumes and snores. His silk hat was crushed under his head; his white spats were soiled; his glassy shirt front had been treated to at least a third of the last drink he had ne-

blood-shot. His color was normal. His walk was steady. The picture went merrily on. No wonder the wonder-working physician has a large trade in stew-breaking. He practically guarantees to take the curse off of hangovers.

Prescription Writers

THE PHYSICIAN who gets a reputation for being a "good scout"—in other words, the doctor chappie who is willing to be reasonable when a star drops in and tells him with a wink that he has influenza, has been bitten by a snake and is subject to chills and fever, is sure of a large practice. His success as an author is assured. He gets on an average of five dollars a word—a sum which even our literary Kaiser William would not sniff at. And the fact that the "author" gets very trite—using the same words over and over—is not at all to his discredit. His "writing" is even more appreciated. And his public is as wide as he wants.

But Hollywood's well organized bootleggers have somewhat queered the game of the medical fiction writers. The only reason the medical man flourishes as a bootlegger is that his stuff is guaranteed to be bottled in bond and the bootlegger, even though you have trusted him for years, may fall from grace and give you perfumed poison, instead of the natural-born Scotch you believe you are getting.

Obliging Liars

PHYSICIANS who can lie handsomely and convincingly are in great demand, for an entirely different reason than those given above. When directors get to going good on a picture, they often become "unreasonable", at least in the opinion of the overworked star. A director seems to have no limit to his own strength and to expect the same of others—say the abused players. And they just naturally must slip away to rest a bit—preferably to Tia Juana or Coronado, or even Riverside. Or a night party is on and a cruel director insists on making the rain exteriors. What is nicer than to have a physician who can see that the star is suffering

(Continued on page 84)



Phyllis Haver is contributing her bit to the 150 pounds of excess poundage left behind in the shop of the Hollywood "figger fixer" every day.

SENNETT PHOTO

gotiated. His face was bloated and mottled with high blood pressure, high liquor gauge, and suppressed action of the heart. For the funny man was at that stage of the game so fat that his heart action was seriously hampered at times.

And yet—the next morning the comedian reported for work, apparently as good as new. In his fat and smiling face there were no signs of dissipation. His eyes were not

Hollywood's LOVE SEERS

The real Father Confessor of Hollywood is the Clairvoyant. How he Gains the Confidence of his Victims and how he Often Fleeces them is Exposed in this Revealing Article

By JOHN REYNOLDS PARKER

HOLLYWOOD, the capital of Moronia, bows before unknown gods. Necromancy, mesmerism, spiritualism—like children, they are fascinated by the occult and unknown.

Few know it, but countless cinema lives are regulated by the advice and forecasts given by some medium or clairvoyant. Palm-readers, crystal-gazers and other "seers" are the real father-confessors of Hollywood.

There is one famous woman star, whose name is known and loved the world over, who never signs a contract until she has had an occult visitation.

Consultant to Cupid

THERE is another star, a man who has had four wives. His first marriage was contracted against the advice of all his friends. He married a regular little butterfly of a girl, sweet and pretty and gay and coquettish. And naturally, when he had married her, the qualities that had so attracted him as a sweetheart became intolerable in a wife. He expected her to stay sweet and pretty, but he wanted the gaiety to turn to "settled" contentment and the coquettishness to wifely solicitude. But it

didn't. And so they were estranged, until her flirtatious instincts led her into a compromising situation which resulted in a divorce.

Do clothes hamper the true expression of one's aura? A certain Hollywood "love seer" told his credulous clients that such was the case.

Do you know why Ora Carewe married John Howard?

How did a clairvoyant know about William Desmond Taylor's Dr. Jekyll-and-Mr.-Hyde life?

The answers are in this story of Hollywood's "love seers".

The husband is domestic in his instincts. He passionately desires a happy and comfortable home life. So he has tried

marriage three times since, and the second and third marriages were as unhappy as the first. So he decided that his judgment was poor and his friends' judgment was poor and he consulted a crystal-gazer for advice as to the fourth match. The crystal-gazer was a woman and a clever one. She looked him over and saw at once that what he needed was a nice, quiet little home body, pretty enough to be soothing to the eye but not so much so as to attract other moths to the candle.

She had another client, just such a girl as the one described. The girl was a newspaper writer of about 26,

who had begun to feel that a career left the heart strangely empty and was simply ripe for romance. She had confessed as much to the clairvoyant. So the clairvoyant, being a kind woman as well as

While a ghastly silence reigns, suddenly there appears a dim, shadowy form.

a clever one, predicted to the man that he would soon meet this girl, who was his soul mate, predestined for him through the ages. She sugar-coated the pill by a little romantic tale of how these two had been sweethearts in countless incarnations, and how his previous marriages in the present life had been penance for a sin committed in his former incarnation as a Spanish cavalier. Then she introduced the two and naturally, with such a start as that, a romance was soon culminated in marriage, and a happy one.

That man now swears by the crystal-gazer and goes to her for everything.

The Love Seer

Nor all clairvoyants are so kindly and so disinterested, however. One rogue, recently raided by the police, specialized in romantic women.

He had among his customers many little extra girls who were terribly ambitious, as well as single women who felt that a loveless life was dead sea fruit. He advertised that he could analyze a woman's aura, so that he could tell just what kind of man she could attract most easily.

The girls would visit him in his dingy little "office", a double-room in a shabby building in an old part of downtown Los Angeles. Then, after a pseudo-scientific discussion of auras and soul radiations, he would inform them suavely that clothes hampered the expression of the aura, and would they kindly remove them?

Some of the silly little things did, until one more strong-minded woman smacked him over his leering face with her parasol and went and told the police.

Dagmar Godowsky Believes in Occult

DAGMAR GODOWSKY, the beautiful dark-haired wife of Frank Mayo, is a devout believer in the occult. So is her mother, the wife of the pianist, Leopold Godowsky. Dagmar would consult her "spiritual adviser" much more frequently than she does, were it not for her husband, who has no faith in seers.

Grace Darmond has an entirely practical and commercial use for spiritualists. She recently wanted to

dispose of a piece of real estate—selling real estate is distinctly good form in Hollywood—so she consulted a palmist. He advised her to sell, she did, and made a handsome profit.

How They Are Fooled

THE credulous and gullible clients are often separated from their money and sometimes from their good name by unscrupulous clairvoyants.

A favorite method of gaining information about a new client is to have an assistant underneath the table. The client puts her purse in her lap and her hands on the table. While the medium holds her attention, the assistant gently opens the purse, notes any card or letter that might give information as to the name or profession, and then startles the innocent questioner with information as to her identity.

The table trick is a common one, too. The medium sits opposite his client across a bare-topped table. The room is darkened. Both place their hands in the center of the table, finger-tips touching finger-tips. The medium instructs the client to "concentrate".

Any questions that may be asked will be answered by raps on the table. One rap means no; two, yes.

The medium calls on the spirits in a most mysterious voice. The clients' hands begin to tremble; fatigue from holding them still and nervousness do it. Then the medium lightly taps the table with the tip of his thumb. And then, while the client gasps, the medium, playing on the poor innocent's emotions as a musician plays on his instrument, gives the table a quick push with his knee. Spirits are moving the table!

Sometimes, the spirits of the dead are invoked to fool grieving bereaved folk. The room is always in dense darkness. The medium calls on the spirit of the departed to appear. While a ghastly silence reigns, suddenly there appears dim shadowy forms, floating about the room, now high and now low. The most sceptical are convinced. But in reality the "apparition" is an accomplice dressed in white cloth dipped in phosphorus, which gives a dim, ghostly light. He partly hides the whiteness of his garb by an enveloping black wrap, and when he wishes to vanish he engulfs

himself in the cloak. Before the lights are flashed on, he has disappeared into his hiding place.

Ora Carewe Asks Aid

BEFORE her recent and sudden marriage with John Howard, the millionaire salad-dressing man, Ora Carewe consulted a clairvoyant. She was besieged by three suitors. All of them were equally desirable and she liked them all about the same. What should she do?

The medium predicted that she would marry a brunette young man, who was an Easterner. His parents would be wealthy. He predicted that the wedding would be a sudden one.

It was. After refusing to marry Howard, Miss Carewe suddenly changed her mind and married him the next afternoon. Howard is dark, comes from Haverhill, Mass., and is very wealthy.

Predicted Fame for Barbara

WHEN Barbara LaMarr was writing scenarios, with no thought of going into the acting end of the business, a medium predicted that she would some day be a great *artiste* of the screen. And today, just as the medium predicted, she is the most conspicuous siren of screenland, popular and sought-after.

Warned William Taylor

A SEER warned William Desmond Taylor against an untimely end.

Taylor was a cultured, highly educated man, who had lived a full life. One day he went to consult a Madame L—, a recognized clairvoyant. She unfolded to him the pages of his colorful history and brought again before him the scenes of his earlier life in New York at a time when he led a weird Jekyll-and-Hyde life of Society club-man and Bowery drunkard. Police authorities afterward found that this was fact.

Fact and fancy, truth and fraud, all are found in the eery realm of spirits. And the film folk, temperamentally impressionable, bow to the edict of the supernatural.

The Movie Gamble

The Small Town Exhibitor says Booking Pictures is a Gamble that Makes Poker with the Deuces and Joker Wild Look Like Mumblety-Peg

By ONE OF THEM

FOR THE manager of a small town movie theatre to set himself up as a critic is presumptuous, I know.

It is a well-known fact that the small-town exhibitor doesn't know a good picture when he sees one, and that his taste is all in his mouth—any high-brow critic will tell you so. But just the same he has a pretty keen idea of how the movies get that way.

We exhibitors have just one gauge of a good picture: its money-making powers. If it packs 'em in, it's a great picture. If it fails to bring the people out, it's a flop.

Small Town Taste Is Good

THE CRITICS are always accusing the people of the small town of having low tastes, pointing out as proof that high-class pictures like *Blood and Sand* and *Disraeli* go over big in the cities but fail dismally in the "provinces," as they patronizingly dub the rest of the country.

Pictures like *Blood and Sand* and *Disraeli* appeal to cultivated tastes. In the big city there are many audiences; there is an audience for the subtle drama, an audience for the risque farce, and an audience for the sentimental love story.

The same types exist in the small town in exactly the same proportion! Only, as the population of a village is very limited, there are not enough theatre-goers of sophisticated tastes to provide an audience for such films. The exhibitor must choose a picture that will appeal to *all* of the types among his patrons. And as there are more who prefer the obvious story with a punch and a good strong love interest to problem drama, naturally the exhibitor chooses a story with a broad appeal for his theatre.

They Want to Relax

THE MAJORITY of people who go to the theatre want to relax. In my community, my patrons are mostly persons who work hard. They like to laugh and occasionally, to cry. They like to see their own lives pictured in an idealized and happier vein.

When I want to be sure of pulling a full house, I book a picture like *Pollyanna*, or *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* or *The Old Nest*. Sentimentality—that's the gravy for my patrons!

Nazimova Doesn't Appeal

NAZIMOVA simply doesn't go over with my audiences, nor does she appeal in any small town that I ever heard of. After *Camille*, I vowed "never again!" I packed 'em in, but only because that boy Valentino was featured with her. And at that, about 101 per cent were disappointed, because the only close-ups the boy got were shots of his hands or the back of his head. The last reel was terrible. If that is acting, I'm a cake-eater!

The Sin Flood caused a greater variety of comments than any picture I ever ran. Some people thought it was very good and some declared it was terrible. They argued over it so much that the next night almost everybody in town turned out to see for themselves. Which was good for me.

Booking the Films

SOME EXHIBITORS book their films by what the salesmen tell them. And very soon the sheriff's notice is tacked on their door. I note what other theatre-owners have done with the pictures, study the critic's comments

and usually copper them, go into the silence for prayer and meditation, and even then I never know for sure whether the picture I book will turn out a wow or a terrible lemon. This picture game is a gamble that would make a poker game with the sky the limit and deuces and joker wild look like mumblety-peg.

Once upon a time I used to pay out good money to book pictures that were endorsed by the exhibitors of some of the big city theatres. When Mr. Blank of the So-and-So theatre in New York came out in print, saying that *Left at the Altar* is the greatest picture of the century and that it was lifting the mortgage from the old homestead for him, why naturally, I burned up the wires trying to book *Left at the Altar*. I didn't know then that the So-and-So theatre was owned by the producing company that made *Left at the Altar*, and that Mr. Blank would have to say that the picture was a wonder or lose his job.

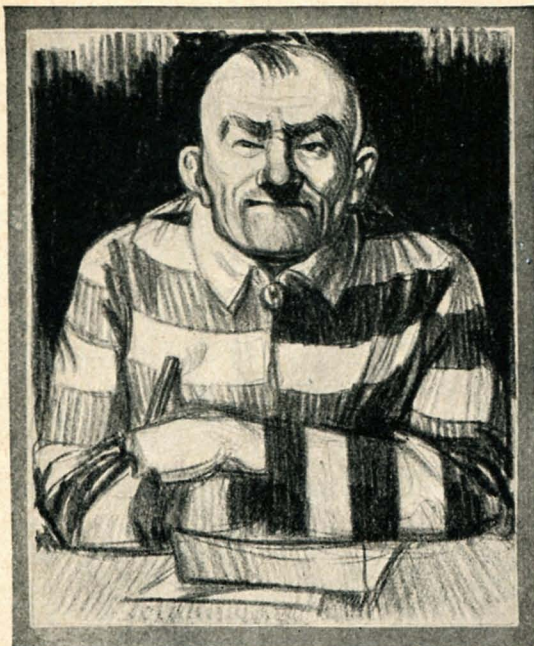
Photos Fooled Me

ANOTHER little trick that has cost me a good bit of money in the past is the photograph exploitation stunt. A distributor would run a photograph of a big mob pushing and shoving to get in to see *He Loved Her*, but *She Left Him Flat*.

Figuring that a picture good enough to make a mob break the police lines was good enough for me, I booked that "great, gripping human drama that the whole world loved," to quote from the salesman's line. I even got the village constable to be on hand to keep order when the crowd tried to rush the gate. But somehow the film didn't seem to grip the citizens of the fair village of Greensville. Only 33 persons showed up and the

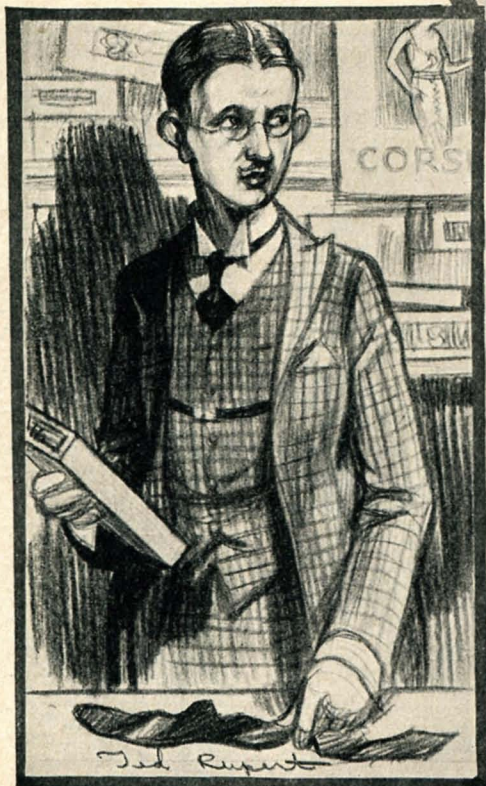
(Continued on page 100)

We Scenario Writers



No. 18362 is writing just the sweetest little thing about a regular little sunbeam of a girl, who brings joy into the lives of all about her by her unfailing cheerfulness and falling down a fire escape. His work is dreadfully broken into but he's got lots of time after all. He's in for life.

Herbert isn't going to sell ladies' lingerie *all* his life. No sir. Just as soon as he can find a producer who recognizes genius when he sees it, Herbert is going to leave Terre Haute flat and go on to Hollywood.



Mrs. Babcock (Susie Perkins as was) always used to have to read her compositions before the class, when she went to school. And now that Mr. Babcock is acting so unreasonably about giving up his old lodge that takes him out a whole evening every week, Mrs. Babcock is thinking seriously about taking up photoplay writing as a profession. She has just about decided to subscribe for a correspondence course and pay for it out of the grocery money.

Clarice has been studying Edith M. Hull and Elinor Glyn for a whole month now, and just as soon as she can get a Saturday afternoon off from the office, she's going to write a scenario for Rodolph Valentino, with lots and lots of close-ups in it. She just knows she can do it; think how many *unintelligent* persons are coining fortunes doing it. As well as really achieving something worth while.



BETRAYED!

What Treacherous Pens

Reveal

TO RITA LONG



Mae Busch conceals innate refinement beneath a veneer of "hard-boiled" sophistication.

R. Valentino

Rodolph Valentino has an aristocratic hand. His writing denotes a fencing attitude, as if he were at rapier points with life.

GLORIA SWANSON is a proud woman, an argumentative woman. She dislikes to "give in" to anyone. She is ardent and impulsive, and has a fine sense of values. She requires obedience to her will, both from her friends and her servants. She is keenly intelligent and is true to her own standards.

Mae Busch, on the other hand, is masculine where Gloria is wholly feminine in type. She is in love with life, is ardent in both work and play and expresses her emotions in physical activity. She conceals an innate refinement by a veneer of sophistication, what the slang term calls "hard-boiled". She is subject to moods.

How do I know this? I have never met either Miss Swanson or Miss Busch, nor have I ever spoken a word with them. Indeed, I have seen them rarely on the screen. Yet I am as sure of these facts as I am of my own name, for I have samples of their handwriting before me as I write.



Handwriting Betrays Character

THE handwriting is one of the surest betrayals of character. Just as lines on the palm are indicative of character, so are the shadings and lines of our handwriting significant of the passions and personality of the writer.

We cannot take our pen in hand to indite even a brief, curt business note without betraying to the trained eye much more than the context of the message conveys. Every

Harold Lloyd loves admiration, even as you and I.

stroke of the pen shows forth our education, our habits and tastes—in short, our life as summed up in our character.

In our character there are always conflicting elements. Our writing may indicate both the positive and the negative, the good and the bad attributes. One graphic sign never destroys another, but the stronger controls the weaker. If one is truly trying to overcome one's weaknesses, one's progress in the upward struggle is inevitably registered in the handwriting; little by little the negative signs disappear.

The objection that writing is merely a matter of education, the style of penmanship that one is taught in school is easily set aside. Writing under the guidance of a teacher is not individuality. As soon as the student is past this grade, he rejects all rules and conformities and

adopts a style of his own. The handwriting does not become fixed until character is formed.

Wallace Reid

The down-ward stroke of the tail of the letter d, with the appending hook, tells of the bull-dog fighting spirit possessed by poor Wallace Reid

is vivacious and energetic. She is sincere and conscientious, with an ability to fight against odds. She is a quick thinker, a hard worker and has business ability.

A BEAUTIFUL script does not signify a beautiful character, any more than poor writing constitutes a bad character.

Bessie Love's handwriting, for instance, would never win a penmanship prize. It is legible, which is all that is necessary, but it is not beautiful in line nor shading. But it reveals a beautiful disposition. Miss Love

May McAvoy

May McAvoy's signature shows force of character rather than talent.



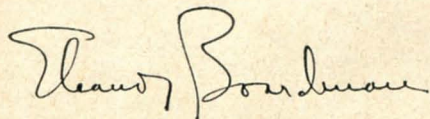
Bebe Daniels is a highly nervous type, and seems to be trying to "find herself."



Betty Compson is a keen thinker, possessing a fine sense of justice, and is something of a fire-brand.

The Handwriting Changes

"I NEVER write the same way twice," is often told me. That is evidence that the intelligence, the moods and the state of health all control the writers. The hand that today pens words of grief may tomorrow write a purely mental theme. It is natural to suppose that the writer expresses through his fingers what his eyes and spoken words portray.



Eleanor Boardman desires admiration. She has great ability, especially along musical lines.

It is interesting to note specimens of handwriting at different stages of a person's career. For instance, at one stage a man may have the reputation of being extremely lavish with money, because he has never known the responsibility of earning it. His penmanship will unconsciously display the same lavishness—wide-spreading words, indiscriminate spacing, disregard of quality and quantity of material. But let him become dispossessed of his support or be placed in control of funds, from which the proceeds will revert to him, and note the scrupulous care with which he will handle those finances. Gradually his writing will change. It will become more compact, more cramped, and evidences of system and economy will become visible.

I wonder if this change is noticeable in Douglas Fairbanks' penmanship. Today, his writing is exactly opposite from his exuberant outward appearance, as you see him on the screen. His writing shows an extreme closeness in financial matters. He is very cautious. On the other hand, he is tender in love, and full of masculine vigor. He is temperamental, diplomatic and versatile, with a vivid imagination.

ly in character, growing more serious and womanly. She has a probing, inquisitive mind and loves pleasure.

Mary Miles Minter has no force, according to her handwriting. She is sweet and gentle, but does not inspire enthusiasm. She has no "punch" to her.

Blanche Sweet is Fastidious

BLANCHE SWEET's penmanship shows she is far-seeing, in some things. Determination and will power flow through her hand. She is very fastidious. I imagine her house is neat as a pin, always. She has an analytical, penetrating mind, rather self-sufficient, a bit intolerant but endowed with good sense. She is the kind that would be faithful unto death, a one-man woman.

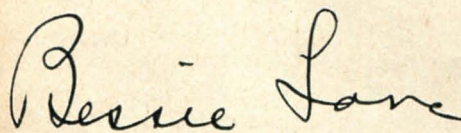
Indolent, cruel and luxury-loving is Pola Negri. Her signature, a broad, ruthless sweep that looks as if it had been made with a brush, shows that she is extremely sensuous, even sensual. Whimsical but not sentimental, brutally willful, despotic, passionate, she courts flattery and will brook no opposition.

Valentino Has Courtly Hand

RODOLPH VALENTINO has an aristocratic hand. The charge that he is of peasant origin is not confirmed by his handwriting. His writing denotes a fencing attitude, as if he were at rapier points with life. He is
(Continued on page 101)



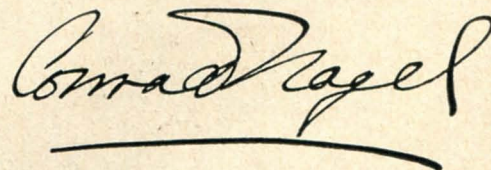
Lois Wilson is more magnetic than she thinks she is.



Mary Pickford, his beautiful wife, is an ideal mate for him. Her penmanship shows a tendency to extreme economy also. She is even a better business executive than she is an actress, independent, quick-tempered, but amenable at times to suggestions from people she cares for.

Bebe Daniels Loves Pleasure

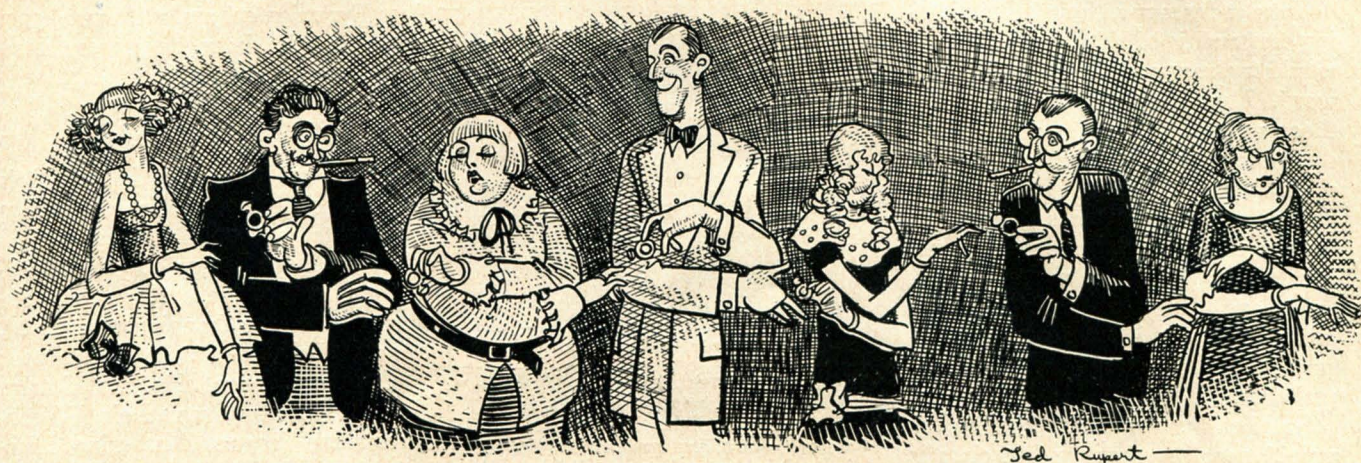
BEBE DANIELS is a highly nervous type. She is erratic and impatient, and seems to be trying to find herself. I think she is changing radical-



Conrad Nagel is forceful and aggressive. He has a passionately loving nature, full of magnetism and charm. He is large-hearted and would not betray even an enemy.

Bessie Love's handwriting belies her personal appearance. She looks like a clinging vine, but her writing shows her to be a fighter against odds, a quick thinker and a good business woman.

One Engagement doesn't make a Marriage, any more than One Swallow makes a Drink



The Betrothal Brigade

*An Engagement Announcement establishes
Somebody's Intentions to do Something if
Something Else Happens,*

opines H. H. K. Willis

WHY ALL this publishing of the banns in Hollywood?

Daily I have made my pilgrimage to the Mecca of the Movies, as the cocktail shakers sound the knell of parting day, to learn the reason why the betrothal barometer registers such high pressure over the place.

There must be a "why" for all this careless juggling of solitaires. But even when they have been left unguarded for a moment by their Pooh Bahs, the stars have been arch and reticent in their answers.

Nevertheless they are falling all over each other in their rush to pillow their heads on the matrimonial block, in such profusion that one can find every kind of engagement from perennial to perfunctory in Hollywood.

Every day is counted lost which does not mark another train of celluloid lovers for the marital loop-the-loop.

"Keeding Him Along"

EVEN the mighty have fallen, for now comes James Kirkwood, whom the Kliegs have blistered for years and years, dragging Lila Lee to the

Do you Like to Laugh?

Then you'll love this witty article, by a clever young newspaper man who knows Hollywood like a book—and likes it anyway. Here are some of his good lines.

Claire Windsor is as baffling as a tangled union suit on a wintry morning.

Pola was the greatest thing Charlie saw in Europe. When she came to Hollywood, he was on her front porch as consistently as the door-mat.

Charlie lacked subtlety as a lover. He was as open as a chicken-wire vest.

Film stars take their marriage vows as they take their baths—suddenly, but I hope more pleasurably.

An engagement announcement gives the gossips lock-jaw and precludes any cutting letters from Elder Hays.

There are many more like these in this story. Read it!

altar. Report says so, though Jeems says not. Mama Lee says "Lila is just 'keeding' him along", but Lila wears his gift, a pear-shaped diamond.

His intensely realistic portrayal of

a religious role is said to have won Mama Lee's blessing, in a momentary lapse of the vigilance she has maintained since it was noised around that Lila was a logical second Mrs. Chaplin.

An actor who could so nearly attain the angelic in the shadow-world should certainly be a good matrimonial risk, is the way she is said to have figured, though Jeems' first matrimonial vehicle developed a flat tire.

The Betrothal Brigade

ALL HOLLYWOOD is divided into four classes, as regards engagements. Every Tuesday night "The Nut House", as one neophyte vacuously termed the Ambassador's Coconut Grove, fairly bristles with the forces of the Betrothal Brigade.

There are those who want to be engaged and can't; and those who oughtn't to be and are; those who ought to be and aren't; and those who are.

My first three classes must go unwept, unhonored and unsung. My typewriter is so ticklish upon such a

hair-trigger topic that I fear its product might not balance on the edge of the libel laws.

Nor have I any fire insurance on my Underwood.

Take it from me, though illuminating instances of bizarre betrothals would make my fortune at so much a word, I needs must be silent as to those who are included by the three dangerous states, bounded on all sides by matrimony.

While these reverse English liaisons are both interesting and unusual, they have no purpose here, for though they could both adorn this tale and point a moral, Hollywood has no use for anything so arbitrary.

So, beating back to the safety zone, let me say that the last class is sub-divided.

One sub-division embraces the permanently betrothed, such as Bill Russell and Helen Ferguson, who have been openly contemplating matrimony, off and on, for at least three years.

The other holds the minute-men of matrimony and the ladies' auxiliary, who are in and out of the affianced state as often as Charlie Chaplin was reported to be, until Jesse Lasky turned importer and snared Pola Negri.

Both of these subdivisions are my concern.

The Chaplin-Negri Engagement

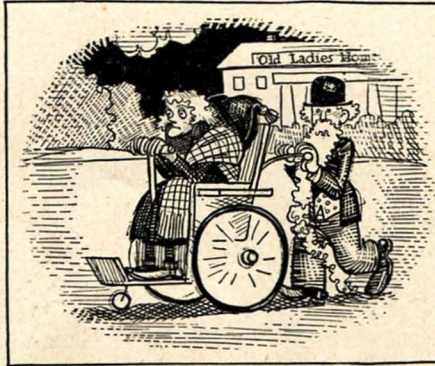
FIRST let us lamp that hardy perennial, the Chaplin-Negri engagement, which can be taken as a harbinger of this present popularity of the plighting of the troth, though it remains to be seen whether or not they have each put a foot in it.

Pola was the greatest thing Charlie saw in Europe. His assertedly invulnerable insulation against the wiles of feminine pulse-flutterers was irreparably shrivelled by her high-voltage glances.

She came to Hollywood, and Charlie was on her front porch almost as consistently as the door-mat. Everywhere that Pola went, Charlie was sure to go.

Yelps that the Monroe Doctrine should be extended to include Pola went up from motion picture mamas with marriageable daughters, when the Purveyor of Purviance became as fatuous and as fervent as a whickerless school-boy.

Then came the clack of gossip—that still-water gossip of Hollywood, the kind that runs deep and dirty. For Charlie as a suitor lacked subtlety, an unforgivable sin in the “sau-



“On their wedding day, Charlie will probably trundle Pola from the Old Ladies’ Home in her wheel chair, and go cautiously to keep from tripping on his beard.”

sage” factories. He was as open as a chicken-wire vest. Hence the gossips soaked him early and often, between the watch-pocket and the belt-buckle.

What silences the spreaders of the stuff that sears?

All gossip went glimmering when Pola and Charlie, surrounded by reporters and a sixty-dollar-a-day suite at Del Monte, told the world they were engaged when everybody else thought at least they were married.

Hook on to that fact.

Their romance is fairly typical of the perennial classification of the permanently engaged. Pola still does not know whether she’ll marry Charlie or not. Charlie is not doing any cave-man stuff.

But, no matter what they have done or intend to do, they have started something. And in Hollywood we defy people who start something or do something different.

Sheepish Hollywood

THE FIRST side-burns in the studios were given an ovation, while the first male to mooch toward the lot in golf breeches was followed by gawping hundreds. They are going to place a stucco bust of this gent in the Writers’ Club, and keep the epochal pants under glass.

The barbers probably subsidized the first wearer of the incipient Lord Dundrearies, and the tailors endowed him who first declared for freedom of the shins and bared his calves to the eyes of the populace. But Charlie and Pola have been left unnoticed by those for whom they blazed the trail.

Hollywood is strangely sheepish in the way they play the follow-your-leader stuff, which included finances and fiancés, after exhausting the possibilities of vaseline for the hair, tieless Byronian collars, plain and fancy needle work, six reel pictures, Mexican marriages and objects d’art.

The Lodge of Joy

TO PROVE that Charlie and Pola started this era of too many wedding covenants not openly arrived at, I shall open the Lodge of Joy by calling the roll of the brethren and sisters who are happily unmarried, though their banns have been hinted:

Colleen Moore, Pauline Starke, J. Warren Kerrigan, Lois Wilson, Jacqueline Logan, Katherine MacDonald, Marie Prevost, Kenneth Harlan, Agnes Ayres, Claire Windsor, Dorothy Dalton, Mae Busch, May McAvoy, Bobbie Agnew, Mary Miles Minter. (If it wasn’t for one thing, even Bull Montana would have a love-for-a-day. . . . and that thing is Bull.) Though all these twinklers have been mentioned in dispatches, just who is engaged to whom is difficult to determine. . . . the quotations change daily, just like the stock market.

Some have denied being engaged, while a few have admitted it. Others believe in doing their engaging early and not waiting to be entirely out of some previous matrimonial woods.

It boots not whether they have admitted it or denied it. One cannot get smoke out of a pump, but one can pump out smoke. And where there’s smoke, there’s something on the fire.

Some of the recently affianced are so blissfully dazed by the mystery and wonderment of it all that it would take a pulmotor to make them tell their right names. This is one reason for the denials.

“Are you engaged or are you not?” was a last desperate pumping of mine the other day, when Agnes Ayres was on the other end of the handle.

“Yes”, she said demurely, proving she could think and breathe at the same time.

Cupid’s Questionnaire

AT A WAFFLE hunt staged on a recent Sunday at the Writers’ Club, over fifty of filmdom’s prettiest had a questionnaire placed in their lilywhites, while their minds were dis-

tracted by the corrugated pan-cakes.

The questionnaire asked for information as to whether they were has-beens, want-to-bes or never-wuzzes, in regard to matrimony. And since their names were to be kept secret, all were besought to tell the truth. They did, amazingly.

Fifty girls answered the questions. Of this total, four were widows of the grass variety; four, of the kind called sod; seven were married and eleven were confirmed spinsters. Thus the total of solitaire eligibles was reduced at once to two dozen, since the other twenty-six ought to have known better by reason of past performances.

Of the two dozen, nine told the truth and fessed up to unfulfilled promises, while the forlorn fifteen either signified they were open for proposals or continued to dissemble.

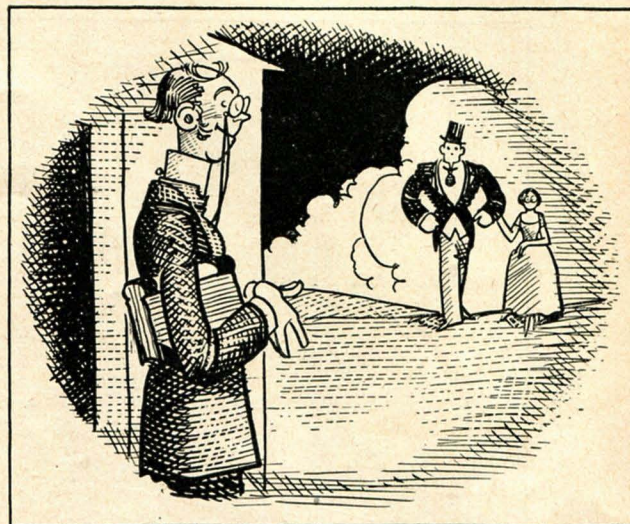
Now for the blistering fact:

The batch of two dozen admitted that in toto they had been engaged two hundred and twenty-two times, or nearly ten times apiece. Since their average age is twenty-two, it must be one of the things they do best.

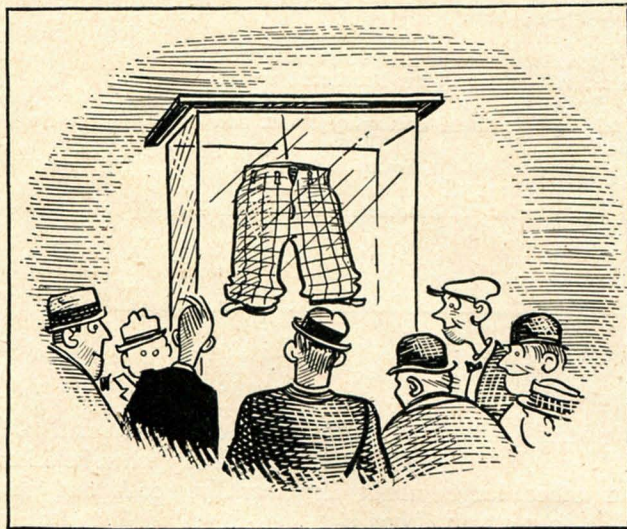
Faire, Helen Ferguson, Maryon Aye and Virginia Valli. May God have mercy on their souls! Some of these thrill-throtters may now be in the throes of matrimony, I can't swear to it, as their matrimonial status varies rapidly, subject to strikes, riots, acts of divine Providence and other contingencies beyond our control.

What Says Claire Windsor

SHE who has overcome the name of Ola Cronk with the euphonious moniker of Claire Windsor is equally as subtle on the subject of engagements. Every week her name has been linked with another's, since Charlie Chaplin was suspected of being her fiancé.



"Now comes James Kirkwood, whom the Kliegs have blistered for years and years, dragging Lila Lee to the altar. Report says so though Jeems says not."



"The first male to mooch toward the studios in golf breeches was followed by gawping thousands. They are going to place a stucco bust of this gent in the Writers' Club and keep the epochal pants under glass."

The number of scalps to each charmer's credit ran all the way from one to numerous, and one miss even testified that she used to do nothing else but.

Here are a few of the most prominent pulse-warmers who told the truth for once: Priscilla Dean, Carmel Myers, Fritzi Ridgway, Lois Wilson, Clara Horton, Virginia

from Cawker City, Kansas, where she was born."

A Little Matrimony

BUT THERE was none of this deception until Pola and Charlie mastered the art of keeping silent by saying nothing. They started all this and will be held responsible for the results. Really, the planets of pic-

Asked if she had any immediate matrimonial prospects, she pulled a petal from a rose and allowed it to flutter to the floor.

"Even if I had," she smiled, "do you think I would tell you?"

She is as baffling as a tangled union suit on a wintry morning, and this retort has given her a reputation for being quite a wag among the reporters, whom she told that she found "New York alto-

gether different

higher-ups take on high. Both Pola and Charlie have learned that a little matrimony is a dangerous thing, but from now on they must bear the blame if the era of engagements does not result in more orange blossoms and birth notices and less speculation than it has to date.

Daily the beleaguered benedicts are growing fewer, there are no new ones bobbing up to be made divorcees.

If the permanently engaged aren't careful, someone will be organizing a League to Enforce Matrimony, and start writing nasty letters to the newspapers as the first step in the campaign. Really, the affianced should be forced to sign a paper—a cross between a promissory note and a first mortgage, reading "Sixty days after date or upon demand I promise to wed, etc., etc."

The present procedure has upset all the cherished old traditions of Hollywood, Mabel Normand included. When stars marry, they hop to it at once. They take their vows as they do their cold baths, suddenly but I hope more pleasurably.

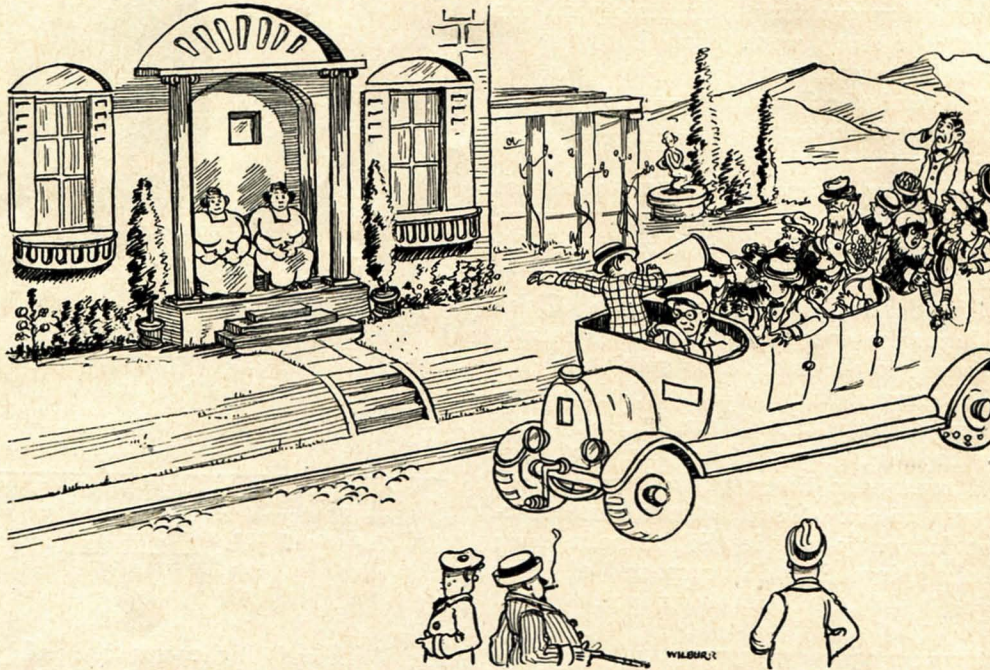
Because of the infallibility of this unwritten law, I think that on their wedding day, Charlie will trundle

(Continued on page 102)

Rubberneck Escorts

It's a Wise Tourist that Knows his own Guide, says

LESLIE CURTIS



The "rubberneck busses" always point out the homes of movie stars, and not always correctly. Lillian and Dorothy Gish used to live in a beautiful white house in a smart residence district in Los Angeles. Though they have been in New York for four years, the "rubberneck" guides still announce, "On the right is the home of the famous Gish girls."

One day two large women from Iowa who now occupy the house were seated on the terrace as the bus went by. "This is the home of the Gish girls, and there they are on the terrace," proclaimed the guide. A startled silence was broken by a voice from the back seat:

"My God, how they've grown!"

EVERY GREAT industry has its parasitic hangers on—quick-witted adventurers who thrive on the foibles of the higher ups—and the very nature of the motion picture business makes it a rich playground for trifiers of every type.

Thousands of people live on the fringe of the movie world, such as dress-makers, hair-dressers, photographers, publicity men (and women), maids, valets, servants of all kinds and the various merchants who cater to the trade of the famous ones. These, of course, are entirely legitimate and necessary adjuncts of the shadow industry. Without publicity, the motion picture could not exist, and without designers, modistes and

hair-dressers, where would Gloria Swanson be?

In New York and other large cities, it is now possible to rent an escort of either sex for an evening's entertainment. In Los Angeles recently, a man advertised that for five dollars an hour and expenses he would act as escort for any strange and lonely lady. One of the leading newspapers deputized an attractive sob-sister to take rooms at the Alexandria under another name and engage the gentleman for dinner at the Ambassador. This was done and the supposedly strange and lonely widow had no difficulty in securing the enterprising advertiser. He turned out to be a very handsome "man of the

world," with a wealth of small talk, but he let his foot slip when he asked about her worldly goods and just how she had invested her money. Some unsophisticated woman might fall for this line of questioning, but the clever newspaper woman saw through the scheme at once and wrote the affair up the next morning.

"Charlie Looks So Different"

THE GREAT curiosity engendered by the fame of movie stars opens up a very lucrative business for adventurers and it is surprising how many people live by showing tourists the homes of stars, the studios and the stars themselves. In some of the

cafés frequented by moving picture people, these parasites have been known to step up to a table and whisper, "For twenty-five cents, I will point out the celebrities". Naturally, old Mrs. Ezra Snodgrass of State Center, Ioway, is "just crazy to see them there movie stars," so she gladly pays the stranger for his services. It is more than likely that he does not know any celebrities even by sight, but he points out some peroxide candy girl lunching with her laundry driver, as "Claire Windsor and Charlie Chaplin". Mrs. Snodgrass is thrilled to the marrow, although she thinks "Charlie looks so different on the screen". This at least is true, but everybody is happy, for the faker gets his two bits and Mrs. Snodgrass goes back to State Center a local heroine for having gazed upon the Gods.

Sometimes most laughable incidents take place in these cafés. A party of Eastern school teachers offered a dollar to their waiter if he would point out the movie stars. He happened to be a new man who had arrived from Chicago only a few days before and he did not know one actor from another. Still, he wasn't going to let that easy dollar get away, so he pointed out a clothing salesman as Douglas Fairbanks and an extra girl with curls as Mary Pickford.

No sooner were the words out of his mouth than one of the school-teachers dashed over to the extra girl's table.

"Oh, Miss Pickford," she gushed, "I am so happy to see you. You know I've read so much about you that I just feel I know you!"

The waiter was paralyzed, but the extra girl was equal to the occasion. Mary's reputation for womanly sweetness suffered not a whit in the way she responded to the impulsive greeting of the enthusiastic fan. Mary could not have done better herself and she ought to give the humble extra a rhine-stone tiara or a cut glass make-up box in appreciation. Think of the situation if the extra girl had possessed no sense of humor and had said "Say what's eatin' yuh! Can the comedy, kid!"

A Case of Mistaken Identity

CARMEL MYERS tells this one on herself. One day she was working on a Universal set, when a bustling

woman from Kansas rushed up to her and said:

"Oh my dear, I am so happy to see you in the flesh. You are my favorite actress, and my little daughter is mad about you. Your work is wonderful!"

All through the monologue, the beaming Mrs. Myers sat and exuded pride, that this popular actress was her daughter. But her beams faded and Carmel's blushes passed when the bustling lady squeezed her hand and said.

"Well, good-bye, Miss Dean, I am so glad to have met you!" Any striking brunette looked like Priscilla Dean to the lady from Kansas.

Another time, Robert Cain, one of the screens most polished villains, was pointed out as Lew Cody and had a dreadful time explaining to a curious female that he was not the famous "he-vamp." The woman would not be convinced much to the amusement of a young lady he was entertaining.

"My God, how they've grown!"

THE HOMES of stars are of great interest to fans everywhere. Many of the "rubberneck" busses feature these, and not often correctly. Lillian and Dorothy Gish once lived in a beautiful white mansion in the best residence district of Los Angeles. Although they have been in New York for nearly four years, the "rubberneck" guides are still announcing, "To the right is the home of the famous Gish girls". One day two large women who now occupy the house were seated on the terrace, as the sightseeing bus went by.

"This is the home of Lillian and Dorothy Gish," said the megaphone. "There they are now, on the terrace." The eager tourists were all eyes and exclamations. "The famous Gish girls!" "How perfectly thrilling!" But from a man in the back seat came a sincere expression of surprise, "My God, how they've grown!"

Many people who hire out as guides are rankly incompetent. They point out any imposing residence as the home of any star they happen to think of, and the innocent tourist has no way to verify the statement.

A bevy of giggling girls once descended upon the home of a hard shell Baptist Minister with the request, "We came to see Eugene O'Brien", as the direct result of misin-

formation given out by a bus driver. Whether or not the minister ever looked the same may never be known, but his "aghastrness" over this incident was not assumed.

Of course, if one knows residents of Hollywood or Los Angeles who are interested in the movie people, there is little likelihood of being deceived. Nearly all tourists are interested in their particular favorites and many local residents take great pleasure in showing their visitors around. The homes of Nazimova, Bill Hart and the late Wallace Reid are within a few rods of each other, while Charles Ray, May Allison, Viola Dana, "Doug and Mary", Will Rogers, Gloria Swanson and Tom Moore live in close proximity at Beverly Hills.

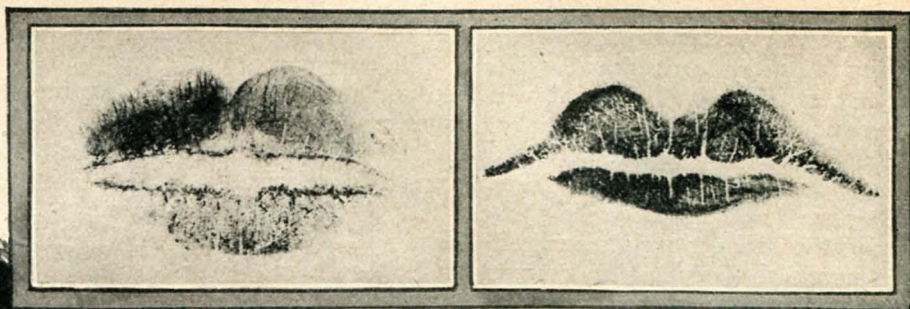
Fannie Ward's Home

FANNIE WARD's home was for a number of years the wonder of the "rubberneck" world. A beautiful white palace, with grounds landscaped in every direction and filled with rare specimens of tropical foliage, through which peeped mysterious pergolas, lily ponds and rose arbors—was perhaps the finest home ever possessed by a movie star. Fannie was famous for her hospitality and held open house every Sunday afternoon for anyone in the profession. One can imagine the flock of automobiles which surrounded the grounds and the number of curious people who lined up to watch the celebrities alight. Following Fannie's departure for Europe, Allan Dwan took the house, and while he did not have the vast numbers who came to loiter around Fannie's sideboard, his guests were all of great interest to the neighbors.

In view of the curiosity evinced by the public, it is strange that someone does not start a bona-fide tour of Hollywood, following a regular route and giving genuine information. Thousands of tourists would be willing to pay as much as five dollars for such a trip. Stops could be made at each place of interest for camera pictures and the public would get value received instead of hazardous information.

People in public life are bothered to death by friends who wish to visit the studios. Owing to the nature of the business, the studios cannot ad-

(Continued on page 99)



Paramount Photo by Richee

Perhaps the shape of Agnes Ayres' mouth accounts for her aversion to contact with a mustache. A mustache does not fit a Cupid's bow. Gloria Swanson's luscious, more sophisticated lips, however, do not curl in scorn at mustaches. She has co-operated in love scenes with David Powell and Stuart Holmes, both of whom boast mustaches.

The Mustache Menace

*Are There Microbes in Kisses?
Yes, Says Agnes Ayres, When
the Kisser Wears a Mustache*

By BETTY MORRIS

"The lips that wear a mustache will never touch mine," declares lovely Agnes Ayres, and forces her leading man to sacrifice his budding lip-ornament.

"**T**HE LIPS THAT bear a mustache will never touch mine," said Agnes Ayres. And with the dictum work stopped on her set on the Lasky lot.

The mustache that caused all the trouble belonged to Robert Cain, her leading man and sweetheart in the picture. The script required that he take her in his manly arms and imprint burning kisses on her quivering lips. Only the lips, kissable enough in all conscience, quivered only in scorn, as she pointed an accusing finger at Cain and delivered her edict. Never, never would she kiss him, or any other man, who wore a mustache.

"Never!" stoutly replied Mr. Cain, caressing his bonny mustache. "I have tended this lip-growth tenderly, through weary days, fearful of the outcome. At last I have grown one worthy of being compared with the famous mustaches of history. Shave it off? For no woman!"

But he did. He had to. But before he consented to apply the razor, the

lovely Agnes explained in detail why mustaches were naught in her life, because of the myriad of germs they must necessarily contain, lurking to spring upon some maiden's defenseless lips.

Not the Real Reason

THIS ULTIMATUM of the beautiful Paramount star is merely a sign of the times. Every male star of the films has at some time cogitated the question, to shave or not to shave?

Is it because of the ladies' fear of germs that the great majority of our matinee idols are clean-shaven?

Or is it because a mustache has long been the insignia of villainy? Ever since the "ten-twenty-thirty" shows of our childhood, when a man with a mustache came on the scene, we hissed him. We *knew* he was the villain. He might smile and smile, but we recognized him for what he was.

Wally Wanted a Mustache

THE LATE Wallace Reid once made an impassioned effort to raise a mustache, tending it carefully for days. But it progressed no farther than the front gate of the studio. Chancing to be seen by the big boss, Wally was told forcibly that the public had no love for mustached heroes, and would he kindly remove the offending thing at once, if not sooner?

Later, yielding to his pleadings, Wally was allowed to raise a mustache for a few reels of a picture. He played a double rôle. But the wails of anguish that went up from fans and film salesmen alike soon convinced both Wally and his bosses that mustaches were not for him.

That was Wally's one complaint about being a star. He often remarked that when he got to be fat, forty and a director, he was going to raise the longest and wickedest mustache in Hollywood. Poor Wally, he never achieved his desire.

Enter the Villain

ROBERT MCKIM long bore the hall-mark of villainy. The moment he entered the scene, stroking his silky black mustache with affectionate fingers, we knew he meant no good by our Nell. He probably intended to steal the papers and ruin the innocent country girl by giving her a glass of coca-cola.

But a couple of years ago, McKim tried to reform. He wanted to play leads. When he made known his desire to tread the straight and narrow, that he might for once live until the final fade-out—"heavies" usually get misplaced before the end of the film, you know,—the producers scoffed at the idea.

"A hero with a mustache?" they said. "If you would reform, shave it off." And shave it he did, so that for once he enjoyed the sweet sunset with the heroine at the fade-out. But of late he has been back-sliding. He's up to his old tricks again, and he's wearing a mustache.

Lew's On-again-off-again Mustache

LEW CODY'S mustache is one of these on-again-off-again affairs. He takes it off and puts it on as he steps nimbly from heroic rôles to villainous characterizations. Clean-shaven, he is a debonnaire hero over whom the flappers can rave. With his lip-

ornament in evidence, he becomes again a suave villain at whom we hiss with pleasure.

As the fascinating Rupert of Hentzau he wears his mustache, but what tomorrow will do to his cunning misplaced eyebrow, we dare not prophecy.

Two men and a maid. Which shall she choose? Judging from the fact that Allan Forrest has a mustache and John Bowers has none, we predict that John will be the lucky man.

As soon as Robert McKim enters a scene, we know by his silky black mustache that he means no good by our Nell. His mustache is the insignia of villainy. When he plays heroes, he shaves it off.



Valentino, sans mustache, is a pulse-quickener par excellence. With a mustache, he is a callow youth bordering on the lounge lizard. Strange, what a few short hairs can do.

How Does Jack Holt Do It?

JACK HOLT is a head hero. He dares to wear a mustache in the face of all precedent and he gets away with it.

Women, he maintains, are fickle, but a mustache, carefully tended, can be depended upon. Even when the curly locks that grace one's noble dome fall away, still the mustache remains luxurious and glossy and pride-inspiring.

Jack doesn't give a darn whether he looks like a villain or an actor. His primary ambition is to be an actor, regardless of the niche into which the fancy of the public may propel him.

Mustaches All Right for Husbands

WHILE A MUSTACHE is taboo for leading men, they are all right for some husbands. Mary Pickford doesn't object to mustachiod kisses, when the kisses come from her husband. And Douglas Fairbanks, be it remembered, has won his greatest fame since he raised his mustache. Lottie Pickford permits Allan Forrest, her husband, to wear a mustache, too.

An Aid to Manly Beauty

TIME WAS when a cavalier without a mustache was simply not in the running with the ladies. To be
(Continued on page 96)

When Sleek-haired Aileen Pringle, with so fearsome a look, shrinks from Jack Holt in *The Tiger's Claw*, is it because he wears a mustache?



Photo by WITZEL



"I'm going to live and die an old maid!" declares Katherine MacDonald. But alas, Katherine was ruined for spinsterdom, through her marriage with the sculptor, Malcolm Strauss and her declaration was merely the result of absent-mindedness.

Hollywood's Old Maids

In order to qualify for the Order of Old Maids you've got to be married

IT's a funny thing about the Order of Old Maids in filmdom: in order to qualify, you've got to be married!

The motion picture woods are full of old maids—so called. Husbands ain't no treat to picture queens. Girls

used to hate to be called old maids. But it's got so now that they call themselves spinsters.

Instead of trotting out a new husband to show him off, the film bride keeps him dark. The expression, "single ladies and their husbands"

has taken on a new and more respectable significance.

"I'll Die An Old Maid".

"I'm going to live and die an old maid!" exclaimed Katherine Mac-
(Continued on page 92)

Flirting With Fads

Hollywood takes its fads very hard while they last. But then, what's life without its enthusiasms?

By HELEN STARR

AND TALKING of fads? Oh, they take hard in Hollywood and are as contagious as new notions in the sheep family.

Remember, a few years ago when we used to whirl up to the Athletic Club for dinner, the radiator cap of our car bearing a miniature camera tripod made of brass? That proved conclusively to the pedestrians that we were somebody in the picture business, and kept the curious public wondering whether the handsome man at the wheel was a director or a star. Yes, sporting a cute little camera tripod was a very subtle way of disclosing your business. It is so ordinary and commercial to see "Jones Flour Co." or "Ajax Oil Co." boldly painted on the doors of a car.

OF COURSE, every fad is booked for a limited engagement, so when all, the studio carpenters and electricians began making tripods for their Fords, we had to turn to something new.

When Mary Pickford came West and rented the lovely old Bogardus place on Western Avenue, all Hollywood came out in long yellow curls and girlish organdie frocks. Looking young and innocent was the order of the day as nobody can imitate our Mary, debutantes and ingenues assumed a sort of innocent idiot stare. In those old days, too, it was quite correct to live in a back yard house. Writers said it was quieter and actors thought it informal, while directors affirmed it furnished excellent atmosphere. The front yard houses were

then occupied by rich farmer pioneers from Iowa.

Autographing the Ant Book

AS THESE picturesque back yard bungalows were usually overtopped by huge pepper trees, it was the custom for swarms of ants to make frequent calls. Somebody discovered a kind of paste which discouraged this wholesale visiting. It was sold at the only drugstore known to Hollywood at that time—the one on the corner of Cahuenga and Hollywood Boulevard. As the ant paste was poison you had to sign your name in a black book to get it. The news of this wonderful anti-ant flew around town with lightning rapidity. Everyone



The dusky make-up that swept Hollywood last fall was introduced by Gloria Swanson. For months, film beauties displayed strangely un-Caucasian complexions.

Ruth Roland introduced a commercial side-line as a smart fad for actresses. She has worked up an immensely remunerative real estate business in Los Angeles.

took up the combat and some of the most famous autographs in picture history are to be found in the ant book. That, of course, is in the plebeian past, for who can find a director or star these days who does not boast a mansion high up on a hill?

In moving picture circles it used to be the fad to hide one's family. No one was ever sure whether a handsome star had a wife or not and the existence of kiddies was kept a dark brown secret. Then, all of a sudden, it became the thing to unearth ones relatives and give them broadcast publicity. Pictures of family groups began to appear in the papers, and of stars' wives mixing cakes. To further prove the rage for domesticity, everyone sent pictures of their innocent little rose-hung cottages to the magazines. And if a film family had no babies, they went right out and adopted several to be in the vogue.

Mail-order Culture

HOLLYWOOD takes up the reading of new books en masse. A group decides to study psycho-analysis and soon everyone is talking about the subject. Then the Montessori method or self mastery in twelve lessons, or Coué may seize the popular notion. Such best sel-

Anita Stewart's beautiful little bungalow dressing room on the Mayer lot made every other star in Hollywood feel that life was not worth living without a bungalow-dressing-room exactly similar.



Photo by GRENBEAUX

Pauline Frederick was the heroine who discovered that melting musical strains enabled one to emote. Now every star and near-star demand an orchestral accompaniment to acting.

lers as "The Four Horsemen" or "Main Street" divert them from their studies for a time, then a game like Mah Jongg comes along and nobody studies anything until he learns to play the darned thing.

Woe to a cafe owner who knows nothing of Hollywood's fickle taste. To keep his place "in the

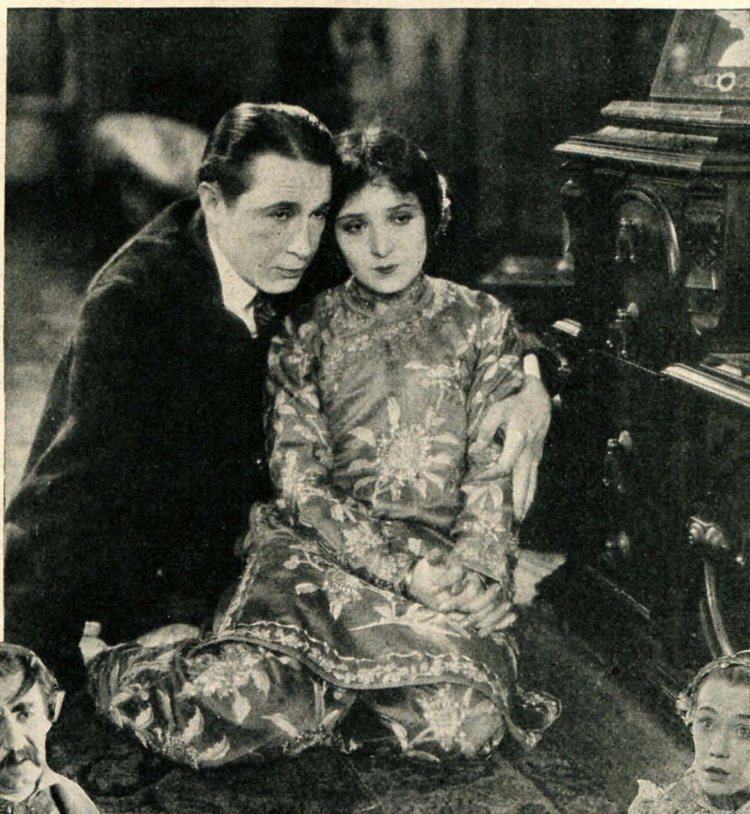
fad" he must redecorate often and keep his brain in a whirl over innovations and service. Sunset Cafe at Santa Monica used to be the rage in the old days when Fatty Arbuckle was so mightily entertaining on Tuesday evenings. Then somebody built Green Mill and Sunset closed its shutters, pretending not to see the motor cars jostling each other to park somewhere near this new place. When Plantation and Club Royale enticed the crowd, Green Mill wrapped itself in flames and sent derisive curls of smoke heavenward. Armstrong's, Montmartre, Levy's and Frank's take turns in being popular, but I venture to say that the fickle faddists will all troop over to the new Chinese cafe near Vine Street as soon as it opens its doors.

Our "First-nighters"

WHEN NEW YORK dramatic critics came out to Hollywood to write for
(Continued on page 94)



The Picture of the Month



Main Street



Warner Bros. Screen Classic

Now this is a picture as *is* a picture—a “Screen Classic” at last. Those Warner Bros. took an awful chance when they picked on *Main Street*—the most lauded, the most anathematized, the most widely discussed book of recent years.

Whether it's *Main Street* or not, we'll leave to the lofty brows who did and the low brows who *didn't* like the book, to wrangle over.

But it *is* a corking good picture. Hokum? Yes, gobs of it, of the sure-fire kind that keeps an audience

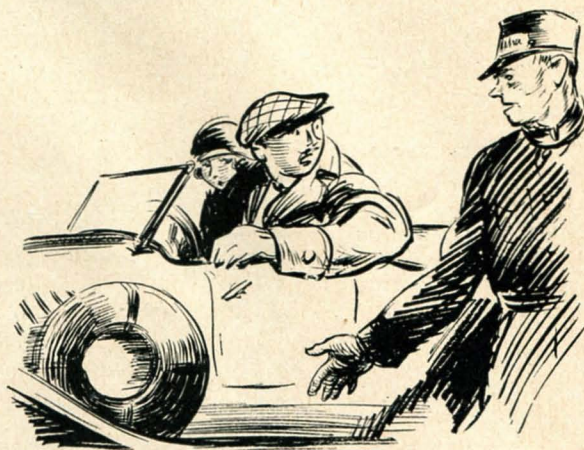
in an uproar or a-titter or in tears. Very cunningly the picture does what the book failed to do—it leaves you with a feeling that *Main Street* is about as broad after all as Fifth Avenue, that futile discontent and snobbish gropings for vague ideas are less lovely than honest ugliness.

Monte Blue and Florence Vidor bloom gorgeously as artists in this pleasant atmosphere of self-expression. But Louise Fazenda as Bea Sorenson and Noah Beery as the crazed Valborg almost steal the pic-

ture. Good work! And the small town types! Griffith and Ingram, our best “type-setters” could well feel a pang of envy when the village scenes unroll. God bless our elocutionist! Robert Gordon comes back in the role of the tailor-poet, and Harry Myers romps away with a magnificent character sketch. A splendid cast, a book transferred to the screen without too many liberties being taken with it, a well-balanced meal of comedy and pathos—that's *Main Street*.

Tia Juana Nights

The Tired Movie Star knits up the ravelled sleeve of care by a between-pictures jaunt over the border



Harold Handsome, the famous film star, has passed up five splendid opportunities to take home a quantity of the stuff that cheers, lest his car be searched by the border guards. And his chagrin when the guard orders him to drive on without disturbing so much as a lap-robe would melt a heart of stone.

Professor and Mrs. Henry Peabody from Peabody college, Kansas, are on their Sabbatical year trip. They have guilelessly dropped into one of the dance halls in old Tia Juana in search of material for the thesis the professor is writing on *The Native of Mexico, His Manners and Morals*. The professor is feeling opportunities for research work are going to be considerably hampered by the presence of the outraged Mrs. P.



The Stews' Bench. A hard-boiled guard who knows the potency of Tia Juana liquid cheer, makes each departing guest walk a chalk-line, to prove his ability to drive his car. The weak sisters and brothers who wobble are parked on this famous bench to sober up.



In all movie scenes of the Casino at Monte Carlo, *somebody* is just in the process of breaking the bank. But at the Tia Juana Casino, where tired movie stars go to rest up between pictures, the bank is usually engaged in breaking *somebody*. The genius who evolves a "system" for getting away with a thin dime left in his jeans will receive a standing vote of thanks.

Revelations of an Assistant Director

The SPOILED SISTER

*The Sin that isn't Gilded is about
as Interesting as a Hard
Boiled Egg*

HAVE you ever had a beautiful blonde charmer propose to you? Or have you been called a "sweet man" by some celebrated film star who rates her weekly salary in the four-figure class?

Have you ever been told by a man who makes more money than the President that you're his right-hand bower? That he couldn't get along without you? That your work means his success?

Or have you been confronted with the problem of seeing that a howling mob of a thousand extras is fed and sheltered—and paid?

If you have, don't read this story. You'll know all about it from having been an assistant director yourself, from having been the fall guy of a megaphone king, from having combed Hollywood and its environs in the hope, perhaps, of finding some fellow, who closely resembled Stonewall Jackson, to double for that worthy gent in a fifty-foot "shot".

He's the Fall Guy

NOBODY ever gives the assistant director credit for accomplishing anything. If the picture is good, the laurels go to the star, the leading man and the director. If the picture is bad, if the "atmosphere" of the production looks like ham-and-beans, if the cameraman or the electrician or the prop man have slipped a cog, you get the blame.

You're supposed to have the eye of an eagle and the disposition of a Cheshire cat. Combining these qualities with the outward calm of Saint Cecilia and the business-like aspect of Charles Schwab, and you're eligible to the great amalgamated order of mob-rushers and studio hounds.

You can suffix an A. D. to your name with as much swank as a medico. You can begin to believe some of

the honeyed things the girls say to you because they think you'll get them a job, and you can live in hopes that some day you'll be regarded as good enough to be man-Friday to some such cinematic plutocrat as Rex Ingram or C. B. De Mille.

Being merely an assistant, I have to do all the numerous things my chief couldn't be annoyed with. I have to get his actors on the set at any hour he chooses to call them. Which isn't a mere bagatelle.

Must Act as Buffer

NOT long ago, while we were filming some night scenes, our leading lady, a very lovely and gracious woman, objected to the long hours she was required to spend on the set. It was my chief's lack of consideration, having her made up many hours, day in and day out to which she objected. If she had actually worked in a large number of scenes, it would have been different. But she didn't work. The script didn't call for her except once or twice a day, and the director could easily have arranged her scenes so that he could have finished with her, within a reasonable period of time.

One day I went to her, informing her that we'd work with her the next Thursday evening.

"You told me positively I would not have to work then," she flared. "Remember, I asked you if I might make a social appointment for that time!"

"Yes," I confessed, knowing that what she said was true. "But Mr. S——has changed his schedule. We've got to finish the picture."

"You mean he's changed his mind!" she retorted and walked away, dropping the discussion at a point where I didn't know whether she'd show up or not.

Thursday night came. All the actors were on the set, except our blonde friend. We waited and still waited and the chief decided that he couldn't work without her. I called her home. She had gone to the theatre, and the maid had sufficient presence of mind to remember *which* playhouse it was.

All this I reported to my chief, who flew into a rage and used picturesque language in instructing me to go downtown to the theatre, *get Miss N—and bring her to the studio!*

It was nearly midnight by the time she condescended to appear in make-up at the studio, and meanwhile I was turning albino by degrees.

Too Much Temperament

THAT is one of the most unpleasant duties of our assistant-directorial clan. Toward the end of productions, if work has not been actually kept to schedule, we frequently find it necessary to work over-time at night. Actors, of course, not being unionized, do not receive more pay for this additional time, and naturally are never too keen to work until the wee, small hours. Some are nasty when you approach them with news of an early morning call. Others glare when you mention night work. A very few take the edict calmly.

In the old days, Theda Bara used to drive us nearly to drink. After Fox had starred her and made a lot of money with her, she quite humanely felt her position. All day long we'd work with the rest of the cast in scenes in which the star didn't have to appear. Along about four-thirty or five in the afternoon, she'd appear on the set, impatient if we kept her waiting. For two hours then, it was a case of breaking our necks to fin-



"Sometimes you feel sorry for the poor little frump who auctions herself off to you. But you're never shocked. You get to regard this coterie as being mere gold-diggers who think less of themselves than of their ambitions."

ish her scenes, for we knew she'd leave promptly at seven.

Even now, although studio ethics and methods have advanced considerably, and though a dozen or more stars have dropped from their celluloid heaven since Theda reigned, Pola Negri maintains the same *modus operandi*.

The public calls it "temperament", but we have another name for it. We call it hellish stubbornness.

His Choice of Girls

"**D**O YOU KNOW", introspected one of my confreres while we were lunching at the Blue Front, "a fellow in our game can have almost any girl he wants."

It sounds harsh, strident, yet pitifully enough, it is true. In Hollywood there is a clique of girls who "make" the studios day by day to play in mob scenes. Not a few of these girls are burning with ambition to become stars. Having set aside private life, they are willing to take almost any step that will bring them recognition.

The assistant director has it in his power to hire or fire these extras. When the end of the day's work comes, I go to my chief's office, make out a requisition for twenty-five young women who will be used for tomorrow's shooting of a ball room scene. This list I give to the casting director or phone to the Service Bureau. If I have any types in mind, I say I would like to have Elsie Smith or Dorothy Deers or Sally Scott, for instance, on the set working for my company.

The girls know this. They know that if they do something particularly noticeable, the assistant may give them plenty of work. They know that if they succeed in ingratiating themselves their chances of employment—and incidentally of advancement—are ten to one.

And some of these young women, thinking to "get in good" with the assistants who are directly responsible for engaging them, will place themselves on the altar of sacrifice to such an extent that there is no step they will not take.

The Spoiled Sister

RECENTLY, I was making up a report after the day's shooting. My office was quiet. Nearly everybody had gone home and I was on the

point of closing my desk when the door opened and a pretty little redhead walked in.

She was piquant and feminine and attractive. We talked a few minutes about nothing in particular and smoked a few cigarettes. Finally she came out with how tired she was of mere routine; said that she'd do anything to "get somewhere", as she put it.

I have heard countless such stories. Every director and assistant director hears them. You get used to them, like having headaches, or your wife's relations. They come to mean but little to you. Sometimes you feel sorry for the poor little misguided frump who auctions herself off to you for what she can get out of the bargain, and you wonder how she can ever muster sufficient "crust" to suggest such a proposition.

However, you're never shocked. You get to regard this coterie as being mere gold-diggers who think less of themselves than of their ambitions. And because the type is so commonplace, so every-day, you listen to their "line"—which is generally the same—try to encourage the spoiled sister, take her name and phone number and promptly forget her.

We assistants rarely are impressed by these offers. The girl, by her very boldness, repels us. Better taste and better judgment on our part relegates her to the limbo of spoiled things. Her "vamping" isn't subtle. Her proposition is too broad—and *the sin that isn't gilded is about as interesting as a hard-boiled egg*.

But while this particular type of person caters to us, we in turn must knuckle down to another ilk of people who are themselves frequently just as disgusting.

Flunkeying for Stars

EVERY so often, we find ourselves called upon to act as the veriest menials to men or women who, because they happen to be stars, imagine themselves highly-exalted personages whose word is law and whose wish is inspiration.

But what makes me sick is the actress who, like the extra girl, tries "vamping" as a means to an end. I remember one leading woman whom I'll call Jane, who has a passion for showing her importance. At the studio she must have her chair

placed in a certain place. When she is "visualizing a scene" she must never be disturbed. She calls constantly for ice-water, cigarettes and other favors, and, all in all, needs a personal servitor to attend to her whims and fancies.

In the long run, this type of actress is the least satisfactory. Fundamentally, they're cheap and full of bluff. They rarely have the goods. And the more you do for them, the more they want you to do. We call them the "Gimmies".

Training for Servitude

AS MERE directorial flunkies, none of us expect to direct a big scene between the leading characters. That is the director's work. But in minor instances we are frequently called upon to conduct rehearsals of the company, to direct smaller and less important scenes and to "step into the megaphone" at scattered intervals.

But our real directing comes when we are making big scenes. When Allan Dwan made *In the Heart of a Fool*, four of us, dressed in character and make-up, found ourselves interspersed in a huge mob of extras, as part of the crowd. Working among the "atmosphere", it was our duty to direct our various little groups as individual integers of the whole. In other words, Dwan was the captain. We were his lieutenants, taking orders from him, and directing our divisions according to orders and our own judgment.

This is one of Griffith's great inventions. During the making of *Intolerance* he employed a score of assistants, each of whom worked among the crowd as part of it.

It is impossible for a director's voice to be heard above the howl of a thousand extras. And it would be equally impossible for him to cover every angle at once from his solitary stand behind the camera. The extras, not being trained actors, would become confused and do the wrong thing. Hence it is the assistant, who knows his chief's way of working, who understands the script, that the director relies upon during the filming of the big stuff.

It is then that the assistant can really make his worth known and can prove whether or not he will ever actually be able to direct a scene himself, alone and uninstructed.

As fresh and lovely as a June morning is this costume. The blouse is of soft yellow crepe de chine stitched in blue, worn over a box-plaited skirt of white crepe. The charming hat is a leghorn with an over drape of lace, and is decorated with blue and yellow silk roses.

Posed by Julia Faye, Paramount Actress.



When Summer Comes

Chic new styles in sports clothes are not far behind. These fashion hints come to you straight from Hollywood



A rough-weave ratine of gray on a rose background, with a collar of silver-gray caracul makes a stunning cape costume for country club wear. The cape is lined with gray crepe and ties with strips of the same soft material. A rose hat with transparent brim and yarn ornaments is worn with the costume.

Posed by Mae Busch, Goldwyn Actress.



When one rides a good deal, a chic riding outfit like this is very desirable. The sleeveless jacket is of scarlet jersey, and is worn over a tailored blouse of white silk. The snowy breeches, black silk beaver derby and black boots complete a striking and becoming costume.

Posed by Eleanor Boardman, Goldwyn Actress

Hollywood equestriennes are wearing the new puttee boot. The boot is in one piece, but gives the effect of a separate boot and puttee. It is quite the newest wrinkle in riding paraphernalia.

The fashionable new golf stocking ties in a loose tassel effect, just below the knee. We are not prepared, at this time, to say by how many strokes this improves one's golf game.



High Life in *Hollywood*

NEW GATHERING IN HOLLYWOOD is no bed of roses. While news is plentiful in Hollywood, it often has to be de-natured, as it were, before reaching the dear, trustful public.

For instance, the other evening, when the Tatler observed Elaine Hammerstein dining at the Ambassador with a certain Count, she hesitated to mention it, for fear the dear Countess might rise up en masse and denounce the fair Elaine as a husband-grabber. Painfully curbing her natural "news nose," the Tatler smothered the story, only to learn three days later that there is no Countess.

And then one day at Armstrong's, where all the tourists go to criticize the table manners of the movie stars, the Tatler saw Estelle Taylor lunching at the same cozy little table with Noah Beery. As Estelle has been twice accused of being too attractive for husbands-at-large, the Tatler scented a big story, for Noah, though a villain of the deepest dye on the screen, in private life has always been a respectable husband and father. So the Tatler waited, all agog, to see what she could see. Alas! Estelle up and paid for her own luncheon, proving that Noah just happened to sit there because the cafe was crowded.

Another black day, the Tatler spied Thomas Meighan, all dressed up with a lady, going into the Bull Pen, a down-town cafe which is nicer than its name. Sensing a juicy scandal, the Tatler followed them in and got a seat at a near-by table where she could watch every move. Tommy, too, has been a good, well-trained husband, but in Hollywood you never can tell.

Thomas gazed into the eyes of his lady friend with such Cecil De Mille ardor that we felt a "scoop" coming on. Like Mrs. Sherlock Holmes, we listened to Tommy's soup, counted the radishes he ate and estimated the size of the bill. Scarcely was our quarry out of the door, when the Tatler leaped into the arms of the head waiter.

"Tell me, waiter," we pleaded, "Who was the lady with Thomas Meighan?"

The head waiter smiled with evident pity.

"That was Mrs. Meighan," he said, as he scratched his right ankle with his left foot. Incidentally, he refused to take back the \$1.50 dinner that the Tatler had consumed, and we couldn't even get it charged to Tommy's publicity man. Life is very hard at times.

OUR VERY BEST PEOPLE turned out to the premiere of *The Covered Wagon* at Hollywood's Egyptian theatre, the other evening. The Tatler, attired in scratch pad and pencil, attended. So overcome were we at the glory of Gloria Swanson's rose evening wrap that many other celebrities were overlooked. Mae Murray was there with her husband, but she didn't look natural—maybe because she tried to disguise herself with skirts. The prevalence of tur-

bans among the smart set of filmdom is doubtless soon to bring forth a protest from the Hairdresser's Union. Our smartest dressers now merely wrap a dust cloth or piano cover around their heads, of an evening, and sail forth for conquest.

MR. AND MRS. RUSSELL SIMPSON gave a dinner party recently at the Montmartre. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Russell Simpson. And thereby hangs a tale.

Mr. and Mrs. Simpson were invited by Edgar Lewis, the producer, to the theatre and dinner afterward at a quiet downtown cafe, for a large party. Mrs. Simpson had a new and extremely becoming gown that she

Miss Fritzi Ridgeway, who is reported engaged to Wallace Beery. Mr. Beery, as an interested world knows, was the first husband of Gloria Swanson.



Photo by FREULICH

was dying to wear where somebody would appreciate it. So the Simpsons informed their host that they would love to go to the theatre, but they had a previous supper engagement afterwards at the Montmartre. After the theatre, they excused themselves and sallied off to the Montmartre, where the new gown and its charming wearer achieved interested attention. But the fly dropped into the amber when the Lewis party arrived also at the Montmartre, to discover the Simpsons fulfilling their supper engagement with themselves.

HOLLYWOOD is immensely stimulated by the beautiful Spanish Senora who came to Los Angeles recently in search of Charlie Chaplin. The Chaplin butler was strangely unsympathetic, so the languishing lady invited herself to a little picnic on the Chaplin lawn, where she ate an arsenic sandwich and parked for the night.

Miss Mae Busch, whose engagement to Albert Wilkie has just been broken.

After the hospital doctor decided that she might pull through, Charlie offered to pay her way back to Mexico.

Movie-struck girls back East may well take advantage of this magnanimous offer. Simply come to Hollywood with the announcement that you have come to visit Charlie Chaplin. If he doesn't like you, he will pay your fare back, and you will have had a lovely trip.

HAROLD LLOYD and his bride, Mildred Davis, have purchased a beautiful big home in Windsor Square. Now they will both find out how far comedy goes with the queens of the kitchen. If Harold can make the cook smile when unexpected company comes for dinner, he's a real comedian.

The Tatler had a wicked idea that it was going to be quite a strain, this life of a *religieuse*. The news has just come from Paris that Pearl White, who has been in a convent at Cannes, has left her place of seclusion and has returned to Monte

Carlo.

The Casino offers rather more diversion to the lively Pearl than meditation and prayer, evidently. But it made an *awfully* good publicity story, *n'est-ce pas?*

MRS. ERIC STROHEIM, she of the alluring dark eyes and the "grand manner", has motored up to San Francisco, to join her husband at the Fairmount. Mrs. Von Stroheim is one of the most stunning women in Hollywood.

An on-again-off-again betrothal that set Hollywood gossips a-buzzing was that of Mae Busch, the vivacious Goldwyn actress, and Albert Wilkie, well-known publicity writer. Scarcely had the announcement of the engagement been bruited over the restaurant tables of the film colony than the wholly feminine bride-to-be announced that she had made a mistake, that perhaps she did not love Mr. Wilkie enough to marry him, though she respected him immensely, etc. Therefore the engagement was broken.

The most piquant part of the affair is the indication of a custom that is becoming more and more of a vogue in Hollywood: that of announcing a betrothal when the ties that bind the mate-to-be to a present husband or wife have not yet been dissolved. Miss Busch's divorce decree from Francis McDonald does not become final until September 30, 1923.

It's only a rumor, and the Tatler doesn't vouch for the truth of it, but they do say that blonde little Andree Lafayette and Maurice Canonge are—well, tremendously interested in each other.

You see, they both come from that dear Paris. And when they met in Hollywood, they embraced fervently, right out before everybody. And ever since, they have been seen everywhere together. So rumor has it, they're engaged. They deny it, but what does that mean in Hollywood. Absolutely nothing, my dears, absolutely nothing!

Celebrating Mrs. Rupert Hughes' convalescence, the brilliant Rupert entertained at dinner at the Hughes home in Beverly the other evening. Pola Negri, radiant as ever and attended by the devoted Charlie, was very much present. June Mathis, the William De Milles and brother Cecil



Photo by CLARENCE S. BULL



Miss Cecelia De Mille, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil De Mille, with the mount she entered in the Horse Show at the Ambassador Arena.

and Mrs. Cecil, and Mr. and Mrs. Thompson Buchanan were also present.

"The Growth of the Soil," by Knut Hamsun, is being read by all the literary and near-literary folk of Hollywood. Which reminds us of the now famous faux pas made by one of our most charming stars, at an afternoon function recently.

"Are you familiar with Knut Hamsun?" the star was asked, apropos of the novel that was causing so much discussion.

"Familiar with him?" haughtily said the star. "Well we get ice from him but I certainly wouldn't say I was familiar with him!"

Cupid was a busy little sprite at the rehearsals of the Writers' Revue. One of the after-effects of the affair is the announcement of the engagement of Fritz Ridgeway and Wallace Beery. Fritz played the feminine lead in *The Old Homestead*, you remember, and Beery, who has done so many damsels dirt in his "heavy"

rôles for the screen, was the first husband of Gloria Swanson.

The Writers' Revue was a brilliant stage version of Frank Condon's story, *Hollywood*. It was put on with much éclat at the Philharmonic Auditorium in Los Angeles, before a gathering of film stars and celebrities.

Among those who had boxes were Gloria Swanson, Herbert Rawlinson, Irene Rich, Viola Dana and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Holt.

A barbecue breakfast was tendered riding enthusiasts among the guests of the Ambassador hotel and the riding clubs of Los Angeles and Hollywood, early on a Sunday morning recently.

At Bel-Air, after a brisk morning ride, the equestrians did full justice to a breakfast of broiled chicken, fried ham and eggs, mushrooms and other delicacies, cooked over an open fire.

Betty Francisco, Gladys Walton and Alice Calhoun wielded a wicked drum-stick.

Helen Ferguson entertained at a

beautifully appointed luncheon in an exclusive down-town tea-room recently, in honor of Mr. Edgar Lewis. Covers were laid for twenty.

HOLLYWOOD has been snickering wickedly over the story of a party that turned out to be a battle.

According to the story the Tatler heard, one of our most beautiful stars gave a party at her new mansion in Beverly Hills. For liquid refreshments she depended upon a director friend of hers. The director, by the way, was not invited. As the evening progressed, the star called the director again and again, to send up some more wine. Finally, "Who's giving this party, you or I?" asked the director, and *brought up* the last supply of hooch himself—and also a beautiful blonde young lady. The star greeted him with little enthusiasm, and his lady friend with less, and before the evening ended, the two ladies "mixed," even to pulling hair and scratching. Tut, tut! Hollywood.

HOLLYWOOD AND LOS ANGELES society are all agog over the advent into pictures of Craig Biddle, of the Philadelphia Biddles. For the heir-apparent to the multi-millions of Philadelphia's richest family to start out "on his own," to carve out a career in the movies through no aids but his own efforts has set the "best families" gasping.

The really lovely part of it is that young Biddle has turned down the invitations showered upon him by the West Adams and Wilshire crowd. He came out here to work, not to juggle tea cups, he intimates. So our little Social circle must jog along without one of the most important people, socially, who ever came into our midst.

Craig Biddle was in the midst of his freshman year at Princeton, when he decided that "the play was the thing" and walked out on his chums and professors. Which makes the Tatler think that the drama is coming in for a social renaissance; Prince George, third son of King George of England, has announced his desire to go on the stage.

SOCIETY, RESPLENDENT in its finest jewels and most gorgeous raiment, turned out to celebrate the opening of the second annual Horse Show at the Ambassador Arena. Many film celebrities entered blooded

stock, prominent among them being Thompson Buchanan, screen writer, and Cecil De Mille.

Prior to the opening of the show, numerous smart dinner parties were given. Filmdom's fairest women lent a glamour to the gaiety of the affair.

Miss Pauline Starke wore a very lovely black gown, with a wrap of heavy black silk, embroidered in steel beads.

Mrs. Tom Mix was charming in an imported gown of blush-rose chiffon. Her wrap was of ermine, trimmed with bands of monkey fur.

Mrs. William Gibbs McAdoo wore a Bendel model of black lace over flesh colored satin.

Mrs. William De Mille was gowned in orchid, with wrap of moleskin.

PERHAPS THE MOST notable social function ever held in Pasadena, the social center of Southern California, was the twentieth annual Charity Ball, held recently at the Hotel Maryland.

A gorgeous pageant, "The Evolution of the Dance," opened the festivities. Masses of greenery, spring blossoms and brilliant Oriental hangings made the great ball-room a veritable fairyland.

Mrs. Guy Bates Post represented the screen smart set in the pageant.

THE TATLER SAW Viola Dana looking more petite than ever after her session of appendicitis, dancing at the Cocoanut Grove the other evening. Viola looked about seventeen in a chiffon frock of pastel blue and silver. She was accompanied by "Lefty" Flynn.

Shirley Mason, who was one of the judges of the weekly dancing contest, wore a youthful frock of pink georgette, trimmed with white marabou.

Anna Q. Nilsson looked like a veritable snow queen in a gown of white satin, draped in the new lines approved by Lucille.

LOS ANGELES WILL have a polo team, if Tom Mix's efforts toward that end are of any avail. There is a splendid polo field at one of the big hotels here, and Tom and several other sportsmen have some clever polo ponies ready for play.



Miss Gloria Swanson, who had a box for the Writers' Revue at the brilliant stage presentation of Frank Condon's story, *Hollywood*.

SINCE POLA CAME to Hollywood to capture Charlie Chaplin's heart, the great comedian has taken up dancing again. The beautiful Pola conquered the American dance step without the least difficulty, and now the famous couple may often be seen gliding over the polished dance floors of the smart hotels here.

ONE OF THE MOST interesting weddings of the month is that of Miss Margaret Loomis, who by her marriage to Mr. Wayne D. Crool, renounced the screen for private life. The wedding took place quietly at the home of her parents on Winona Avenue, Hollywood.

"Married life comes first," said Margaret. "I have been very happy in my screen work, but if it interferes with my home life, there is

only one answer—my career must be forgotten."

IT'S BRAND-NEW, bright red and it glitters like a diamond. And it's only a day or so out of the shop. What? Why, Charlie Chaplin's new limousine. It cost \$13,000 and has hot and cold running water and everything.

AT ONE POPULAR cafe in Hollywood, where scores of stars take midday nourishment, a new trade has sprung up. The tourist visitor hears a gentle whisper in his ear: "Wanta hear about the stars? I'll point 'em all out, lady, at ten cents a piece. And I'll tell you a little about each of 'em for five cents extra. That reasonable, ain't it, lady? And directors? Why, I'll point out the directors for you at a nickel apiece!"

"Don't Laugh Here"

We No Longer Emote According to Rules, says

ALMA WHITAKER

PLEASE check your sense of humor at the box-office."

Do not wonder if the above sign meets your eye, the next time you wend your way theatreward. It gives our hard-working directors such moments of exquisite anguish when audiences giggle at their most dramatic scenes. A rigid ruling against laughter seems to be the only cure for the 1923 audience's impious re-action to hokum.

DeMille Did It

TAKE *Adam's Rib*, for instance. This luscious bit of "problem drama" was designed to make preoccupied business-loving husbands and romantic wives pause ere they emulate the tragic mistakes of the leading lady and gentleman. It was intended to be very serious, a "lesson", a plea for marital fidelity and all that.

But did the audience take it in that spirit? It did not. It giggled where it should have emoted breathlessly. When the fair-and-forty wife kisses her own husband in the dark, mistaking him for her highfaluting young lover, the graceless spectators laughed joyously.

And throughout the cave-man flash-back to prehistoric times, when human passions were portrayed in all their primitive virility, did the

audience gasp with horror at its age-old predestined sorrows? You know the answer. It merely commented killingly on the fact that Anna Q. Nilsson's face was dirty and laughed smugly over Cecil's passion for "putting over that sort of slush."

That "Dangerous Age"

The situation was merely reversed in John Stahl's *Dangerous Age*. In this picture it is Papa who has the sentimental flutter in New York. Papa falls from grace enough to tell a little flapper that he is NOT married. Two tragedies, a good man gone wrong and an innocent maiden being cruelly deceived. Dreadful. But the audience howled. It howled because the gal was too fashionable and too modern to be so naive, and also because Papa made such a rotten liar. And furthermore, no audience largely made up of women could put any stock in that angel wife at home, who gave up a trip to New York with hubby, because spring house-cleaning was coming on.

Elinor's Great Moment

ELINOR GLYN rather prides herself on being a master of modern emotional writing. But in *The Great Moment*, the audience simply couldn't fall for the dear old hackneyed situa-

tions. That nice girl taking so casually to profligate lovers and profligate parties and all, with the adoring but wronged husband "knowing her for the pure, innocent girl she is"—it was all too exquisite. And the villain was Stock Villain No. 4, the same rich old bachelor giving the same lavish naughty parties and luring the heroine with the breaking heart into acting up. So the audience grinned and chewed gum and said "You gotta hand it to Elinor."

Then There Was Manslaughter

THEN there was Alice Duer Miller's *Manslaughter*, reasonable enough in story form. But after C. B. had finished with it, it was just a scream in spite of the lamentable demise of the young traffic cop.

Because there was the gorgeous profligacy yanked in again, with the cut-back to Roman sinfulness. And there was the imprisoned maid with the dear little boy of four years, who was still four years old when she got out of prison several years later. And then there was the fine strong district attorney who took one drink of whiskey and went to the dogs, but in spite of his degradation he was still man enough to buy another poor devil a meal with his last quarter (gulp)—And all this while the audience, instead of being all choked up with sympathetic misery, merely chirped, "That certainly was potent hooch that attorney feller bought. It musta had a kick like an army mule."

One Exciting Night

AND what about Griffith's *One Exciting Night*? "The Master" deliberately packed every bit of hokum ever known to the screen into those reels of film. It wasn't tragedy, nor comedy nor farce. It was billed as a melodrama, but it was howling burlesque, and the audience accepted it as

It's sacred tradition now to put riding pants on every heroine of every desert drama, even when she was never intended by nature to wear them.



such. Even a couple of violent murders couldn't make the spectators emote a nickel's worth. There was a bit of comic relief in the terror of the colored lover and maid, and the audience took its cue from that.

"Rags are Royal Raiment"

GLORIA SWANSON, in *The Impossible Mrs. Bellew*, was a dear, sweet, innocent wife. When the horrid husband kills the virtuous family friend in a fit of drunken jealousy, to save his neck wifey lets him plead the unwritten law. Then he divorces her and gets the custody of the child. So she goes to Deauville, being the wickedest place there is to go to, and curiously enough, she has a regular vamp's wardrobe along. And a grand-duke is right there, ready to compromise her and starts right in to give parties in her honor. And then the hero comes to Deauville with his clergyman papa. He believes in her all along and can't see why the grand-duke doesn't, even after she poses as a very negligee statue in his ball-room, right out in meeting.

Again we ask you, did the audience shudder for the griefs of that wronged wife? It did not. It chewed life-savers and chuckled knowingly. "Deauville must be a bit of all right ain't it?" was the chief re-action.

He Learned About Women

THEN there was Maurice Tourneur's *Woman*. Maurice himself admits that was a ghastly fizzle. Allegorical stuff, reels and reels of it. Every man in the audience knew more about women than Maurice seemed to. So they merely yawned.

A Deluge of Sheiks

SHEIKS are now a drug on the market. After the success of the original *Sheik*, we were deluged with films, all having the same old desert, the same old tents with all modern conveniences including open plumbing, the same desperate white maiden. Only they haven't the same Rudy for the sheik, which perhaps accounts for the drop in the sheik-market.

We saw a stupid version of the sheik story in *The Tents of Allah*, a more ambitious version with Pola Negri in *Bella Donna*, and a poetic version in *Omar the Tent-Maker*, and a behind-the-scenes version in



When the casting director in *Souls for Sale* coldly reproves the ambitious actress for trying to vamp him, the audience revels in his righteous disgust, and winks a knowing eye.

Souls for Sale

So even in *Bella Donna*, we merely note with blasé prescience that "they do like putting the girls in riding pants on the desert, don't they—and none of 'em's very strong on legs, either."

The audience notes also that the first sub-title in *Bella Donna* puts the date of the story before the war. But Pola doesn't wear a thing that doesn't do Paris of 1923 the utmost credit, but would certainly have surprised 1912.

When the audience fails to snicker, it notes critically—and writes in to the favorite editor about it next day.

Souls for Sale

ONE of the most sumptuous bits of hokum now on tap is *Souls for Sale*. When the casting director in the picture coldly reproves the ambitious actress for trying to vamp him, his righteous disgust is sublime. And again the audience howls with delight. And when the sub-title looms about the dear stars selling their very souls to the great-hearted public, but never could the beauteous extra hope to sell hers to a movie magnate, then the audience revels in unrestrained joy. They just love

the idea of the heroine breaking into stardom by being run over by a car at the entrance to the Goldwyn studio.

But we, the public, are going to get an enormous kick out of *Souls for Sale* all the same. We can fairly see Rupert Hughes winking at us individually, confidentially. "Yes, old man, we both know all about it. Bully good hokum, eh?"

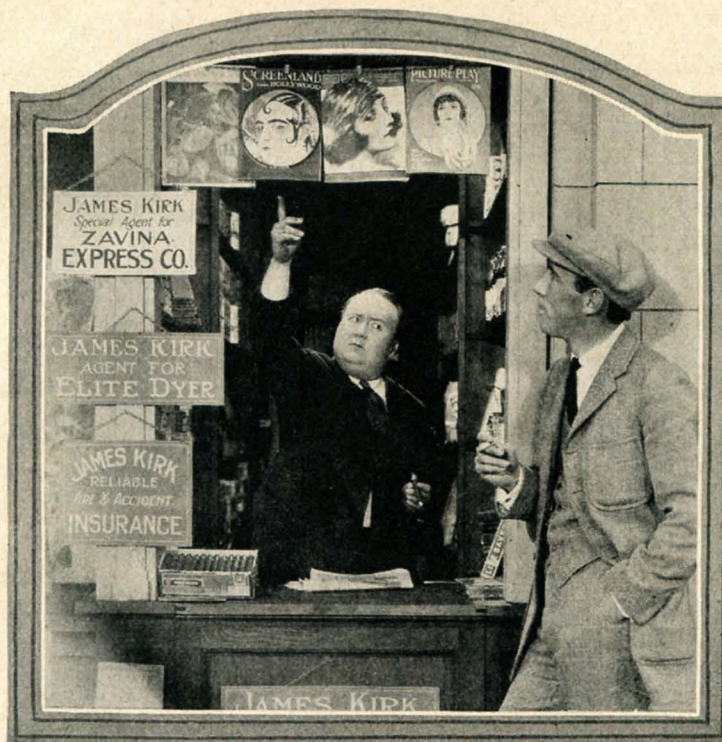
When We Don't Laugh

WE Americans are not hopelessly blasé. We do not laugh when a real emotional crisis is presented to us. And we weep beautifully the first and second time a bit of hokum is presented to us. But we want originality. Otherwise we won't emote.

Whether it's aged mothers, or sheiks, or trifling women or foolish wives or wrongly-accused heroes, we demand new and intelligent situations.

We do not usually laugh in the wrong places at a William de Mille picture. But then William de Mille is a director.

"Now *there's* my favorite screen magazine," says Walter Hiers, fixing an earnest eye on his customer. From a perfectly unbiased standpoint, we think he shows very good taste.



PARAMOUNT PHOTO

Hot from Hollywood

THEY WALK TO WORK

POUNDING the pavement is Hollywood's latest favorite sport. Walking to work has become more than a fad; it is a rite, accompanied by prayer and meditation.

Why? Because the film colony is in the midst of a speed war. The honorable judges of the speeder's court decided that life was getting unbearably slow, or that the treasury was running low or something, and orders went out to every knight of the motorcycle to bring in every motorist who let his foot press heavily on the gas.

And did they do it? Many a home in Hollywood, bereft of its breadwinner by the heavy hand of the law, bears witness that they did. Many a picture was held up by the absence of its manly hero, doing time in the city jail. So many stars and near-stars fell by the wayside that an edict went out in one studio that "all persons working on this set must either walk to work, or must come in a hired taxi." The studio refused to risk a "pinch" of one of the actors.

Gladys Walton was one of the first victims of the war. The judge lis-

tened to her story, wavered not an inch at her pleading eyes and said, "Three Days."

Maurice Canonge, playing the role of Zouzou in *Trilby*, came to grief on the smooth roads of Santa Ana. Being a foreigner, he didn't know that Santa Ana is the realm of the dread Judge Cox, a menace to all speeders, the heartless wretch who let Bebe Daniels in for a jail sentence and a million dollars' worth of publicity.

"I call attention of ze police," explained Canonge hopefully, "that I only go feefty-three miles an hour." Which was only about thirty-three miles over the speed limit, so his alibi didn't help him much.

WHO KILLED WILLIAM DESMOND TAYLOR?

WHAT QUEER quirk in human nature prompts innocent persons to "confess" to murders? To date, exactly one thousand and two persons have confessed to the police that they murdered the director, William Desmond Taylor. Edward King, lieutenant detective of the Los Angeles police force, has a great desk drawer, full of letters regarding the murder,

written by cranks. The strange part of it is that the supposed "murderers" don't look ahead to any possible consequences of their confession.

For instance, one chap who signs himself "Just a male movie fan." He modestly writes:

"If I get one million dollars reward, what the movie folks have promised, and also a job in the movies, that is, I want to be an actor for life time, I shall let you know who killed Taylor."

Another man, who writes like a well-educated person, wrote a long letter to the district attorney, confessing that he killed Taylor, in accordance with a promise made the director.

"I had known William Desmond Taylor for several years. I first met him before his meteoric ascent to fame as a premier director. For at least five years we were intimate friends, not in the eyes of the world but in secret chambers where we could have secret communication, as it were. He told me the innermost longings of his soul.

"One night I read to him a poem by the poet laureate of Nebraska:

"Let me go quickly, like a candle-



PARAMOUNT PHOTO

See what a heartless corporation has done to a pretty girl like Lois Wilson! You'd never think that anybody who could look so sweet in Exhibit B could appear so faded in Exhibit A, now would you? Yet that's what Lois is doing in *Only Thirty-eight*. But she's a real actress and doesn't mind.

Snuffed out, at the hey-day of its glow.

Let it be high noon, then let it be night.

Thus would I go.'

"Immediately Taylor exclaimed, 'Never have I heard my sentiments so aptly put. When I shall have reached the pinnacle, I want to be snuffed out at once.' He then explained to me the character he wished to become and made me swear by all the gods I knew, that after he should have accomplished the thing he set forth to do, he would summon me and I should send him into eternity.

"That is all. He summoned me, I ————!"

Anonymous.

At least one hundred persons saw in the murder of the director a beautiful chance to square a grudge against some private enemy. They wrote the police, informing them that So-and-So had done the deed, sometimes even describing the scene of the murder out of pure imagination. Many spiritualists wrote in information that had come to them in an alleged conversation with the spirit of Taylor.

One woman writing from Norfolk, Va., began her letter with the cryptic statement that "dreams come true sometime". She advised the police to watch the Ambassador hotel for the

"murderer, who was clean-shaven and of medium build. Inasmuch as that description would fit at least three-fourths of the frequenters and guests of the hotel, the police felt that the order was a large one.

Another man in Green Bay, Wisconsin, who had taken lessons in "detecting," sent to the police a cross-section of a picture of Taylor, showing his eyes. "You have heard it said that an assassin's face may be seen pictured in the victim's eyes," he wrote. "Turn the enclosed picture up-side-down and look into the left eye and you will see a perfect photo of a man's face, wearing a soft felt hat." Of course, no such face was visible.

A psychic predicted that within five years Los Angeles would be levelled to the earth by an earthquake, for "the sins" of Hollywood.

NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY

THE flappers of yesterday are all wrought up over the prospective filming of Elinor Glyn's *Three Weeks*. Inasmuch as the entire book is censorable, the film version will probably be as kickless as near-beer. Also, 1923 standards of naughtiness are widely removed from the 1910 model. Wouldn't it be a blow to Elinor to find herself dubbed mid-Victorian?

MILTON SILLS STAGES BIG FIGHT

MILTON SILLS scored a great hit when he made a personal appearance at a Los Angeles theatre recently. He made a sincere little speech, explaining just what the better type of picture people are trying to do for the betterment of pictures. He proved that he was as sincere in his work as in his speech, for he was leaning on a cane. For a week now he had been staging a terrible fight with Noah Beery in *The Spoilers*. On Wednesday he got a vacation; Beery had been taken to the hospital!

A MIDNIGHT SCARE

RESIDENTS of the little town of Culver City had the thrill of their lives the other night. Just at midnight wild bursts of maniacal laughter issued from the Ince studio. Seeing visions of a madman loose, the terrified townspeople summoned the police force, consisting of one bailiff and two constables. Armed to the teeth, the three officers cautiously approached the rear of the studio, blanching with terror whenever that blood-chilling laughter burst out anew. A peculiar pungent scent led them finally to a cage, where a live hyena, purchased for use in Dorothy Davenport Reid's picture dealing with



Milton Sills scored a great hit when he made a personal appearance at a Los Angeles theatre recently. He made a sincere little speech, telling what the film folk were doing to make pictures better, and was loudly applauded.

the drug evil, was kept. The beast is now wearing a muzzle which discourages midnight laughter.

BILL FARNUM WANTS SOCIETY ROLES

BIG BILL FARNUM, who in many a picture past had deemed it but child's play to run an army out of gas, is leaving the he-man roles. He's going to leave Fox and will produce for himself, and by Jove, he's going to do society dramas only, don't you know. No more horny-handed sons of toil nor fighting rôles for him. He wants to don the soup-and-fish and juggle a mean tea-cup.

BABY PEGGIE AND JACKIE COOGAN

WHY has no enterprising publicity man thought to announce the engagement of Baby Peggy and Jackie Coogan? It is the fashion for Hollywood stars to be engaged to somebody just now, and the youth of the participating parties should be no detriment, as—like most engagements—they are made but to be broken.

WHY DO THEY?

WE ARE interested to learn that Paul Bern is supervising the preparation of a film to be called, "*Why Men Leave Home*." We are holding our

breath in suspense lest the film really tell why. If it does, we hope to see it before Will Hays does.

AUTHOR, AUTHOR!

OUIDA BERGERE is writing a story and Elinor Glyn will get the credit for it. The name of the story is *Six Days*. This is the way it happened.

The versatile Elinor outlined one little situation on the back of an envelope, and sold it to Goldwyn for we wouldn't dare to say how many hundreds of dollars. Goldwyn turned it over to Ouida Bergere to develop. It's quite a stunt to make a whole story out of one little situation. And probably when the story is screened, this is the way the screen credit will be apportioned. *Six Days*, by ELINOR GLYN, adapted by Ouida Bergere.

JUNE MATHIS LENDS A HAND

WHO will be the next director that June Mathis helps to fame? Rex Ingram is a very talented director, but June Mathis' aid was a great help in making *The Four Horsemen* what it was. Her assistance didn't hamper Fred Niblo, any, either, in putting over *Blood and Sand*. Hollywood is looking on with great interest at the filming of *In the Palace of the King*, directed by Emmett Flynn. All the directors out at the Goldwyn studio would give some of their hearts' blood to have the vivacious June adapt their vehicles.

The success or failure of the Flynn picture will decide the question that some critics have put, whether the Mathis success is due in part to the Ibañez-Valentino-Mathis combination. Her greatest successes, you know, have been the Ibañez novels starring Valentino.

WE'RE FOR YOU, VIOLA

VIOLA DANA has got a brand-new contract which provides for some special productions. We're glad. We hope with all our heart that Viola for once is going to get a real story, something that will give her a chance to show whether she can act, or merely look cute. Such pictures as *June Madness* would cramp the style of a Bernhardt.

AN INTRIGUING COMBINATION

THE RUSSIAN SOVIET is going in for picture-making, and their choice of their first two stories is an engag-

ing one: Tolstoy's *Resurrection* and *Decameron Nights*. Ach du lieber, when we think of what our Pennsylvania Dutch censors would do to those films here!

THOSE TEMPERAMENTAL STARS

HERE'S a new excuse for not working, recently given by a Schulberg actress. Miss Callista Riddell, aged five months, takes a day off for teething ever so often. Louis Gasnier signed up Callista on a six weeks' contract, teething days excepted.

HOW TO GET INTO THE MOVIES

IF YOU are ambitious and want to get into the movies, marry a film star. John Gunnerson, Anna Q. Nilsson's shoe-manufacturing bridegroom, has been married only a month and has already been offered a picture contract. But he evidently considers that one screen star is plenty in one family, for he has decided to stick to his last.

It's the simple life after this for Gladys Walton. The little Universal star is "off" motoring, because the nasty old judge sentenced her to three days in jail, during the recent speeders' war. But Gladys had plenty of company!



WHY PRESS AGENTS GO WRONG

MILTON HOWE, one of the most genial of Goldwyn's genial publicity writers, feels that life is all wrong. The other day he had a perfectly wonderful hunch for a publicity stunt. He would offer, in Goldwyn's name, a prize of \$5000 for a sure cure or a preventive for Klieg eyes. It would make a peach of a story!

It did. Thousands of persons, enamoured of that \$5000, sent in formulae for the cure of Klieg eyes. And now Milton, a sadder and wiser man, spends his days going through piles and piles of letters, sorting out usable formulae.

ERIC DID A TOMMY TUCKER

ONCE Eric Von Stroheim was down on his luck. A friend told him a certain rathskeller wanted a singer. So, like little Tommy Tucker, he went in and sang for his supper. But alas, the patrons didn't like his song, so Eric had to pay for the supper with his last nickel. And he didn't get the job, either.

Mrs. Wallace Reid, her son, Billy, and her adopted daughter, Betty. Mrs. Reid has almost finished her picture, temporarily titled *The Living Dead*, the proceeds from which are to be used to fight the narcotic traffic.



Photo by KATHERINE LANE HUNGERFORD

WHO'D BE IN HIS SHOES

JUDGE J. B. Cox, the justice who won immortal fame or infamy, as you please, by sentencing the lovely Bebe Daniels to jail for speeding, was knocked down by a motorist recently, and had a couple of ribs broken.

What will you wager that the motorist gets sent up for life?

CHANGING FILM FASHIONS

THE "Western" is in again.

The success of *The Covered Wagon* has set owners of old cowboy films ransacking the shelves for the old favorites. All of Bill Hart's old pictures are said to be in process of revamping and even the old Bison films are being pulled out of their dusty cans, where they have rested in honorable retirement for years.

This game of "follow your leader" in filmdom is a funny one. When Jesse Lasky insisted on filming *The Covered Wagon* against the advice of his staff, everybody in the industry called him crazy. Who ever heard of making a big western special when the public wanted only sheiks. Now *The Covered Wagon* is one of the big sensations of the year and James Cruze, who directed it, is one of the most talked of directors.

MARRIAGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES

WHETHER the strenuous time Rodolph Valentino has had in getting himself married to Natacha Rambova had anything to do with it or not, but anyway Rudie is slated for the hospital, suffering from a nervous breakdown. All the nurses at the Johns Hopkins hospital are aflutter over the sheik's arrival. But he can cheer up on one point. Indiana authorities say he is married at last, tight enough to satisfy even Voliva of Zion City.

BERT LYTELL LEAVES US

HOLLYWOOD will see Bert Lytell no more for many moons, as he has gone East to do a number of pictures for Cosmopolitan.

A NEW TRAINING STUNT

STUART HOLMES relieves the tedium of doing plain and fancy villainy for the screen by big game hunting between pictures. He has a new stunt for training his dog, Bojas. Stuart took Bojas over to the Selig zoo. Colonel Selig's trainer took one



Photo by HOSTETLER

Thanks be, Viola Dana has a brand-new contract that provides for a series of special productions for her. The first is going to be *Rouged Lips*, with Tom Moore playing opposite.

of the bears out of the cage and lead him around the park, while another trainer follows and lays sticks along the trail. Then Stuart "sics" his dog on the scent, and if Bojas follows the sticks, he knows the dog smells bear. Simple, eh?

Aah-CHEW!

ONE needs many accomplishments in the fillums. Now Lewis Stone who is playing the part of a French aristocrat in Rex Ingram's *Scaramouche*, has to learn to take snuff gracefully. His advent at the Metro studio these days is always heralded by poignant sneezes.

NOT FORM-FITTING

AN EXTRA man pathetically holding up his pants at a Hollywood studio the other day, begged for a safety pin or a nail.

"These costume pants are so big," he said, "that I have to take two steps to make the pants go one!"

PROPER HOLLYWOOD

IN HOLLYWOOD those conventions must be observed. At the Ambassador hotel the other evening, all observers were enchanted to behold Pola Negri and Charlie Chaplin, properly chaperoned by an eminently respectable dowager.



Photo by MELBOURNE SPURR

**FATHER, DEAR FATHER, COME
HOME WITH ME NOW,**

and show us kids how to make a railroad that will work, pleaded Will Roger's eldest boy. So Will finished up his season with the Follies and came back to Hollywood and his three youngsters. Here's the whole family.



Photo by KATHERINE LANE HUNGERFORD

SWEET, ISN'T SHE?

She's Jobyna Ralston, Harold Lloyd's new leading lady.

In and About

THEY'RE LUCKY, WE'LL SAY

Whenever Famous Players-Lasky want to do honor to any important guests, they have Agnes Ayres meet them at the train. These Paramount officials seem well pleased at the attention. They *should* be.



INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

IT'S A HARD LIFE

these movie stars live. Here's Bebe Daniels, luscious Paramount actress, at Palm Beach, where she made *Glimpses of the Moon*. The natives heartily enjoyed their glimpses of the star.



PARAMOUNT PHOTO

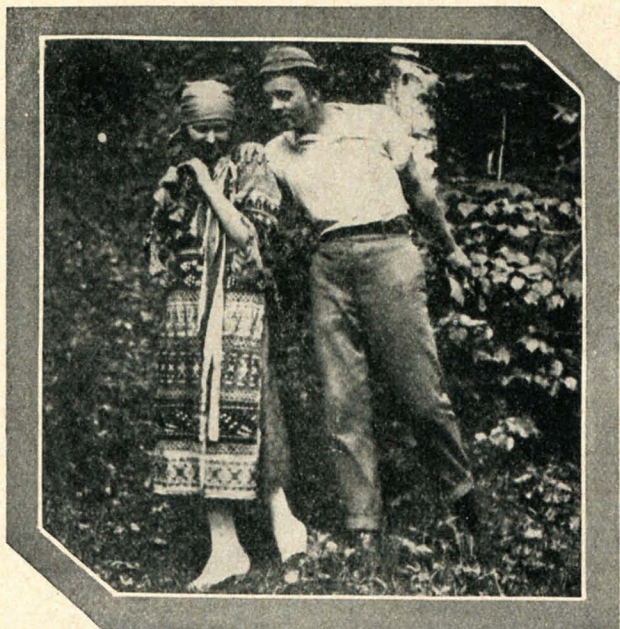


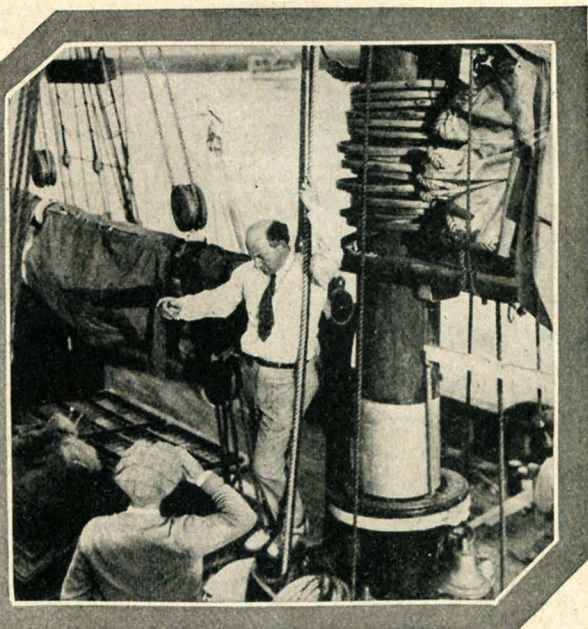
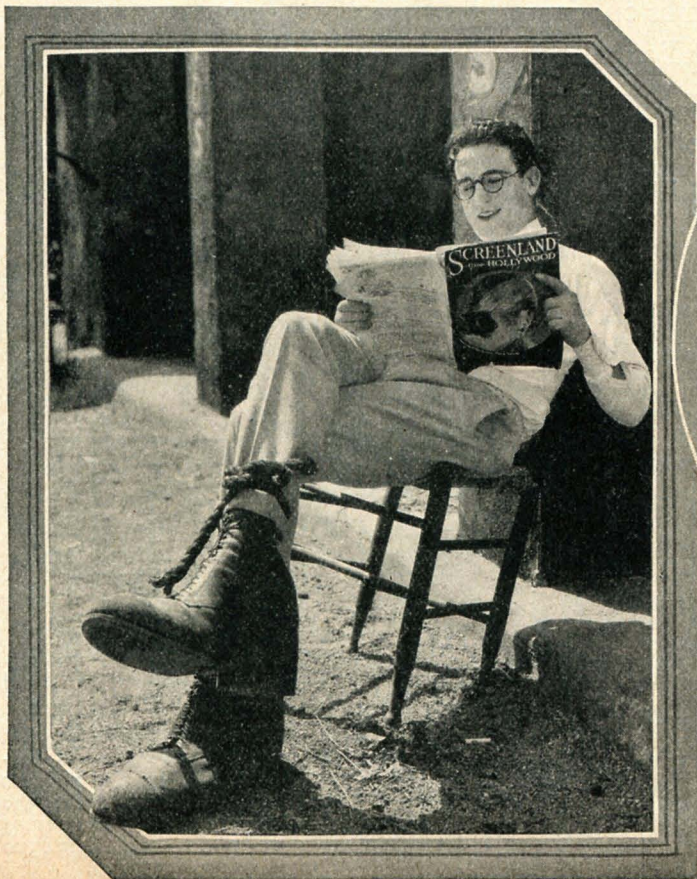
Photo by WIDE WORLD

EVERYBODY'S MAKING MOVIES

Even the Russian Soviet is doing it. Here's a Russian star doing a Valentino. We can't spell the players' names and you probably couldn't pronounce them if we did, so we'll merely tell you that these are the "leads" in the first picture produced by the Soviet.

Screenland

Photo by GENE KORNMAN



UNDERWOOD PHOTO

AVAST THERE, MY HEARTIES!

Cecil DeMille aboard his sea-going yacht, Miss Cecelia, named after his eldest daughter. The gentleman saluting is his first mate.

SWEET MADGE BELLAMY

Madge's press agent would probably tell you that this is Madge Bellamy on the verandah of her palatial home in Beverly. We, than whom none is more veracious, inform you that this is indeed Madge Bellamy, but she is photographed on the verandah of the Colonial mansion that houses the Ince studio.



Photo by KATHERINE LANE HUNGERFORD

WONDER WHAT STORY HE'S READING

Harold Lloyd improving his mind in a wait between scenes. Harold is exceedingly fond of really good literature, which accounts for his absorption. His feet aren't really that big; he just borrowed the shoes from the giant he is using in his latest picture, as yet untitled.



Photo by WOODBURY

Such a head-dress as a queen of the Pharaohs might have worn to dazzle a royal lover is worn by Ruth Roland. Of beaten copper encrusted with gems, it makes a fascinating head-dress for a fancy dress party.



Photo by RICHEY

The Egyptian turban brought up-to-date is here worn by Agnes Ayres, Paramount star. The turban is of tan meline with a gold tubing wound through the drape. Wax ornaments hold in place fronds of gold fringe on either side.

King Tut in *Hollywood*



Photo by SEELY

Old Tut-ankh-amen's influence is seen even in the sport costumes of the summer of 1923. Carmel Myer's smart outfit shows the Egyptian trend in its cut and decorations.

From the grim "Valley of the Tombs of Kings" comes the Egyptian influence, and Hollywood fashion responds to its stimulus.



Photo by RICHEY

Turquoise blue was the Egyptian color of love, so this gorgeous costume of Betty Compson's reflects the color of the sky. Observe the huge pyramid-shaped ear ornaments; they are sure to further the vogue for striking ear-rings.

MOVIE *Maniacs*, Yes-Men, and Ladies

Movie Maniacs

SOME cranks take a special delight in annoying the stars. For instance, there is the case of the half-mad man who wrote "poison pen" letters to Bebe Daniels. Dear little Bebe, who never harmed anybody, has been bombed and black-mailed and picked on generally by these cranks. In SCREENLAND for August you will read about some of the persecutions suffered by the stars.

The 'Yes' Blight

YES MEN are the curse of movie industry.

A "yes man" is a chap who always agrees with his boss, who always lauds him to his face and frequently pans him behind his back, who always assures him that the picture and the cast and especially the producer's policies are "knockouts", even when he knows in his heart that they are sure to be terrible "flops".

The "yes man" is responsible for many a fearful picture. Just how the industry is trembling on this quicksand foundation of false plaudits is exposed in the startling article, *The Yes Blight* in SCREENLAND for August. Watch for it.

Lady, We Thank You

THIS is the kind of letter that brings the smiles to an editor's face:

"I must tell you how I enjoyed the May SCREENLAND," writes Mrs. G. C. Smith of Mineola, Texas. "It was the first issue that I had read since September of last year. And do you know, I hardly knew it for the same magazine. It has improved so much. That one issue contained practically everything one wants to know about Hollywood. *Scalpers of the Films* was a revelation to me. I never dreamed the poor extras had such a hard time. I'll never be without SCREENLAND again."

We like being told we are improving better than Agnes Ayres does. Once she asked us how we liked her in a certain picture, and we told her truthfully that she was improving. And she didn't speak to us for a month.

How About Rebirth?

MANY movie stars believe in reincarnation. One beautiful miss in particular swears that this is her ninth and last incarnation. Another actress, rather plain and totally lacking in sex appeal, asserts that she is paying for sins committed in her previous incarnation, when she was a heartless coquette and beauty of the court of Napoleon. Wonder what penances some of our present movie stars will have to do in their next incarnations, to pay for some of their present slips? You'll find out in SCREENLAND for August.

"Mention Tom's Smile"

ONE of our readers writes in, much aggrieved that Tom Moore's smile was not included in the story, *By Their Smiles Ye Shall Know Them*. So we very gladly devote this space to averring

that Tom's Irish smile is probably the smiliest smile there is, and we don't see how we managed to forget to mention it in the article. How's that?

Art or Taste

THE type of gallery run in this issue—without frames or adornment of any kind—has called forth much favorable comment from SCREENLAND readers. The picture is the thing. Next Month's gallery will introduce a new style of layout. We think you will like it.

The Ladies, God Bless 'Em

SOME day we are going to run an entire gallery of unknown celebrities. No one whose name has appeared in electric lights will be admitted to the sacred circle of the seven starlets of the future. Young ladies with screen aspirations, please answer.

What She Liked Best

ONE keen reader of this family journal analyzed the May issue of SCREENLAND, and wrote us just how the various features struck her.

The portraits, she said, were very fine, the best feature in the issue.

First in excellence as an article, to her mind, was *Scalpers of the Films*; second, *Star for a Day*; and third, *Do Jews Control the Movies?* Next in order as appreciated were, *Is Pola Negri Chaplin's Mental Wife*, *Mashers of Hollywood*, and *Is Pauline Frederick Pursued by a Love Jinx?*

The fashion hints were very good, she thought, and of the departments, she liked High Life in Hollywood the best.

What do you like or dislike in SCREENLAND? We're always glad to hear.

The Chinese Like Gloria

GLORIA Swanson is just as popular in China as she is here, it would seem from a letter from Shanghai recently received.

"One reason I buy SCREENLAND is because you print quite a lot of news about Gloria Swanson, my favorite star. I think she is wonderful and so do a number of people here.

"Then, too, I think it is the best magazine because interviews are not much good and the articles you print are infinitely more real and more interesting."

Mabel, Front and Center

JOHN D. Cahill of Chicago wants Mabel Normand to appear in at least three pictures every year. It's her duty to the public, John says. We say so, too. We liked *Mickey* and *Molly O* and *Suzanna*, but it was too long a time between drinks.

LITTLE HINTS

for PLAYGOERS



Colonel Roosevelt's immortal policy guides us in presenting these startlingly frank Reviews — "a square deal for everyone" — particularly for our readers

ENEMIES OF WOMEN Cosmopolitan

This may not be the world's worst photoplay, but it's a close contestant for the honors. In spite of a brilliant cast and a powerful story, the picture is almost turned into farce by terrible directing. We would like to see what Rex Ingram or Fred Niblo would do with this story. Alma Rubens is beautiful but awkward. Lionel Barrymore is fearfully miscast as the Russian prince, and his low-comedy falls in the midst of his big fight scenes invariably stirred the audience to raucous laughter.



QUEEN OF SIN

Ben Blumenthal

By the time you have seen half of this picture you'll be wishing it was back in Vienna where it came from. Cut from eighteen reels to eight for American delectation, it is a mediocre production, in story and detail and acting. The story is the shopworn tale of a girl who loves a poor artist, but is forced to marry another man because of her mother's indebtedness to him in the matter of a forged check. A De Mille-ish cut-back to the wickedness of Sodom lends the only kick to the picture.

GLIMPSES OF THE MOON

Paramount

Edith Wharton's hot house story reaches the screen in a series of dazzling costumes and magnificent boudoirs, strangely enough under the direction of Allan Dwan who was responsible for the virility of "Robin Hood." With the exception of the character names, the screen version bears but a slight relation to the original story.

Bebe Daniels is Susan Branch, the beautiful, poor—but not proud—girl, who with her penniless author husband lives off the bounty of their immensely wealthy friends until hubby suddenly develops a conscience.

All in all, the picture is most satisfying, due to the entertaining abilities of Bebe, Nita Naldi, Rubye de Remer, Maurice Costello and David Powell.



THE LEOPARDESS

Paramount

A story of the South Seas, in which a girl who is brought up as one of the natives is purchased by an American hunter. The hunter sets out to tame the girl as he tames his captured leopards. Alice Brady does some excellent acting. Montague Love is good, also, but the picture as a whole is dull.



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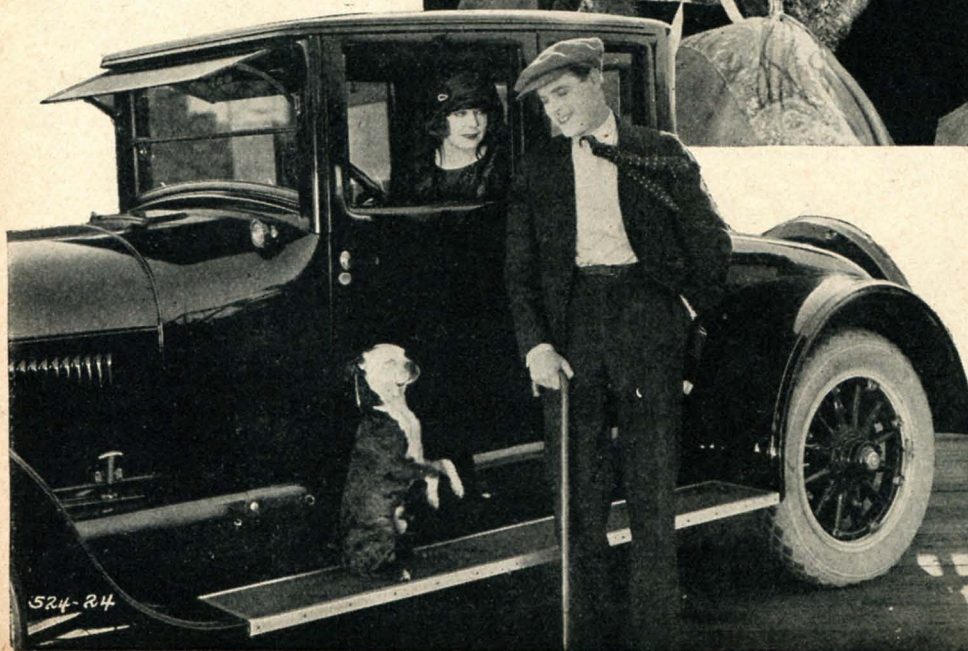


THE RUSTLE OF SILK Paramount

The Rustle of Silk is the rather dull story of a little hairdresser who falls in love with one of Britain's great statesmen, takes the position as a maid in his household to be near him, and pours out her love in letters which are never meant to be read by anyone. Of course they fall into the villain's hands, very nearly wreck the career of the hero, and at last, after five agonized reels of waiting, bring the hero and heroine together. Anna Q. Nilsson, though not mentioned in the billing, has the best part and does the only notable work in the picture. Betty Compson as the girl is sweet and pretty, but her love-sick yearnings make the casual observer fear she is dying on her feet. Conway Tearle is, as always, Conway Tearle, furrowed brow and all.

THE LITTLE GIRL NEXT DOOR

This is a timely and interesting expose of the tricks of the fake spiritualistic trade, with an excellent love story interwoven with the plot. Just how mediums bilk their credulous patrons, with cameras hidden in vanity cases and phosphorus-coated sheets and trick slates for "messages from the dead", is shown very realistically. The story and titles are by Louis Weadock. Pauline Starke has her audience with her from the start. That perennial juvenile, James Morrison, makes a most likeable hero, and Carmel Myers enters upon a career of crime that will doubtless result in her being cast for "heavy" rôles from now on.



THE GO-GETTER Cosmopolitan

For energy, pep and enthusiasm, Bill Peck, the go-getter in the case, and possessor of a breezy personality, is a real Spring tonic.

The story is a highly improbable one, dealing with a snappy, never-say-die salesman who is put thro the adventurous quest of capturing a vase and bringing it back in time to qualify for a job and the girl.

T. Roy Barnes plays the part with a good deal of spirit and makes it all seem plausible. An exciting aeroplane race, taken with night photography, winds up this amusing picture.



When Two Is Company —and Three a Crowd!

HAVE you ever felt "in the way"? Have you ever had the feeling that somehow you didn't "belong"?

Some of us never feel entirely at ease among strangers and new acquaintances. While others converse smoothly and pleasantly, we are unhappy and constrained. While others seem to do and say the right thing without stopping to think about it—we are hesitant and embarrassed.

It is the person who does not know what to do and say on all occasions, who feels self-conscious and out of place. Those who know definitely what they are doing and why they are doing it are always well-poised and at ease. They are never humiliated by making conspicuous blunders. They are never tongue-tied during a conversation, never "alone" at a party or dance.

THERE is an old proverb, true since the world began. It is more true today, in our age of polished civilization, than it ever was before.

"Good manners make good mixers" the sages used to say. Realize how significant this proverb is. Clothe a king in tatters and his kingly manner will still command respect, but clothe a beggar in cloth of gold and his manner will instantly betray his breeding.

People like to mingle with those in whose company they feel happy and are at ease. The rude, ill-bred person not only feels self-conscious and embarrassed himself, but makes everyone with whom he comes in contact feel embarrassed, too. He is never welcome. People are instinctively conscious of his blunders. He makes "three a crowd"—and when he is in a crowd, he feels "alone." In other words, he is not a good mixer.

How Etiquette Gives Social Equality

It is the fear of doing or saying what is wrong that robs us of our poise, our self-possession.

Correct the mortifying, telltale marks of

ill manners, and you have a person who is sure of himself, at ease.

Smooth away the crudities that come from being unaccustomed to good society, and you have a person who is calm, well-poised, invested with a certain fine dignity.

Tell a person definitely what is correct and what is incorrect, protect him from the embarrassment of blunders, make it as easy for him to do and say the right thing as it is to say "Good morning"—and you have a person who is correct, cultivated—confident.

It is not the unequal distribution of wealth or of education that causes the different "classes" or "sets" in society. It is the *social inequality* that makes itself so instantly evident. Who can conceal a blunder in etiquette at the dinner table? Who can conceal a flustered, incoherent acknowledgment to an introduction? Who can conceal the blunders that betray people at once as ill-bred and uncultivated?

No one can do without a knowledge of etiquette. For your own ease, for your own peace of mind you need it.

You need it that you may be a better mixer among people, a better host or hostess, a better guest. You need it that the path of life may be made smoother to travel, that you may add to your treasure-store of friends, that you may gain the polish and cultivation that is of inestimable value throughout life.

What Is the Book of Etiquette?

Most books on etiquette are written from the standpoint of the ultra-fashionable. They concern themselves with the details of elaborate functions, with matters of behavior on occasions of extreme conventionality.

The Book of Etiquette is essentially sane. It does not encourage affected civilities, contains more common sense than rules of conduct. It does not deal with the burdensome superfluities of high life. It is written not for a certain select class of people—but for *everyone*. It is a consultant, a secretary

to those who seek poise and ease in their contact with other people. It is a delightfully written, highly interesting, authoritative work on *every-day etiquette*—covering those subjects in which we are all most interested, discussing the very problems that confront us, telling us exactly what to do, say, write and wear on every occasion.

Some Titles from the Table of Contents

Why it pays to be agreeable
The simplest culture
The origin of manners
Good society in America
The secret of social success
Announcing the engagement
Invitations to weddings
The wedding breakfast
Tin and wooden weddings
Origin of the trousseau
The correct introduction
Speaking without introduction
Creating conversation
The proper length of a call
The woman's business call
The dinner invitation
Acknowledging invitations
The "bread and butter" letter
A word of special caution
The young country miss
Forget about yourself
The endless round of hospitality
For the shy and self-conscious
Funeral customs
The servant in the household
About the American hostess
When there are no servants
Tea at a bachelor apartment
A plea for dancing
For the simple country dance
A trip to the South
Some social errors
At the theatre and opera
Hotel etiquette
The restless urge of travel

Sent Free to You for Examination

May we send you the complete, two-volume set of the famous Book of Etiquette free for examination? We know you want to see it, read one or two of the chapters, examine the table of contents in both books. There may be some particular problem of conduct that is puzzling you—how asparagus should be eaten, how a certain invitation should be worded, how a certain gift should be acknowledged. Let the Book of Etiquette tell you.

No obligation whatever. Just clip and mail the coupon to us today, and the complete two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette will be sent to you at once, free for examination. Within 5 days you may either return it absolutely without cost or obligation to you, or keep it as your own and send us only \$3.50 in full payment.

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Oh Doctor, Doctor!

(Continued from page 41)

from high blood pressure, symptoms of smallpox, cerebral meningitis, or any little thing like that, so that said star can keep his date, his director's good will and his contract. Obliging physicians of this type are not at all rare, and certainly they have their place in Hollywood's scheme of life. How dreary it would be if life were all work and no play!

Of course he must be a convincing liar and he must not appear to doubt his own word even, for the star loves to feel that he has put it over on the doctor, too! Studios require a "sick certificate", by the way, much as a school teacher makes the truants bring in excuses in adult handwriting. And just as ingenious children can always find an obliging grown-up to write maturely for them, so can the star vacation-bent or recovering from a wild party which must not be talked about at the studio rope in a doctor's certificate.

BILL SHAKESPEARE'S Shylock has been relegated to the realm of the old-fashioned by the modern Shylocks of the movies. For many an actress has willingly given up as many as fifteen pounds of flesh in exchange for a fat contract from Shylock producers. But Shylock does not find himself foiled by a majestic Portia, neatly discovering a flaw in the contract. No blood is spilled. But oh, the sweat that drips. For reducing is a medical science in Hollywood, practised with the exactness of a fine art.

One of the most famous doctors in Los Angeles goes in solely for alterations in the forms of motion picture players. He is honored and revered. His name is written on the heart of many a contract-winner, who would otherwise have gone thick-ankled and obscure to her grave.

Before starting out with his bathing girls on the famous Revue a few years ago Mack Sennett sent eighteen of the girls to this "figger fixer" at one time, with a note requesting him to get them in "shape" within a certain specified time. Ankles had to be reduced, knees massaged, necks filled out, a few thighs and hips shrunk, and other imperfections

remedied before the Revue opened. Along with this order to the modern Shylock came instructions to take a certain number of pounds off Priscilla Dean for a forthcoming production.

The health system got busy and all those girls had the time of their lives while being "normalized". No drug or medicines, no dieting, no discomfort entered into the process of forcing the beauty buds into blossom. They simply had a frolicky good time with Swedish masseurs, jumping ropes, special reducing apparatus and games designed to transfer poundage from one area to another, to infuse new vitality into jaded systems and to give poise and grace to rejuvenated figures.

The knock-'em-cold-ers emerged on contract time, in symmetrical outlines that delighted Mack Sennett and the public about equally.

In this physical culture studio one is sure to meet stars who can afford to keep fit, or rather can't afford not to keep fit, even at the price the "figger fixer" puts on his services—one hundred to two thousand dollars a "course". Probably the first named fee is for something simple, like reducing a pair of ankles, and the last mentioned for making a Phoebe into a Venus. But judging from the enormous list of pupils and the heavy force employed, the wealth of the golden state is well tied up with the flesh pots.

The most common treatment given is to the "too stouts". The "figger fixer" says 150 pounds of flesh are left behind each day by his "patients". Among the flesh-shedders are Phyllis Haver, Louise Fazenda, Priscilla Dean, Myrtle Stedman, Barbara Castleton, and many stars of the legitimate stage. Charlotte Greenwood whose comedy depends upon her remaining "long, lean lanky Letty Pepper", Mrs. Oliver Morosco (Selma Paley), Blanche Ring, Constance Balfour, the singer—all contribute to the discarded poundage of this famous sweatshop.

WHEELER OAKMAN, Priscilla Dean's husband, and Dave Butler each lost forty pounds during the course. Director Robert Dillon

capped their record by six pounds.

Colleen Moore and Helen Jerome Eddy went for the opposite reason—to build *up* to normal. It was a question of making Colleen from a shadow into a reality, so thin is she. Now Doris May is spending her spare time getting into "shape". She lost an awful lot of weight nursing her husband, Wallace MacDonald, through typhoid.

Mrs. Bert Lytell and Mrs. Robert McKim, as well as Director Nietz' wife, have invested in this subtle sort of "love insurance". Juanita Hansen had to take the reducing course about four years ago. Tiny Mrs. Charles Ray, no bigger than a bar of soap after a hard day's washing, to use an obsolete simile that our mothers held dear, takes reducing exercises regularly. She realizes that the time to reduce is before one gets even pleasantly plump. She is not going to have poundage steal upon her by ounces. Charles Ray is known to cherish a fondness for petite figures.

WINIFRED WESTOVER HART might have been living happily today with her famous husband if she had continued the health course which first attracted Bill's interest, according to intimate friends' opinion. She was under a nerve strain which drained her vitality and made harmony in the home hard to maintain since her husband was also moody and nervous. Her mental outlook would perhaps have been vastly different if she had been in perfect physical trim. Mrs. Hart was built up shortly before her marriage into a lovely specimen of girlhood by this magic system.

A well known producer almost persuaded Clara Kimball Young that she could remain in the youthful rôles which made her famous if she would place herself in the hands of "the man who makes them young", but she has missed half a dozen appointments which she made to begin the course, and has not started to date, according to her friends.

So—WHETHER a player is fat or thin, sick or well, soused or sober, blue or thirsty, or simply hankering for a vacation—call the doctor!

The Port of Missing Girls

(Continued from page 22)

The mother arrived, very ill, and at once became the ward of the Traveler's Aid and Y. W. C. A. They fed and clothed her, assisting her in every way possible in her search, hampered as it was by her lameness.

One day the mother was eating a bowl of soup in the cafeteria across the street from Universal studios, when a girl sat down beside her. The mother rose with a cry which startled everyone in the place, crowded as it was with movie people, in make-up of every description. The girl betrayed recognition for only an instant, but this one instant gave her away to the Traveler's Aid woman who was with the trembling mother.

"Hallie!" The mother cried over and over. She seized the girl's hands and tried to kiss them, but the girl drew away in haughty distaste. She believed her heavy make-up and her hennaed hair—she had left home a brown-haired, nondescript girl—protected her from absolute recognition.

"I have never seen you before! What do you mean?" She was in evening dress, a cheap, tarnished affair, hanging to her rather plump shoulders by tiny straps of soiled gold ribbon.

The mother wept loudly, calling upon God and man to witness that she had found her daughter at last. But the girl stoutly protested her claims, asserting she was from St. Louis, that she had never lived in Emporia. The Traveler's Aid, who has police authority, insisted upon taking the girl in custody and wired the people she had named as her parents. The wire was returned marked, "No such address in St. Louis".

That clinched matters, but the girl stubbornly held out. The mother became violently ill with grief and died later in the county hospital. The girl was made a ward of the state and has been put to work, and forced to care for the orphaned half-brother she still repudiates. The child recognized her instantly on his arrival in Los Angeles. Sullenly the girl goes about her work in a Los Angeles cafeteria, ready at any minute to make another break for freedom and the movies. It is a coincidence that

the day her mother found her was the first day she had ever worked in pictures. If she had made a niche for herself in the studios, she would have been given a chance by the officials who took her in charge. The evening dress she had worn on the set that day had been stolen from an "extra" who had kindly given her a night's lodging when she was completely out of funds.

Sold Too Cheap

THE SADDEST case of delinquency of girls that has come to the notice of Miss Gray, of the Y. W. C. A. Bureau of Employment, concerns a girl who had been given encouragement by a Chicago motion picture producer. After a small job as extra, she came to Los Angeles, on the advice of the producer. She came out at her own expense, but soon found that big money and big opportunities were not coming her way. Man after man told her she could get ahead if she would accept his attentions, but she refused to take the "easy" route to success. Starved out, she went to work in a restaurant, where she soon found herself hopelessly entangled with a foreigner—an employe of the restaurant. When it became evident that she was to be a mother, the girl's mother was sent for. She shook her head solemnly in talking it over with Miss Gray, and observed: "What a pity, as long as she had to go wrong, she didn't do it in the movies, where she would have gotten something for it." Can you wonder that the girl's moral fibre at last broke down, with a mother like that?

So—parents who have been combining New York for runaways, transferring your energies to the Pacific Coast, to Hollywood, the new "Port of Missing Girls". New York is passé. No flapper especially yearns to tread Broadway. Hollywood Boulevard is heaven to her now.

And please come after them, these little runaways, suffering from "Gypsy Blood". They are cluttering up Juvenile Hall "something dreadful". And the movies haven't room for them.

EIGHT BEAUTIFUL STAR PORTRAITS

For

15c.

Eight beautiful star portraits—handsome duplicates of the gallery in this issue all ready for framing—will be sent to any reader of SCREENLAND upon receipt of fifteen cents in coin or stamps.

Address:

ART DEPARTMENT, Screenland Magazine

119 West 40th Street

New York City

ANNOUNCEMENT OF WINNERS

The winners of the \$10.00 prizes offered in the March and April issues of SCREENLAND for the best answer to "Which advertisement in this issue of SCREENLAND appeals to you most—and why" are

**Mrs. L. E. Davis,
505 North 12th St.
Richmond, Va.**

and

**Mr. Edward Doran,
Edmonton, Canada.**

Both of the winning letters were masterpieces of concise, clear writing. Our only regret is that lack of space prevents our reproducing the letters in full.

Our heartiest congratulations to Mrs. Davis and Mr. Doran for their successful efforts!

WATCH SCREENLAND'S ADVERTISING COLUMNS FOR THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF NEW CONTESTS!

FOOL'S GOLD

(Continued from page 19)



Reduce **FAT** this easy Way!

Without starving, exercising, taking debilitating baths or drugs. Dr. Lawton's **GUARANTEED Fat Reducer** (not electric) reduces fat on any part of the body in 10-minute applications, night and morning.

DR. LAWTON'S Guaranteed FAT Reducer

and Illustrated Course on Weight Control showing how to stay thin after the Fat Reducer has done its work.

Your money back if it fails! If actual reduction is not shown taking place within 11 days, the full trial period, return the outfit and Dr. Lawton will give you back your money promptly.

Only \$3.75—Send No Money—Mail Coupon!

Test the Reducer **NOW** on the Lawton **GUARANTEE**. Don't send any money. Simply fill out and mail the coupon. When your Postman delivers your Reducer, pay him \$3.75, plus a few cents post charges. If you send money in advance, add 20c for postage. That coupon is your start toward slimmness. Mail it **NOW**! If you want more information first, send for "How to Reduce—Mould Your Figure to Shapeliness."

DR. THOMAS LAWTON, Dept. 250,
120 W. 70th St., New York City.

Send me Dr. Lawton's **GUARANTEED Fat Reducer**. On delivery I will pay Postman \$3.75, plus few cents post charges. If, after following directions 11 days, the Reducer fails to show actual reduction taking place, I will return the outfit to you and you will refund its cost promptly.

Name
Street..... City..... State.....

YOUR PHONOGRAPH

will reproduce in

**SOFT mellow tone WITHOUT
SCRATCH AND SURFACE
NOISES**

by using a

DEFLEXOGRAPH

FITS ANY PHONOGRAPH

(or Victrola) using steel needles. Play after hours. Will not disturb. Deflexograph attaches to needle holder. Filters sound oscillations. Prevents scratch and surface noises entering sound box. Nonmetallic noises.

VANTONECO.

Dept. S,
110 W. 15th St.,
New York, N.Y.



GOLD PLATE, \$1.50
(See Cut)
NICKEL PLATE, \$1.00

NONSPI For Armpit Perspiration

An unscented, antiseptic liquid—applied twice a week, will free you from all perspiration annoyances. **KEEPS UNDERARMS DRY AND ODORLESS**—Endorsed by physicians and nurses. **SEND 4C FOR TESTING SAMPLE.**

50c (several months' supply) at all leading toilet and drug counters, or by mail (postpaid)

The Nonspi Co., 2652 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

kiss me, all the time saying "So glad you came in—dearie, there is a part coming up to-day, a great part, and you are just the type. Can you swim? I'll say you can. Some shape I'll bet. You will be made, kiddo. This is a great part; yes, your beautiful long hair is just what we want. Take your hair down". (He was taking it down as he talked). After I had again pinned up my hair, sort of capering about the room, as girls are apt to do, during the embarrassing purposeless moments, he added "You don't mind letting me see your legs do you? I should think they are very pretty". I stood all this, and tried to figure to myself I was a bathing beauty at a beach, so I carelessly kicked a few clumsy steps, tossed on my hat, and very nonchalantly said "How's your pretty wife, and your cute little girl?" This is a great line. Don't act as though you rebelled a bit over being pinched, punched and pushed, just casually say to a man who has a wife, "How is your wife, they tell me she is such a good sport." Watch the effect!

I left this office really believing I'd get the job, for I didn't make a great point of finding out about his wife, and I had been very tolerant considering. Well, I prayed, I did so need food; there was no one left to borrow from. Later when I went into Betty's where I could phone for nothing, my answer about this job was, "Sorry dearie, but they decided you were a bit too old."

The last blow is ever the hardest. I had just nine cents left, my entire day had been bridged over by a Hershey nut bar. (God bless Mr. Hershey and his entire family.) I feel like the cat's eyebrow, but I strolled into Fox Studio. There they told me to hang around a bit as there was to be a dance hall set that night, at \$5.00. I waited.

About twenty girls were waiting. They needed only twelve. We stood expectantly as the director picked them out. He chose twelve, and lost count, then said to me, "you", then realizing what he had done, he apologized and let me go.

To-day is Friday the thirteenth. O well, if Friday comes—is Sunday far behind?

"Doubling for a fallen Star."

March 3, 1921

ABOUT a month ago I came to live at the Studio Club. My room is close to the telephone, so this morning at dawn, it awakened me, madly ringing. Six of the girls on the second tier dove for it, all meeting in a sleepy heap on the floor. I managed to catch the receiver. A voice shouted:

"Miss—be at—studio at seven-thirty, we may be able to use you to-day, if you are a good Italian type."

It has been six weeks since I've done a day's work in pictures, so I borrowed every article of clothing anyone had that looked Italian. In fact I almost tied a red bandana about my head for, I simply had to have this job.

At the studio I patiently waited from seven-thirty till eleven, a little short of the customary five hours wait. The star accompanied by his casting director arrived, they both looked me over, and registered a small degree of pleasure, then the star bent over sideways, and got a different angle on my nose, and said:

"The nose is perfect; take her, pad her out, she's too thin."

My life's blood given for a year to take off twenty pounds, and to be told I was too thin! Is there no God?

The job was mine. I was led to a lovely dressing-room and given much service. In about ten minutes, I gathered the leading lady was ill. I was doubling for her. Finally I succeeded in learning she had only been thrown out of a blazing boat and broken two ribs, besides hurting her back, and she was now in the Hospital. But, the picture must go on. Hence I was ready to begin my perilous job, gotten not by the skin of my teeth, but by the shape of my nose.

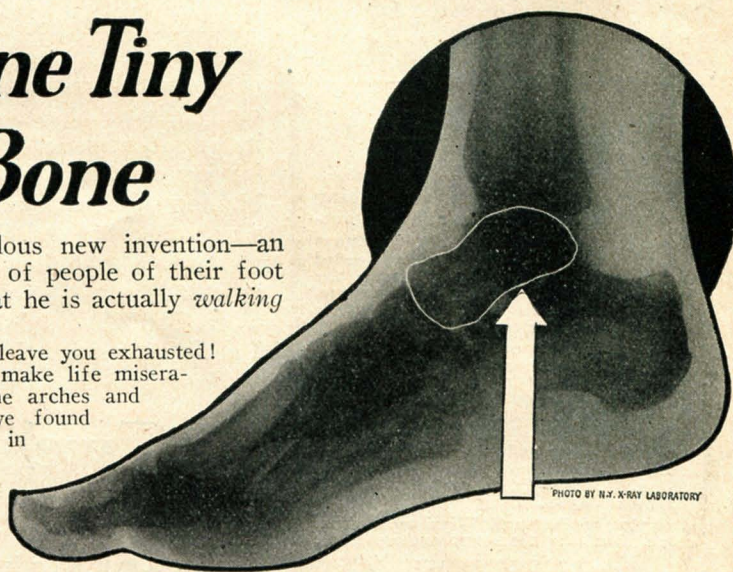
The scenes were on a burning ship. Great flames leaped every time the camera started to grind, such realistic flames made by huge torches and smoke pots. I was madly rushed up the ladder of a ship, thrown over the side of the blazing boat, into a small life raft, about fifteen feet lower.

(Continued on page 88)

Millions Suffer Foot Tortures -because of One Tiny Misplaced Bone

FOOT specialists have just perfected a marvelous new invention—an invention which is instantly relieving thousands of people of their foot pains—and which gives one the glorious feeling that he is actually *walking on layers of air!*

No longer need you suffer those terrible foot pains that leave you exhausted! No longer need you tolerate the aches and burning that make life miserable! Nor need you suffer those agonizing twinges in the arches and instep that make walking a torture. For scientists have found the real cause of most troubles—a tiny misplaced bone in the foot. Even the slightest displacement of this bone means terrible pain. But with this new invention you can gently work this bone *back* into place, with the result that every pain disappears—*instantly*—as if by a touch of a magic wand!



How Startling New Discovery Corrects the Trouble—and Relieves Foot Pains Instantly!

MILLIONS of people have the mistaken idea that their sore, burning, aching feet are due only to the pinching of their shoes. Other pains in the legs and thighs are wrongly attributed to rheumatism.

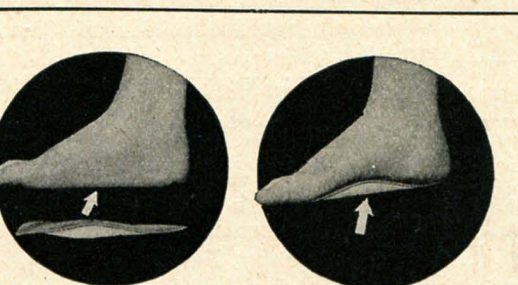
But Science now proves that 99 of every 100 foot pains are caused by a displacement of the **astragalus** bone—a small bone at the top of the foot arches. This bone supports your whole weight. It is held in place by a series of tendons and ligaments. But very often these tendons become weakened. This tiny bone, under the weight of the body, is then forced out of place. The result is fallen arches.

The arches are really the "wagon springs" of your body. They "give" every time your weight falls on the foot, thus absorbing the shocks of walking. But when the astragalus bone gets displaced, the arches instantly lose their springlike resiliency. As a result, when you walk, the whole weight of your body falls solidly on the delicate bones and muscles of your feet, causing all sorts of foot misery. Just as an automobile without springs would soon break down, so it is with your feet. The muscles become twisted out of place, sensitive bones are placed under terribly unnatural strains and delicate nerves are tortured.

How New Invention Works

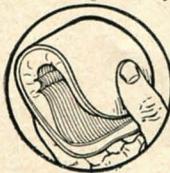
The old way of treating fallen arches made no attempt to bring permanent cure. The arches were merely forced into position by using hard, unyielding braces or props. These were merely "crutches," for when removed, the arch flattened out again. Then, being rigid, they did not absorb the shocks of walking. It was just as if you placed a huge rock between the springs of a wagon. Their worst fault, however, was that instead of strengthening the foot muscles that support the arches, these rigid props actually weakened them because they did not exercise the muscles.

But how different is this marvelous new invention! It is made of Russian Sponge Rubber, and is in the form of a wonderfully light and springy pad, scientifically formed to the natural arch. It can be slipped into any styled shoe, yet were it not for the wonderful comfort and buoyancy that it brings, you would never be aware of its presence.



Note the Instantaneous Results!

The marvelous new Russian Sponge Rubber Arch Supports, which slip into your shoes, are entirely different from anything known or used before. There are no rigid appliances; no special shoes; no braces; no straps; no salves; no powders; no trouble or inconvenience of any kind. Yet the flattened arch is lifted gently back into place, pain is instantly banished—aching bones and muscles are instantly soothed—all swellings and soreness disappear immediately. And every step you take *strengthens and builds up* the torn and twisted ligaments until the foot becomes normal once more! Further use of the supports is then unnecessary.



housewives, clerks, salesmen and others find that with these supports they can stand or walk all day long without the least bit of fatigue.

Send No Money

Many people have paid specialists as high as \$200 for the benefits that you can now secure from the Russian Sponge Arch Supports for an astonishingly small fraction of this amount.

Furthermore, you do not risk one penny in trying them, for if after five days you are not more than delighted with the improvement in your feet, your money will be instantly—and gladly—refunded.

Don't send a cent. Simply fill in the coupon, being sure to give the exact size of your foot as instructed below. Don't hesitate to order by mail, for every day we fit hundreds in this way. When the postman brings you your supports, just pay him the amazingly low price of \$1.95 (plus few cents postage) in full payment.

Slip the supports into your shoes. Walk on them. See if you are not amazed at the wonderful relief and comfort they bring. This special low price is being made for introductory purposes only, and may never be offered again. So mail the coupon today—now—and say Good-bye to foot pains forever.

THOMPSON-BARLOW CO., Dept. 367,
43 West 16th St., New York City.

LOW PRICE INTRODUCTORY OFFER COUPON



THOMPSON-BARLOW CO., Inc.
Dept. 367, 43 West 16th Street,
New York

Send me, at your risk, the proper pair of your new Russian Sponge Rubber Arch Supports. I will pay the postman \$1.95 (plus few cents postage) with the full understanding that there are no further payments. If I am not satisfied after wearing them, I will return them in five days and you are to refund my money without question.

Name
Address
City and State.....
Size of Shoe.....Width.....
Men's ☐
Women's ☐

Brings Permanent Relief

At the same time, as this light and springy rubber yields to your weight, it reproduces exactly the **natural spring of your arch!** Its constant compression and expansion with every step massages, exercises and strengthens the muscles in a natural way—thus quickly bringing back their old-time vigor and strength.

The beauty of it all is that results are evident **instantly!** The moment you put on these wonderful supports all pain vanishes and walking becomes an actual pleasure.

Even if you are not troubled with your feet, you will find the Russian Sponge Rubber Arch Supports of tremendous value. Thousands of



When Swimming use WINX

YOU won't mind the splashing waves. For no amount of wetness can spoil the heavy darkness of your lashes when you have beaded them with WINX. Applied with the glass rod attached to the stopper, WINX makes the lashes appear longer and heavier. Dries instantly and lasts.

Winx (black or brown) 75c. To nourish the lashes and promote growth, use colorless cream Lashlux at night. Cream Lashlux (black, brown or colorless) 50c. At drug, department stores or by mail.

The new daintily boxed waterproof Swimset contains Pert Rouge and Winx. At drug, department stores or by mail, \$1.50. Samples of Pert and Winx are a dime each. Send for them and enclose coins.

ROSS COMPANY

83 Grand Street

New York

WINX
Waterproof

FREE PHOTO



of your Favorite Star

WOULD you like a beautiful 8x10 photograph of your Screen-Favorite? SCREENLAND wishes to make you a present of a genuine photograph of your favorite Star, FREE. Just mail the attached coupon with one dollar for six months' subscription to SCREENLAND, and receive absolutely FREE a handsome photograph of your choice of famous stars. Mail the coupon TODAY!

Circulation Manager SCREENLAND,
119 W. 40th St., Dept. 6, New York City.

Please send me FREE photo of

and a six months' subscription to SCREENLAND, for which I enclose \$1.00.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Fool's Gold

(Continued from page 86)

Then last but not least, before I safely landed in the boat, a real live baby, but a few months old, was literally thrown at me. I had to catch it, kiss it, register great emotion at leaving my husband to die on the burning ship. After all this, I was to sink back exhausted. This last, I had no trouble in doing. Twenty times at least this was repeated, in various ways. The baby lived through it, how, I shall never know. The baby's moth-

er, a young Italian girl, fainted with fright, another girl had her hair badly burned; the "star" shouted;

"This will be a great picture, I insist on realism."

I have been sick over a week because of this great job, still I insist on pursuing the "elusive art of the silent drama." And I forgot to say, I received just ten dollars for "doubling for a star."

CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

Twelve Baldheaded Men

(Continued from page 27)

the film colony who has played maid parts for three years now and has begun to despair of ever getting a chance to show what she can do in any other part.

Casting Nubian Slaves

DO YOU REMEMBER the statuesque Nubian slaves in Nazimova's *Salome*? Did you happen to wonder where those dignified Africans were found? One of them was the boot-black on the corner. Another was a porter on a Santa Fe train who had a couple of days off between trips. Another washed automobiles in a Hollywood garage. The keen eye of the agency manager found them out.

An Exotic Rôle

SOME AMUSING experiences come to the casting director. The other day an extra man came to the office and registered. "Where did you work last?" he was asked.

"With Rex Ingram in *Scaramouche*," he said. "I played the part of a French *pheasant*." He had been one of the inhabitants of a little French peasant village in the Ingram picture.

His Hardest Assignment

THE MOST difficult assignment that one Hollywood agency head was ever given was this: he was told to send to the studio a man whose ears were unusually far away from his nose!

His helpful little black book gave him no assistance in this situation,

so he sallied forth to search the highways and by-ways for a man whose ears were placed far away from his nose. He had three hours to find him.

After two hours and a half of frantic searching, he discovered an austere-looking man whose ears did seem rather far back on his head. But by this time he had looked at so many ears that they *all* looked unnatural. Furthermore, the man looked as if he might prove belligerent on being asked such a personal question. However, he screwed his nerve to the sticking point and put the question as delicately as he could.

"Why, yes, my ears *are* unusually far away from my nose," the chap replied amiably. "In fact, I had to have the bows on my glasses made longer in order to reach my ears." And he was quite pleased to be directed to report at the studio for work.

They All Like To Work In Pictures

NO MATTER WHAT physical peculiarity distinguishes them, everybody seems flattered to be asked to work in pictures. One might think that a woman chosen because she had a very long neck might have been a bit sensitive about recording the fact in comedies. But she was more than delighted to get the chance.

Another man was picked because his nose was unusually long, long enough to provide parking space for three pairs of spectacles, as a script required. (Continued on page 90)

Would You Give 4½¢ a Pound To Lose 22 Pounds In 14 Days?

In the most pleasant way imaginable. No starving, exercise, massage, rolling, drugs, or any discomfort whatever. Results in 48 hours.

"**Y**OUR method beats them all. I reduced from 175 pounds to 153 pounds (in two weeks) and I decided to stop at this weight. Before I started I was flabby and sick; had stomach trouble all the time. Was always sleepy. Had no vigor. If you had known me then and could see me now you would realize what a wonderful discovery you have made. I feel wonderful now. I keep on recommending this method to others who are as fat as I once was. I hope my statement will do some good to humanity."

(Signed) BEN NADDLE,
102 Fulton Street,
New York City.

Hundreds of others have had experiences just as pleasant as that of Mr. Naddle.

Mrs. Eugene Woodhull, of 448 Lafayette Street, Utica, N. Y., says, "I lost 37 pounds, reduced my waist from 37 inches to 28 inches and feel better than I have for five years."

Mrs. Laura Tucker of 244 West 46th Street, New York City, wrote that she "lost 16 pounds in two weeks. Could have reduced even more rapidly but didn't wish to reduce too fast!"

Those who have taken off excess flesh through this new method have pronounced it the most pleasant way imaginable. They did not starve themselves. They took no drugs of any kind. They practiced no bitter self-denials, underwent no hardships, strenuous exercises, massages, hot baths or other discomforts. And they found that far from being harmful it actually brought a wonderful new health; with freedom from indigestion, constipation and many ailments of heart, liver and kidneys to which stout people are often subject. Mrs. Wm. E. Boyer, of 9919 Ostend Ave., Cleveland, Ohio, was so delighted with this method that she wrote, "I will follow your method the balance of my life even when there is no need to reduce."

Looks Years Younger Also

Those who reduce by this pleasant new method look much younger also. Stout people always look older than they really are and just to get rid of fat from face and figure would make them look somewhat younger. But the new method is so natural and so healthful that it brings a new sparkle to the eye, a new spring to the step, a new clearness to the complexion and new vigor and renewed powers of endurance which add still further to the appearance of youthfulness. Many have been astounded at banishing wrinkles which they had supposed to be ineffaceable.

A delighted Pennsylvania woman writes: "Since I lost those 54 pounds I feel 20 years younger and my family say I look it."

Mrs. Vida Speltz of 3943 Ruckle Street, Indianapolis, who reduced her bust from 40 inches to 36 inches, and reduced proportionately throughout, writes: "Complexion and eyes are also much clearer. My husband says I look as if I were only 16."

Mrs. Eric Capon of Manhasset, Long Island, writes: "I lost 44 pounds. My friends wonder at my healthful and youthful appearance. It is grand to have a girlish figure again."

Miss Laura Morse of 271 West 119th Street, New York, lost 80 pounds and writes: "My friends hardly recognize me. I feel better than I have in years and I look 10 years younger."

Complete
Cost for
All Only **97¢**
Plus Few
Cents
Postage

300,000 formerly stout men and women have gladly paid \$1.97, and more, for this remarkable method. Many write that their improved appearance and health was worth hundreds of dollars to them. Yet for a limited time you are being given the opportunity to purchase this wonderful method for only 97¢.

Use the Coupon and Save a Dollar

Why You Lose a Pound a Day

Scientists have always realized that there was some natural law on which the whole system of weight control was based. But to discover this vital "law of food" had always baffled them. It remained for Eugene Christian, the

world-famous food specialist to discover the one safe, certain and easily followed method of attaining normal, healthful weight. He discovered that certain foods when eaten together take off weight instead of adding to it. Certain combinations cause fat, others consume fat. For instance, if you eat certain foods at the same meal they are converted into excess fat. But eat these same foods at different times and they will be converted into blood and muscle. Then the excess fat you already have is used up. There is nothing complicated and nothing hard to understand. It is simply a matter of learning how to combine your foods properly, and this is easily done.

This method even permits you to eat many delicious foods which you may be denying yourself. For you can arrange your meals so that these delicacies will no longer be fattening.

10 DAYS' TRIAL—SEND NO MONEY

Eugene Christian has incorporated his remarkable secret of weight reduction in an interesting little course called "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." To make it possible for every one to profit by his discovery, he offers to send the complete course on trial to any one sending in the coupon.

Why the Coupon Is Worth \$1.00 to You Now

Those who use this rapid method of reducing to normal weight are usually so enthusiastic that they simply cannot refrain from mentioning this method to their friends. This will be the best kind of advertisement for us. Therefore, we are willing to lose money in order to secure a great number of users in the shortest possible time.

So here is our offer. Just mail the coupon without sending a penny. The coupon will be accepted as worth \$1.00 on the purchase of this course, for which others have had to pay \$1.97. Then when the course arrives all you have to do is to pay the postman only 97 cents plus the few cents postage, and the course is yours. There will be no further payments at any time. But if you are not thoroughly pleased after a 10-day test of this method you may return the course and your money will be refunded instantly. (If more convenient you may remit 97 cents with the coupon, but this is not necessary.)

Loses 28 Pounds in 30 Days

"For three years I have weighed 168 pounds. Then I heard of and sent for your method. That was my lucky day. I found your instructions easy and your menus delightful. I lost 28 pounds in 30 days—8 pounds the very first week. My general health has greatly benefited, and I have not had one of my former sick headaches since losing my extra flesh."

(Signed) E. A. KETTEL,

225 W. 39th St., New York City.



E. A. KETTEL.
Prominent New York
Newspaper Man



MRS. GEORGE GUTTERMAN

(Signed) MRS. GEORGE GUTTERMAN.
420 East 66th St., New York City

Loses 13 Pounds in
8 Days

"Hurrah! I have lost 13 pounds since last Monday. I feel better than I have for months."



MISS KATHLEEN MULLANE
Stage Beauty and Famous Artist's
Model

Loses 20 Pounds in 3 Weeks

"In just three weeks I have lost 20 pounds—just what I wanted to—through your wonderful new way to reduce. I think it is perfectly remarkable."

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Twelve Baldheaded Men

(Continued from page 88)

Male Help Wanted

WHEN THE BLACK registry book proves fruitless on an assignment, and when a personal search is in vain, the agency tries advertising in the papers. This was resorted to when Rex Ingram called for a score of French dragoons for *Scaramouche*.

In Hollywood, French dragoons are as scarce as soda-fountains in the Sahara. But the problem was solved by advertising for twenty cavalry officers.

When a "dope fiend" is wanted, the casting director haunts the pool-rooms. He usually finds just the type he wants. The man may not actually be a "hop-head," but if he looks the part, that's all that is necessary.

It's the same when a bar-tender is wanted. The agency has a list of men who look like bartenders. One of them is a plumber; one is a type-writer salesman; and most amazing of all one is an evangelist. But he looks for all the world like a bartender of the pre-Volstead era, and his evangelical conscience protests not at all at portraying a white-aproned drink-dispenser on the silver screen. Such is the lure of the films.

Chinese Are No Scabs

OCCASIONALLY WHITE actors will work for "cut-rates," but a Chinaman, never! He will pass up a job for a whole month—and jobs to last a month are rare prizes for the extra—without even a quiver, if the casting director tries to put over a \$3.50 a day price on him. He will work for \$7.50 a day or he won't work at all. And not all the arguments on tap will alter his convictions.

The Chinese flapper is the cutest little trick imaginable, with her short skirts, her pert little face and her wise little almond eyes. Her 1923-model brand of slang contrasts strangely with her Oriental features, and she knows her way around!

Following the Beaten Track

THE BEST FRIENDS the extra man and the character actor have are Marshall Neilan and Rex Ingram.

These two directors, according to Kahn, lead where others follow. They develop new talent by "discovering" new types, while the others demand established actors.

To many directors, there are only two "heavies," the Beery brothers, and only one character man, Lon Chaney. Because of this disinclination to give new talent a chance, excellent material is going to waste for want of a chance to show what it can do.

Rex Ingram took three unknown players and made them famous. Rudolph Valentino, Alice Terry and Ramon Navarro owe their start to Ingram pictures.

Marshall Neilan uses unknown talent constantly, and under his tutelage they cease to be unknown. Witness the careers of Raymond Griffith, Rockliffe Fellowes, Helen Lynch and Eleanor Boardman.

The employment agency acts as a scout for new and promising talent. When the casting director finds a player who is a real "trouper," he is as happy as if somebody had just handed him a block of oil stock. And when a studio director turns this new "find" down in favor of an "arrived" actor, just because the latter is well-known, his disappointment is as keen as the player's own.

Comedies Are Hard to Cast

COMEDIES ARE much harder to cast than straight drama, according to the agency people. One reason is that comedies require more eccentric types, and another is that less time is given to find them. Two or three hours is about all an agency gets to fill a comedy rôle; the "gag" man thinks out the stunts over-night or around the luncheon table. For straight drama, several days' notice is given.

Where Foreign Types are Found

WHEN AN ORDER comes in for some foreign types, the best place to find them is in the Los Angeles Ghetto. Here are found men and women from the ends of the earth. It is a casting director's Paradise.

Margaret Sanger dares to tell the truth about Birth Control

FOR centuries the world has played a game of "hush" about the one most important fact of marriage. Even to-day tens of thousands of women are doomed to a life of hopeless, helpless drudgery—and their children are doomed to privation and neglect because the mother simply cannot give so many of them the proper care or support.

Words alone cannot tell the terrible sacrifice in wasted bodies and blasted lives that has been exacted from women every year. Words alone cannot express the untold suffering tens of thousands of women—and children—must endure every year. This is why Margaret Sanger, herself a mother, and President of the American Birth Control League, dares to tell the truth about this important subject.

Will You Ever Write a Letter Like This?

Only these agony-laden letters can tell the story of woman's sacrifice in all its anguish. These are but a few of thousands sent every day to Margaret Sanger by unhappy mothers who have turned to her for help in their greatest need, revealing to her the nameless fears and terrors that clutch at their hearts. Read these letters, and know for yourself what women still suffer.

"It is terrible to think of bringing these little bodies and souls into the world without means or strength to care for them. I know that this must be the last one, for it would be better for me to go than to bring more neglected babies into the world."

"My baby is only 10 months old, and the oldest of my four children is 7. I am so discouraged I want to die. Ignorance on this all-important subject has put me where I am."

Is the Husband or Wife to Blame?

Whose is the blame for the tragedy of too many children—husband or wife?

Margaret Sanger, the great Birth Control advocate, comes with a message vital to every married man and woman.



"Why is it," Mrs. Sanger asks, "that the women of Australia, New Zealand,

Holland, France, and many other nations are permitted to know the truths that can save them from this terrible suffering while the women of America must still endure the agonies to which they are needlessly condemned?" Margaret Sanger considers it a slur upon the intelligence of American womankind to deny to them the knowledge which has brought freedom, health, happiness, and life itself to the women of other nations. That is why she has braved the storms of denunciation, why she has fought through every court in the land for her right to arouse woman-kind.



Woman and the New Race

Margaret Sanger's startling new book points the way to women's freedom

In her revolutionary book, Margaret Sanger, internationally famous for her ceaseless activities in behalf of women and hailed as the liberator of her sex, shows the way out for tired, struggling womankind. With utter frankness she tears down the veil of silence that has always surrounded the subject of birth control. It is a startling revelation of a new truth that will open the eyes of women everywhere.

In her wonderful book Mrs. Sanger shows how women can and will rise above the forces that have ruined their beauty—that drag them down—that wreck their mental and physical strength—that make them an easy prey to death—that disqualify them for society, for self-improvement—that finally shut them out from the thing they cherish most, their husbands' love.

In blazing this revolutionary trail to the new freedom of women,

this daring and heroic author points out that women who cannot afford to have more than one or two children, should not do so. It is a crime to herself, a crime to her children, a crime to society.

A Priceless Possession

Now Margaret Sanger's message to all women, contained in "Woman and the New Race," is made available to the public. A special edition of this vital book has been published in response to the overwhelming demand. Order your copy of this wonderful book at once, at the special edition price of only \$2. Then if after reading it you do not treasure it as a priceless possession return it to us and your money will be refunded.

It is not even necessary to send a penny now. Just the coupon

will bring your copy of "Woman and the New Race." It is bound in handsome, durable gray cloth, printed in clear readable type on good quality book paper and contains 234 pages, sent to you in a plain wrapper.

When the book is delivered at your home, pay the postman the special low price of \$2 plus the few cents postage. But mail the coupon at once. Tear it off before you turn this page.

Truth Publishing Company

Dept. T-637, 1658 Broadway
New York City

Partial List of Contents

*Woman's Error and Her Debt

Cries of Despair

*When Should a Woman Avoid Having Children

Two Classes of Women
Birth Control—a Parent's Problem or Woman's

*Continence—Is it Practicable or Desirable

Women and the New Morality

*Are Preventive Means Certain

Legislating Women's Morals

*Contraceptives or Abortion

Progress We Have Made

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LYON & HEALY, 72-91 Jackson Blvd., Chicago

Hollywood's Old Maids

(Continued from page 56)

Donald, in a recent interview.

But alas! She spoke too late. Miss MacDonald had already been ruined for spinsterdom forever, through her marriage, now dissolved, with Malcolm Strauss, the noted artist and sculptor.

Just why an actress should want to advertise herself as not desirable enough to sweep some man off his feet into the matrimonial sea, is hard to tell. Perhaps husbands aren't decorative enough. Some day when I'm in a high-brow mood, I'm going to look into this.

But halt! I suppose it all comes back to the wicked men, after all.

"Men lose interest in us when they think we are married!" declared a sweet young bride of filmdom to me the other day.

Page Mr. Freud!

Do women fans like their male stars better for being home-broken husbands and fathers? Is their liking more impersonal, more idealistic? Or is it that they continue to adore their stars, despite the fact that some other woman possesses him? Page Mr. Freud!

Meantime, some of the picture queens really ought to tie a little pink or blue ribbon on a gilded stick every time she weds. She gets so careless in counting up her marriages!

Take Irene Rich, for instance. Irene was an old maid for years until she suddenly appeared with two children. Then suddenly she wasn't. It all came out. She had been married for several years, but had been separated from her husband.

Barbara LaMarr is awfully poor on matrimonial statistics. She seems to forget, all the time, about her assorted husbands.

Children Gum the Works

JANE NOVAK never had a chance to be one of these professional old maids. She was married when she was very young, was a mother when she was nineteen. Seena Owen never had much chance to old maid around, either. She married George Walsh and had a baby when she was just out of her teens.

But unless a child bobs up, a lady can spinster around, high, wide and

handsome. Unless, of course, a divorce suit comes up to cramp her style.

Carmel Myers, for instance, remained one of our most charming spinsters, for many months after her marriage.

Agnes Ayres was an old maid, too, until news of her divorce suit leaked out.

Helene Chadwick kept her husband dark until she separated from him, the other day.

Priscilla Dean remained an old maid only a few days after her marriage with Wheeler Oakman. Then a newsboy up in Reno, where she was wed, spied her and the secret was out. But I'll bet she would be an old maid for publicity purposes until this minute, if she had her way, even if she does adore her husband.

Ella Hall remains an old maid to a lot of people to this day, even though she has two children.

Anita Stewart just gloried in being an old maid, until Rudy Cameron came back from war and spoiled everything.

Anna Q. Nilsson was an expert as an old maid. She wanted to keep right on being one, too, even after having two husbands, but fate and the newspapers took a hand in the case.

But Pola Negri didn't even know it was the thing to be a spinster over here, and made no bones at all about the count, her husband once removed.

Arline Pretty is one of the sweetest spinsters in the business. And it isn't because she doesn't like her nice husband, either, for she does. It's simply a matter of business, she says.

Men Proclaim the Fire-side stuff.

PICTURE star husbands, now, are entirely different about publicizing their wives. They three-sheet the fire-side stuff much more readily than the ladies do.

There was a time, of course, when all male stars were officially bachelors. But today, admitting you're a bachelor when you're not is archaic, "early Universal". Indeed, even bona fide bachelors hang back about admitting their bachelorhood.

Even men who have had a string of wives will own up—Lew Cody, Conway Tearle, Wally Beery and the

(Continued on page 94)

Why good dancers are popular

Dancing grows more popular every day and really good dancers are more welcome than fine card players or excellent musicians.

WHEN the hostess makes up her list of guests she is careful to first invite those whom she knows are good dancers. She knows that no matter how the ages of the guests may vary, the majority will want to dance, and unless she has an even number of fine dancers the greatest pleasure of the evening will be spoiled for some.

Invitations to dancing parties enable the good dancer to meet the right kind of people—to meet influential men and women in a social way and so have opportunities of forming friendships that will be very valuable as a business asset. In fact, many men, who today are making salaries of from \$10,000 to \$25,000 a year, got their opportunity more through their personality and social acquaintanceship than their business ability.

Then, too, dancing enables one to overcome timidity, and embarrassment. The experience of meeting all classes of people in the ballroom on a social plane develops poise and personality. It also creates a self-assurance, which is valuable in many ways. Scientists agree that dancing is a healthful exercise which not only stimulates the brain, but makes one more efficient mentally and physically.

A New, Easy Way to Learn in One Evening

Arthur Murray, known as America's foremost authority on social dancing, and who was selected as personal instructor to Mrs. George Vanderbilt, Miss Cornelia Vanderbilt and many other prominent people, has made good dancers out of more than 100,000 people through his learn-at-home methods. His instructions and diagrams are so easy to master that you can't have the slightest difficulty in learning the Fox Trot, One Step, Waltz, Tango or any of the newest dances. Once you have the Murray Foundation to your dancing you won't have the slightest difficulty in keeping perfect time, to lead and follow accurately with the best dancer in your set. In fact, after you learn the Murray way you won't have any trouble mastering the steps of any new dance after you have seen the first

few steps.

More than ten thousand people a month are now learning to become expert dancers through this new, simple, and quickly mastered method of Arthur Murray and it is certain that what they have done you can do. *Mr. Murray has successfully taught over 100,000 by his new way!*

Prove That You CAN Learn at Arthur Murray's Own Risk

While private instruction in Arthur Murray's studio would cost \$10 an hour, you pay less than 10c a lesson. He is so sure that you won't have the slightest difficulty in quickly becoming a popular dancer through his learn-at-home methods that he is perfectly willing to send you his special sixteen-lesson introductory course of *five days' free trial*. Through these sixteen lessons you will learn the correct dancing position—How to Gain Confidence—How to Follow Successfully—the Art of Making Your Feet Look Attractive—The Correct Walk in the Fox Trot—The Basic Principles in Waltzing—The Secret of Leading—The Chasse in the Fox Trot—The Forward Waltz Step—How to Leave One Partner to Dance with Another—How to Learn and Also Teach Your Child to Dance—What the Advanced Dancer Should Know—How to Develop Your Sense of Rhythm—Etiquette of the Ballroom—the most popular Tango, Fox Trot steps, etc.

Just think! Without leaving your own home—right in the privacy of your own room, without either music or partner, in fact, without the help of anyone, you can quickly master the steps of any dance in one evening. The lessons have been so simplified that even a child can learn directly from them. An entire family can quickly become wonderful dancers from the one set of diagrams and instructions.

Send No Money—Remember, Your Satisfaction Is Guaranteed

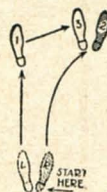
You need not risk one cent in order to prove to your own satisfaction that you can quickly become a popular dancer through Arthur Murray's methods.

Simply fill in and mail the coupon—or a letter or postcard will do—and the 16-lesson course will be promptly mailed to you. Then when your own postman hands you the lessons in plain cover, deposit with him only \$1.00 plus a few cents postage, as full payment. Keep the course for five full days. Practice all the steps, learn everything these sixteen lessons can teach you, and prove to your complete satisfaction that you have found the quickest, easiest and most de-



See How Easily You Can Learn to Dance—This New Way First Part of the Forward Waltz Step

1. Begin with left foot and step directly forward, weight on left foot.
 2. Step diagonally forward to right, placing weight on right foot (see illustration).
 3. Draw left foot up to right foot, weight on left.
- That's all. Simply follow the numbers in the footprints. Master this part before going further.



lightful way to learn to dance. Then, within five days, if you so desire, you may return the full course and your dollar will be

promptly refunded with no questions asked. You are the sole judge as to whether you do or do not want the course. But if you decide to keep the course, as you surely will, it becomes your personal property without further payments of any kind. In other words, the full 16-lesson course is only \$1. This offer is made for a very limited time only and may soon be withdrawn, so you must act very promptly if you expect to accept it.

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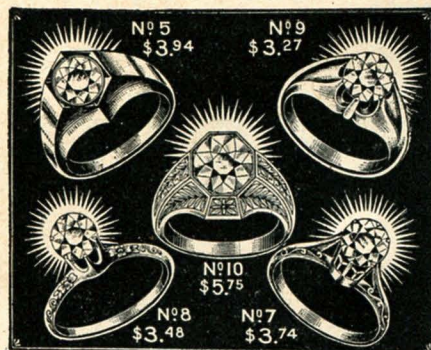
Teaching Dancing Is an Ideal Profession

There is a fine opportunity for professional teachers of social dancing. Many earn from \$5,000 to \$15,000 a year.

The National Institute of Social Dancing has been formed to prepare teachers to fill the enormous demand for high grade instructors in the art and grace of ball-room dancing. Members are first instructed in a complete course of dancing, also how to teach children and adults. Upon completion of the course a diploma is granted.

The National Institute teaches its members how they may become successful teachers of social dancing. The Institute furnishes a monthly service of new steps and money making ideas—ideas which have enabled our members to earn \$50 to \$200 a week.

Without obligation to yourself, write to the National Institute of Social Dancing, Arthur Murray, Director, for BOOKLET NO. 80. This booklet tells the full details.



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Just send size of ring shown by slip of paper fitting end to end around your finger joint. Your ring will come by return mail. When ring arrives deposit amount shown above with the postman and if you decide not to keep it within ten days send it back and get your money.

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Flirting With Fads

(Continued from page 58)

the films, they instigated the custom of attending "first nights." Now, when a legitimate stage play is tried out in Los Angeles or a picture premiere is scheduled, all stardom is there to see and be seen. And the fad for "little theatre" clubs has taken a firm hold on Hollywood. The Mummies began giving playlets in a reconstructed barn, while the Community Players, struggling for funds, turned a California bungalow into a tiny little playhouse. The Writers' Club tries out plays in its own beautiful clubhouse.

A beauty shop is indeed lucky if a certain star likes the place. The news is soon noised around, and the shop is swamped with business. If a popular star has her hair cut, wholesale bobbing begins. Henna supercedes peroxide in the same fashion, and clay packs sent from the crater of Vesuvius become the fad instead of facial massage. The faddists patronize other kinds of shops in the same manner. If the flowers for a certain dinner were not sent from "So-and-So, the florist," the dinner simply isn't smart. If your shoes do not come from Blank's, they're all wrong!

A La Carte Diets

THEN THERE are eating fads. Rolls must be French, or they are *declassé*. Can you imagine an artist ordering zweiback? Ice cream must be French,

too, and coffee must be Turkish. Hot dishes must arrive in a Russian samovar. Spaghetti and ravioli are in good standing, for they hark back to days in Greenwich Village. Home brew recipes travel about in waves. During January, everyone follows one recipe, while by the time February comes around, a new and better recipe is circulated by underground wireless.

One fad of long duration has always associated itself with heroes. They must be athletic. To be a fearless horseback rider and thoroughly accustomed to jumping from moving freight trains assured one of a movie contract ten years ago. Today, the fad for boxing is on. Golf and tennis had their day. The ultra now indulge in polo. Swimming has always been popular, whether it consists of tossing a medicine ball at Crystal Pier or gossiping beneath a big orange parasol. To stride up Hollywood Boulevard without a hat proves you belong to the intimate life of the little village.

The Copy-cat Villagers

THE STUDIOS themselves fall for fads harder than any native villagers. Remember the rage for the overlap dissolve? And witness the day of the iris to introduce the hero and the closing of the iris to end the story. Then, back in early days, someone discovered that by cutting the film in short pieces, and flashing from

(Continued on page 97)

Hollywood's Old Maids

(Continued from page 92)

rest. Maybe they had to, to keep the women from pestering them. Rudolph Valentino must have had an awful time, fighting off the ladies. And now there's Charlie Chaplin, with bold ladies climbing right into his pajamas when he isn't looking.

You can get a sweet picture daddy to own up to his family, any time. In fact, you can't stop them. He is so naively proud of them. Take Bryant Washburn, for instance; he's so proud of Sonny that he'd simply burst if he couldn't talk about him.

Then there are Theodore Kosloff, William Desmond, Tom Mix, Jack

Holt and Harry Carey—nothing can keep them from garnering in the wives and kids when the good old camera begins to grind.

But what chance has Alice Terry to pull the old maid stuff, with Rex Ingram around? And unless she goes to Timbuctoo, what opportunity has Clara Kimball Young to spread the spinster talk? Not as long as the breath remains in Jimmy Young's body.

But just between you and me, being an old maid is merely a state of mind. Not all old maids are women.

But that's another story.

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The Mustache Menace

(Continued from page 55)

termed a "beardless youth" was the acme of insult. Now, however, the most heart-rendingly beautiful males of our film colony are as smooth-shaven as when they were born.

Ramon Novarro, for instance, has never grown a mustache.

Valentino without a mustache is a pulse-quickenner *par excellence*. With a mustache, he seems a callow youth dangerously verging on the lounge lizard. Yet, even at the point of seeming to contradict himself, remembering the scene in the trenches in *The Four Horsemen*, he is the only man we know who can wear a week's crop of whiskers and still be charming.

David Powell Clings to Mustache

ONE OF THE FEW heroes to preserve his trick mustache through all the vicissitudes of camera romance is David Powell. How it managed to survive the razor through all the years he has ornamented the sputtering pastels we do not understand. Has it in any way diminished Powell's glory as a hero? The proverbial aversion to the mustached hero seems to have had its exception in this instance.

And we can't notice that Powell is avoided by the beautiful ladies of the screen either—he has played opposite practically every noted star without once misplacing the hirsute growth on his upper lip. Nobody ever complained that it carried germs. And despite this hallmark of villainy, nobody ever for an instant mistook Powell for the chap who would throw the heroine down the well.

"David Powell is an actor," several of the beauteous damsels replied to our question as to why the mustache-ban was raised in his favor. "Even a mustache, maybe full of germs, can be forgiven in a man who has such excellent histrionic gifts."

"Shave or Go Hungry"

AN EXAMPLE of fidelity to the dear little mustache that has proven a worthy companion and a staunch friend in need was Arthur Stewart Hull's refusal to shave off his lip-ornamentation for a rôle in Clara Kimball Young's Spanish picture, *"La Rubia."*

An interesting anomaly, Hull's case. This experienced stage-actor, then clean-shaven, went jobless for five weary months when, seeking work in the Hollywood studios, he was offered numerous engagements in character rôles, provided he would grow a mustache. He refused to thus threaten his manly beauty—until the pangs of hunger drove his scruples into retirement. And now, since growing the lip-ornament, he has not missed a day's work!

A Matinee Idol's Experience

I WAS CONFRONTED with a problem recently," Holbrook Blinn confided. "When I reached the Pickford studio, where I was to enact a rôle with Miss Pickford, I was greeted with horror by Ernest Lubitsch, the director. 'A Spanish king of the early nineteenth century with a mustache?' he roared. It would never, never do, he emphasized.

"But I was scheduled to open the following night in the leading rôle theatre—and did you ever hear of a stage bad man without a mustache? However, it's easier to put one on than to cover one up—so off it came for the Spanish-king rôle and on went the false one each evening for the stage-characterization."

Bull Montana Eschews Beard

THE HANDSOME face of "Bull" Montana, our heart-palpitating comedy-star, was once graced by a mustache. But when "Bull" sought to immortalize his art in the silent drama he realized that his appeal to the flappers might be jeopardized by his hirsute adornment, so he shaved it off. Though occasionally wearing a false one, as the trim little spikes that ornamented his upper lip in "Rob 'Em Good," the "Bool" declares never again will he eschew the razor.

Many of our directors wear mustaches—but who cares? Directors are heard of but not seen, you know. Rex Ingram is one of the few clean-shaven directors. Mr. Ingram is non-committal on the subject. Maybe his beautiful wife, Alice Terry, disfavors the ornament. Maybe, too, it's because a mustache makes a man too much resemble a broker or a banker, rather than an artist of the silent-beauty drama.

Flirting With Fads

(Continued from page 94)

here to there, the yarn appeared to be a fast moving story. True enough, the swiftly changing scenes created excitement, but gave the audience nervous prostration and no idea what it was all about.

Then there was the rage for tinting the film—red for a firelight scene, blue for moon-light, and amber for day scenes. One director ended his picture with the heroine standing near a window, lace curtains fluttering in the breeze. Dozens of pictures were thereupon ended in the same fashion. Then another had his hero and heroine run toward a woodland scene as the picture faded, and another group was strong for the cathedral window with spotlight effect from the flies.

If you aspired for the movies in olden days and wanted "stills" taken to show the directors, the photographers always posed you looking into a bird cage or picking flowers near a fountain. Then another photographer took a decided stand for severely plain portraits showing clear cut features, and all the players trooped over to his studio.

The Darn Things Itch

KHAKI COLORED knickers and puttees adorned directors, cameramen and grips alike after the war, but these have now been superseded by Scotch wool knickers and wool golf stockings. It makes no difference whether you are a writer, an art decorator of sets, or whether the blooming things itch, golf stockings it must be!

A fur coat of some vintage is essential to every lady playing in pictures. Beyond that, she follows all the ordinary fads for ear-rings, sandals, Russian blouses, etc., but if she claims any individuality whatever, she must always say she designs all her own duds. King Tut garb now has Hollywood by the throat. Since May Allison returned from Europe with a small necklace presented to her by the discoverer of the tomb there has been a bargain rush for goods of geometrical design. One film star was shown a King Tut doll. She isn't sure of her history and she doesn't read newspapers, so, in an attempt to be in the "know" she said, "Oh, yes, a gentleman friend brought me one of those from Vienna five years ago." (Continued on page 98)

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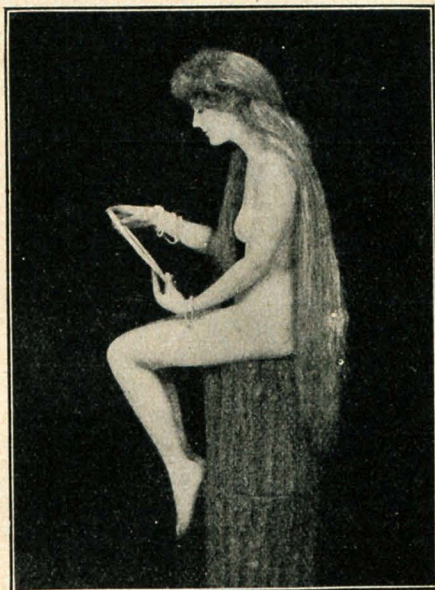
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Name of editor: Myron Zobel, 5540 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California.

Name of managing editor: Eunice Marshall, 5540 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of March, 1923.

N. G. Mayer,

Notary Public for and in Los Angeles County, California.

My commission expires November 24, 1926.

Flirting With Fads

(Continued from page 97)

Those White Eye-shades

LAST SUMMER we survived the rage for white cloth eyeshades. Those Klu Klux high signs were awfully popular until shipyard workers discovered that they furnish a swell way of keeping long sleek hair from falling down over the forehead, then the fad died.

Fads in make-up hit the studios. Just when everyone was thoroughly educated in the use of pink grease paint, someone began using yellow and upset all previous theories. Then the question arose as to whether green or violet wasn't better than blue for the eyelids and whether mouse-gray or terra cotta brick powder didn't have it all over pink or yellow powder. Cleo Madison shot off on a tangent of her very own by making up with eleven different colors and around the ringlets of hair on her forehead. And she looks like an angel when the bizarre effect reaches the screen. Fannie Ward had her face peeled and enameled and made all the old ladies sit up and wonder.

The studios go in hard for fads in stories. Railroad stories used to be the rage, then animal yarns. Undersea stories had their day and bathing beauty comedies still hold forth. Desert stories went big last year and "Robin Hood" has probably put a period to a series of costume pictures. "The Covered Wagon" will undoubtedly cause a shortage in the tomahawk market.

Emoting to Music

I THINK it was Pauline Frederick who first wanted music on the set. Now everyone has it. And Anita Stewart, when she was on the Mayer lot, had her own adorable bungalow dressing-room, with its charming reception room, kitchen and bath. Every star in picturedom, hearing of this, demanded bungalow dressing rooms too. Just to be different, De Mille stopped taking companies out on location and began building his exteriors in the studio. The lighting effects were better, of course.

Now many other directors do the same thing. Gardens are built inside on studio stages, as well as cotton fields and meadows.

(Continued on page 99)



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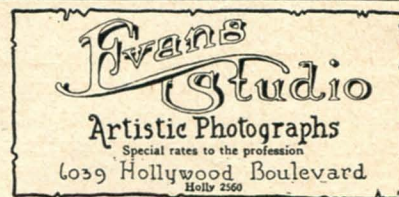
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Flirting With Fads

(Continued from page 98)

The fad of the present is to do something besides one's regular vocation. I think Ruth Roland must have started this idea some years ago when she used to buy and sell second hand cars successfully and followed it up with tremendous success in swapping real estate. Other players have gone into interior decorating on the side, or sculpture. Some actors write on the side, and some writers act. A scenario writer makes a specialty of raising pedigreed dogs. Truly Shattuck, former vaudeville headliner, runs a studio tea-room. Five picture stars have financed and supervised a laundry in Hollywood. Another has a financial interest in a smart haberdashery downtown. This fad for side lines not only makes the individual more versatile and interesting, but it is mighty lucrative during the slump periods in the picture business.

Anyhow, what's life without its enthusiasms?

(Another amusing article by Helen Starr will be published in the August Screenland. Order your copy now.)

Rubberneck Escorts

(Continued from page 53)

mit the public at large, because it interferes with their progress. However, some arrangement might be made with various studios to admit a certain number at times when no great emotional scenes are going on. People escorted by a competent guide are not likely to stand in front of cameras or intrude on the scene.

Until someone does start an office for the assistance of helpless tourists, it is well to ignore the volunteer guide who must be rewarded. He is after the money, that is all, and he is apt to tell you that Harold Lloyd lives in a pea green Italian villa, when he really eats his cereal in a canary colored Colonial. It would be terrible to tell this to the folks back home, so go slow on the information, dear Mrs. Snodgrass, for fear the Heavenly bookkeepers will have to work overtime entering fibs on your clean white page.

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The Movie Gamble

(Continued from page 44)

constable went to sleep in the middle of the third reel.

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Broadway Runs No Criterion

BECAUSE A PICTURE has a Broadway run, I no longer pay out my good shekels to book it. Not since somebody tipped me off that sometimes the normal run of a big picture in a Broadway house is extended beyond its natural time, just to bring a higher price from the small exhibitor. *Passion* had a long run on Broadway, but I had to put on a "Special Family Night," letting the whole family in for twenty cents, to fill the house. As no race suicide is prevalent in our town and as most families consider five children only a fair start, you can figure out that I didn't buy an automobile with my profits on that picture.

Religion Is Ticklish Matter

THE EXHIBITOR has to look out for so many things in a picture. Take religion, now. Once I booked a picture called *The Rosary*. I knew the book had been immensely popular and that the song was known everywhere, so I prepared to clean up on the film. But oh mama, what an awful flop! It was a Catholic picture, you see, and all the Protestants took it as Catholic propaganda and the Catholics didn't like it either. My patrons walked out disgusted. The first day I took in \$123.50 and the second day, after word had got around, only \$9.40.

I suppose I'll never dare to run *The Pilgrim*, Charlie Chaplin's new picture. I hear it's a scream, but in the small town we have to keep in with the church people. And I don't know why, but people seem to lose their sense of humor as soon as church affairs are mentioned.

Two Sure-Fire Bets

THERE ARE only two stars that I would buy blind-folded. They are Harold Lloyd and Rodolph Valentino. (Continued on page 101)

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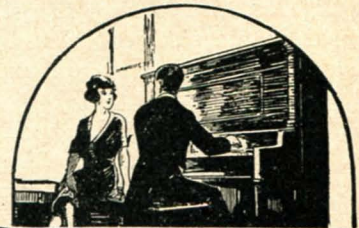
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RONALD G. WRIGHT, Director,
NIAGARA SCHOOL OF MUSIC,
Dept. 553 Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Send for this Free Book

THEY THREW A CUSTARD PIE AT HER

And an over-ripe tomato hit her in the eye. Then they threw her in a ditch and dropped a rubber safe on her. But she didn't care. She was working in a comedy and she could pay her board bill that night. Laugh and cry over the second installment of **THE DIARY OF AN EXTRA GIRL**, in Screenland for August.

The Movie Gamble

(Continued from page 100)

Lloyd pleases everybody every time he shows here. Men, women and kids get an enormous laugh from his pictures.

As for Valentino, when I show him, there's not a woman between the ages of 14 and 64 who stays at home to darn a sock or bake a loaf of bread. They all turn out to see the dark-eyed boy make love. His last picture was terrible, but they liked him in it just the same. I'd book Valentino if he was cast for the rôle of Uncle Tom in Uncle Tom's Cabin!

It's a great life, this movie gamble, as full of thrills as baccarat and twice as risky. But interesting. You get action for your money.

Betrayed

(Continued from page 48)

courtly and chivalrous, but, if his writing speaks truth, he is the lover only, with no instincts toward fatherhood. If he had not striven so nobly to get him a wife, I would say that he would rather have a mistress than wife. He is egotistical, acquisitive and virile. Passionate grace and rhythm and personal magnetism are revealed in every stroke of his pen.

Wallace Reid Was Generous

THE downward stroke of the tail of the letter d, with the appending hook tells in one letter the tenacious, bull-dog fighting spirit that was Wallace Reid. The rounded curves bespeak his sweetness and amenability, while the liaison between letters and names shows charitableness.

SHE WAS HUNGRY

So she pawned her last piece of jewelry, an antique bracelet that was the gift of a dear friend. Then the friend came to town. So she had to do a dire deed to get the money to get the bracelet out of hock until the friend went back home. Read about it in FOOL'S GOLD, the second installment of which will appear in Screenland for August.

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If you are worried, discontented and skimping along from day to day, simply because you are not earning enough to cover your immediate needs and lay some away for a rainy day, then I will, providing you mean business, and are energetic, teach you our Art Painting work of Landscapes and Portraits, in ten lessons by mail and start you in the Studio Painting business right at home. No experience necessary, outfit furnished, anyone can learn. \$3000 to \$6000 yearly. Only table room required. No muss or dirt. Clean, pleasant work. Free literature.

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ARS MINIMA GALLERIES, Department I
63 Washington Square Greenwich Village, N. Y. C.

Would you like to have *Your Future* foretold from your handwriting?

Then see **SCREENLAND'S Special Offer** on page 103

SOMETHING NEW

Science's **FIRST** and **ONLY** discovery which not only instantly removes superfluous hair but will really melt and destroy the endocrine glands, upon the secretion of which hair growth is dependent. **KILRUTE** works directly upon these glands, stops their secretion and thus ends the hair growth.

KILRUTE consists of a powder and a liquid both applied to the skin. It is harmless, can even be left on over-night or powdered over and forgotten. **As effective for men as for women.** Money refunded if dissatisfied.

Sent C. O. D. or sold direct. Price \$5.00. **FREE DEMONSTRATION** or full charge treatment at address below.

KILRUTE CO., Dept.
247 West 72nd St.,
New York City

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Betrothal Brigade

(Continued from page 51)

Pola from the Old Ladies Home in her wheel chair, and go cautiously to keep from tripping on his beard.

Before Charlie and Pola attained prominence as the most written-up pair of davenport wrestlers in the film world, "E pluribus unum" did not appeal to the heavy lovers of Hollywood.

They seized their love where they found it, in the old days, and if confronted with a marriage rumor concerning a man and a maid, the Hollywood boulevardiers gave them "the bird". But times have changed. An engagement now gives the gossips lock-jaw and precludes the possibility of any cutting letters from Elder Hays.

Then, too, one must remember the publicity content of a good, ripe, well-chosen engagement. Before the flood of betrothals came, the news that Sylvia Gush was engaged to Tony Tureeno was always good for a column and pictures in all the papers. Even now a reported engagement, even if both principals deny it, gets almost as much.

The effect of publishing an engagement rumor is just the same as printing a bona fide announcement. The players have realized that. The readers get the idea that he and she are stepping out frequently and only denying the report because they do not want to let the public in on the inside.

The reader is right, though he's off side.

But the stars get the publicity and no matter what the status of the case is, somebody's intentions to do something if something else happens are established. Then if scandal threatens, an engagement announcement acts as a shock absorber.

But Pola and Charlie started the stunt of putting on shock-absorbers first and that is why so many stars are now submitting to the yoke symbolized by the solitaire.

But one betrothal does not spell a wedding, any more than one swallow spells a drink.

In the August Screenland, this witty young writer will tickle your funny-bone with another mirth-inspiring article on the Ten Commandments, a la De Mille. Order your copy today.



EUGENIA FEINER Wires-

"Have wonderful part in Outlook's big picture. Playing opposite Lloyd Hughes, who was Mary Pickford's leading man in 'Tess of the Storm Country.' Mr. Harrison making good in comedy. Has already received offer from another company at good salary. Many thanks for giving me the opportunity to get started in pictures."
—EUGENIA FEINER.



WE HAVE A PART FOR YOU

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"DANGEROUS LOVE"

Eugenia Feiner and O. V. Harrison were winners of The Cloverleaf Publications' big motion picture contest and were started on Movie careers. They are making good. We are looking for more new types, men, women and children, old and young, to play in Outlook's coming big feature—"Dangerous Love," based on Sinclair Lewis' Saturday Evening Post story, "Danger—Run Slow," to be made in Hollywood. We will pay \$100 a week and expenses to start. If you want to get in motion pictures, join our next contest. For full particulars mail this ad in with your name and address written below.

F. A. KUBY,
Director,
Dept. 13 55 E. 4th St.
ST. PAUL, MINN.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Hollywood's Suicide Club

(Continued from page 25)

great masterpieces, he was the most erratic, most interesting man in the club. He had joined us to get 'copy' for his weird yarns, which suffered so in being transferred to the screen. The subtle genius that was his did not lend itself particularly well to 'program features'. He was very depressed, most of the time, but one evening, when we were all telling our ambitions, he loosened up.

A Beloved Story

"HE HAD A story in his head—had been intending to write it for years. Would some day take time off and write it—a great novel and a marvelous photoplay. He had chosen Griffith to produce it, though Griffith had never heard of the story. He had loved the yarn, mulled over it for years. It was the thing he loved, when the lights were out and sleep would not come quickly to his tired eyes. He told us something of the story, and it was immense, gigantic, and yet so splendidly simple that we all gasped our wonder at it.

"Universal sent him to New York then, and we did not see him for months. He dropped into the club's meeting at the Chateau one night, and we hardly recognized him. His face was haggard from loss of sleep, and his hands shook so he spilled his coffee on his shirt front. And the shirt was not clean. He didn't care whether it was or not.

"We were shocked into silence, but at last he opened up. Bitter. Broken. Helpless. His story—his marvelous idea—had been stolen, bodily. And he had nothing to show. The play was even then running in New York—the success of the season. A motion picture concern had paid fifty thousand dollars for the rights.

Stolen

"HE HAD told the story to a friend he had made in New York—a down

WHY BE FAT?

When I can reduce your weight a pound a day SAFELY, INEXPENSIVELY and PERMANENTLY the only NATURAL way, leaving no wrinkles or flabby flesh as a result: this we guarantee. NO DRUGS, or starvation diet (you may have all you need to eat three times a day), the very simplicity of this method of reducing is what immediately appeals to your common sense.

I reduced myself 63 pounds in 2 months. That has been 9 years ago and I haven't gained a pound of it back. THE REDUCTION HAS BEEN PERMANENT.

Mrs. W. E. Nickerson, 112 Cook St., Spokane, Wash., lost 23 pounds in 5 days. Mrs. Blanche Smith, 2018 E. Mallon Ave., Spokane, Wash., lost 90 pounds in 4 months. Esther Corbin, Vancouver, Wash., lost 86 pounds in 28 weeks, AND THEY ARE ALL MAIL ORDER PATIENTS.

There is a scale of weight for every height and one needn't weigh one ounce more than what is normal for them. Don't carry around with you continually a load of ballast you can throw off like an old garment. LEARN TO LIVE. Look and feel 10 years younger.

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to find your niche in life. I can help you *know yourself*. Without a penny's cost to you, I will give you a typewritten, complete analysis of your character, with every year's subscription to SCREENLAND magazine.

WRITE ME

a pen and ink letter covering a sheet of unruled paper, so that I may have a generous sample of your handwriting to give you a good reading, and mail it, with the attached coupon and \$2.50 for a year's subscription to SCREENLAND, to Circulation Manager Screenland, Inc., 119 W. 40th St., New York City.

Allow from three weeks to a month for receipt of your reading. Inquire about special rates for entertainments and bazaars. Character readings are just the thing to pep up your home party.

RITA LONG, *Chirographer*

Circulation Manager
Screenland, Inc.,
119 W. 40th St.,
New York City.

Enclosed find \$2.50 for a year's subscription to SCREENLAND, and also a sample of my handwriting, which Rita Long will use to analyze my character.

Name
Address
City State

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Don't Worry!

The young lady isn't hurt

This is just a scene shot at one of the studios the other morning. Twenty minutes later, this bold, bad villain and the beautiful star he treated so rudely were having a "tete-a-tete" lunch at Armstrong-Carleton's! They always dine there because the food is so good.

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We have a fine collection of portraits of the late Wallace Reid which we are selling to his admirers at popular prices. Write for particulars.

HOOVER ART STUDIOS
6321 Hollywood Blvd. Los Angeles, Calif.

(Continued from page 103)

and out playwright, who had won our friend's sympathy by his complete discouragement. The story concerned a failure made into a great success by the power of love. It seems trite here, but it was a great theme.

"It was as if his child had been murdered. I have never seen anything so pitiful as his sorrow over his loss. We talked with him all night, but he had no other story left in his system, and write he must—or die. We helped him accomplish his wishes. It went into the papers as accidental drowning."

We had walked until we stood before the Lasky casting office. A herd of extras awaited the opening of the pay window. She paused, surveyed the crowd with sorrow-drenched eyes.

"And you?" I asked gently.
"Oh, I? The last of the club! Of course we have other members, but none of the original club is left. And the few that like to meet under the name of 'The Suicide Club' now are inclined to take it all as a joke. They like the 'spookiness' of the idea—they have no guts. Spooks? Every chair in the little dark old cafe is haunted by one of my friends."

"And you are happy?" I probed.
"Happy? I'm through. Drugs. Somehow the troubles and the deaths got me more than the others. I'll take the route, too, one of these days. Probably the poison way. I'm a coward."

Who Knows?

HOLLYWOOD HAS few suicides listed with the Vital Statistics Bureau as such. But there are many deaths here. Recently Joe McDermott died of discouragement and ill health. A call from a studio came half an hour after his life had been submerged by the poison fumes of gas. Is it possible that he too was a member of the Suicide Club?

HOLLYWOOD CONFESSIONS

July Issue

Out June 15

CONTENTS

—BLIND VENGEANCE—

The story of a Klieg murder told by a court reporter.

—THE WHIRLPOOL OF HATE—

A telegraph clerk becomes enmeshed in one of the most involving love triangles that Hollywood has ever tried to conceal.

—THE OLD ROUGH STUFF—

What gratitude does a man owe to the woman who has sacrificed all to assure his screen success?

—SHAM—

If the world were suddenly set on its head and a new code of moral standards created what would happen to us all?

—THE WOLF OF HOLLYWOOD—

A four-part story of the greatest criminal who ever threatened the security of Screenland's capital. Read the second installment in this issue and don't miss the thrilling installments to follow.

—THE BEAUTY SPECIAL—

The second installment of a story that tells the real adventures of a train load of girls bound to Hollywood for fame and fortune. The first installment told of the humor of movie contests. The second installment deals with their tragedy.

—THE SERPENT'S TOOTH—

The tragic story of a screen mother who lied, begged, and wheedled her daughter's way into the movies and how the roulette of events spun all these abuses back upon her.

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Can screen success and stardom buy off the idle gossip of Main street that pursues a woman who is different?

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A story of suppressed desires, erotic passion, poison pen letters and a crippled genius.

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Can the departed spirits of the movie world assume the role of the invisible director?

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A Hollywood landlady knows more about Hollywood than the Chamber of Commerce ever dreamed there was to know.

—THE LOVE NEMESIS—

The story of a professional divorce correspondent who is caught in her own net.

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A story of a star who was yellow when the critical moment came and of the extra who doubled in the part and risked his life for opportunity and love.

* * *

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a word

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September
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President, Dermatological Laboratories

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Startling News Even to Old Terra-derma-lax Friends

But that Terra-derma-lax removes

wrinkles! Here, indeed, IS news even to most enthusiastic clay-users.

We waited until we were sure. And today we are sure. Scientifically sure. We have tested this new Terra-derma-lax usage under all conditions, on faces grooved and grained with worry-lines. And we have seen those lines diminish, day by day, and finally vanish entirely, under laboratory observation. So we have no hesitancy in warranting Terra-derma-lax unreservedly to eradicate all premature marks and seams from any skin.

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The Terra-derma-lax wrinkle treatment is applied daily—not semi-weekly, like the Clay facial. The clay is spread, like tape, in strip formation, over the wrinkled section—just before going to bed. In a few minutes, as it dries, it sets up a tingling sensation—denoting stimulated blood-flow beneath the wrinkled parts.

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In the morning wash off the clay—and the improvement is immediately seen. Repeat each night until the wrinkles, growing dimmer and dimmer, disappear entirely.

The Cause of Wrinkles

Wrinkles are caused not only by age, but by repeated bad facial habits—such as the arching of the eyebrows, the squinting of the eyelids, the frowning of the forehead. These facial grimaces gradually form unnatural lines in the face, which quickly "set" if proper blood circulation does not wash them away.

Terra-derma-lax does two things to remove these unbecoming "expression lines."



It first smooths out the creases in the skin, by its firm but gentle "ironing" action. And second, it restores the skin-health and life in the affected area by stimulating the blood-flow.

Results Are Guaranteed

Try this new and marvelous wrinkle treatment on our guarantee of quick and positive results.

Get a jar of Terra-derma-lax from your druggist (or from any toilette goods counter) and apply the wrinkle treatment three nights.

If you do not notice a decided improvement on the morning after the third treatment, return the balance of the clay in the jar, and your dollar will be refunded promptly.

A Double Delight to New Users

If you are not a user of Terra-derma-lax facials, there's a double treat in store for you. Get acquainted with the "beauty-sorcery" of these twice-a-week "clay baths." Supplement the nightly Wrinkle Treatment with twice-a-week Terra-derma-lax facials.

You'll be amazed at the new youth Terra-derma-lax will bring back into your face—the silky softness and schoolgirl full color it will return to your skin.

After the Wrinkle Treatment has conquered the crow's-feet—continue the Terra-derma-lax facials twice a week, to keep the skin in flawless condition. That's all the skin-beauty insurance any woman needs.



Terra-derma-lax

THE ENGLISH BEAUTY CLAY

At all drug and department stores \$1.00

Name _____
Street _____

Town _____ State _____

If you are apt to be out when postman calls, enclose \$1 herewith, and jar will be sent you postpaid.

IF YOUR DRUGGIST IS OUT OF TERRA-DERMA-LAX, WE WILL SEND YOU A JAR FRESH FROM THE LABORATORY. Send No Money. Simply Sign and Mail Coupon.

(A) Dermatological Laboratories, Dept. 317, 329-337 Plymouth Court, Chicago. Please send me one jar of Terra-derma-lax. I agree to pay postman \$1 on receipt, plus few cents postage.

You, too, can have the loveliest skin

Use

ZIP

IT'S OFF
because
IT'S OUT

Positively DESTROYS Superfluous Hair and ROOTS

**You Can Eliminate Superfluous
Hair With Lasting Results**

Quick as a wink you can free yourself of superfluous hair. And remember you are not merely removing surface hair—you actually lift out the roots with the hairs gently and painlessly and in this way *destroy the growth*. Moreover ZIP leaves the skin clear and smooth, pores contracted, and like magic your skin becomes adorable.

**Not Only Removes Hair—
But Checks Its Future Growth**

ZIP has received highest praise from professionals, physicians, beauty editors and specialists. **Guaranteed** on moneyback basis.

Write for **FREE BOOK** "Beauty's Greatest Secret" explaining the three types of superfluous hair and in which leading actresses tell how to be beautiful (and free sample of our Massage and Cleansing Cream). When in New York, call at my salon to have **FREE**

DEMONSTRATION.

Warning Leading Beauty Shops give ZIP treatments. Don't be deceived. See that the word ZIP is stamped on the preparation used for your treatment and the signature of Madame Berthe on each package. For sale at all good stores or direct by mail.

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562 Fifth Ave.
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Please send me **FREE BOOK** "Beauty's Greatest Secret," explaining the three types of superfluous hair, in which leading actresses tell how to be beautiful. Also **FREE** sample of your Massage and Cleansing Cream guaranteed not to grow hair.

Name

Address

City and State



Try these preparations. They are different (Especially prepared for those troubled with superfluous hair).
Balm-o-Lem—A Fountain of Youth For Your Skin—The new lemon lotion, softens and whitens the skin. Makes face powders adhere twice as long. 75c
Ab-Scent—The ideal liquid deodorant. Remedies excessive perspiration. Destroys odors harmlessly. Colorless! No staining artificial colors. 50c
Madame Berthe's Massage & Cleansing Cream—A delightfully soothing, white lemon verbena cream, by many preferred to the ordinary lemon creams. Guaranteed not to grow hair. Attractive.
2oz. Jar.....60c 1lb. Jar.....\$2
Madame Berthe's Antiseptic Talc—An excellent absorbent of skin moisture and most valuable for general toilet use. Can.....25c Jar.....75c
Lash Life—For beautifying the eyes. Makes lashes long and brows lustrous. Per tube.....50c
Face Powder Guaranteed not to grow hair. Five Shades, Per Box.....\$1.00



"I regained the original youthful color of my hair; the exact shade which suits me individually through Inecto Rapid"

"When my hair began to show strands of gray I applied a preparation that removed them, and I was quite delighted. But, after a few months of such application, to my dismay all my hair became darker and darker, until the effect was entirely different from my original appearance.

"Fortunately, at this time, one of my friends who had used INECTO RAPID told me of this excellent preparation and now, as you may see, my hair is permanently in complete harmony with my complexion and features—in other words, suits me individually."

Thousands of women have profited similarly after INECTO RAPID has been recommended. Nature has a particular color scheme for each person. Nature is, in the last analysis, the one and only great artist, creating individual types—endowing the individual with suitable color of eyes, complexion, teeth and facial features. And so, the true definition of

BEAUTY IS HARMONY

If you have reached the time of life when your hair should be white, and if it is natural and beautiful, you possess a priceless gift that comes to one woman in a thousand, and nothing should induce you to change the color. If, on the other hand, your hair is prematurely gray, or if it is streaked or faded, it is most advisable that you

Banish this Sign of Age

You must obtain the exact shade, most becoming your type, thus preserving the harmony of feature.

Inecto Rapid comes in 18 distinct shades, ranging from radiant blonde to raven black. Among these 18 shades is one, and only one, for every woman, according to her particular make-up of eyes, complexion, facial characteristics and age.

Exactly the Proper Color Can Be Chosen

only after these elements are carefully studied. Harmonious effects cannot be secured with any preparation which is applied to everyone alike. In thinking that this was possible, innumerable women have met with disappointment and humiliation through having hair which was obviously dyed. Inecto Rapid is in use exclusively by 97% of the finest European hairdressers.

Gray Hair Banished in 15 Minutes

Inecto Rapid is specifically guaranteed to color naturally gray, faded or streaked hair to any desired shade in fifteen minutes and to preserve all the original beauty and texture. The results are permanent and cannot be detected from natural even under a microscope.

Inecto Rapid is harmless to the hair or its growth.

Unaffected by Perspiration, Shampooing, Sunshine, Turkish or Russian Baths

It never rubs off and does not prevent permanent waving or any other hair treatment. "The Hairdresser", the accepted authority on hair coloring, has given to Inecto Rapid an unqualified stamp of superiority. In New York Inecto Rapid is used by such ultra-fashionable shops as The Pennsylvania, Hotel Commodore, Biltmore and Waldorf-Astoria.

Many thousands of the leading hairdressing shops from coast to coast, including Burnham and Marinello, use and unreservedly indorse Inecto Rapid.

It is so easy to use, that thousands of women apply Inecto Rapid with perfect success in the privacy of their own homes. Every woman who is not completely satisfied with the color and texture of her hair, and realizes the great importance of individual treatment, owes it to herself to know all the facts about this wonderful discovery and what it will do for her.

SEND NO MONEY—Just send us your name on the coupon and we will mail you full, interesting details and our "Beauty Analysis Chart," enabling you to find the most becoming color for your hair—the one that suits your individuality.

Inecto, Inc.
33-35 W. 46th St.
New York, N.Y.

Gentlemen:
Please send me, gratis,
full details of INECTO
RAPID and the "Beauty
Analysis Chart." Form TT.

Inecto, Inc.
Laboratories and Salons
33-35 West 46th St.,
NEW YORK

Name
Address
City State

10 Guarantees

Inecto Rapid is sold under these guarantees:

1. To produce a color that cannot be distinguished from the natural color under the closest scrutiny.
2. Not to cause dark streaks following successive applications.
3. To maintain a uniform shade over a period of years.
4. To be harmless to hair or its growth.
5. Not to make the texture of the hair coarse or brittle and not to cause breakage.
6. Never to cause too dark a color through inability to stop the process at the exact shade desired.
7. To color any head of naturally gray hair any color in fifteen minutes.
8. To be unaffected by permanent waving, salt water, sunlight, rain, shampooing, perspiration, Russian or Turkish baths.
9. Not to soil linens or hat linings.
10. To produce a delicate ash shade heretofore impossible.

